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THE PASTELS OF EDWIN A. ABBEY

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF MR. ABBEY'S PASTELS

THE most irritating of mediums is pastel. It is never what you want, and it is never where you want it.

When you raise the lid of the box containing this color puzzle, with all its blues, reds, and yellows in infinite gradations, each color occupying its proper place, and each one delighting your eye with its brilliancy, you are charmed with the freshness and purity of the tones. You are quite sure that this is what you have been looking for—something that leaves a positive result when it touches your canvas, and requires no dabbings in of brush, no thinnings with juice of poppy or olive; something that stays "put" and is not constantly drying lighter, as do water-colors, or turning yellow and dull, as do oils; something requiring no frequent dippings into ink, with splutterings of pen and scratchings of paper; no constant washings of brushes; no careful pattings of pigment, correctings of tone, tryings on canvas, re-correcting and trying again; no getting "tacky" before you are half through — none of all these worries, often so harassing that half one's inspiration is gone because of the shortcomings of the materials needed to express it.

So you gloat over your classified color scheme—for all the world like sample skeins of silk of every shade and hue—and in your enthusiasm up goes your easel and you begin to work.

Then you discover that pastels are not at all what you want. In other words, that they are half a dozen tones higher or lower, or more metallic than anything you have ever handled. You worry along, trying to be content with the rawest of impressionistic purples, when you long for a delicate atmospheric gray-blue, or you suffer under a lettuce green, when you require nothing stronger than olive broken with brown.

With this discovery comes another. You find that these little bits of chalk break with the handling, and as you never stop to note the exact spot from which you picked up any particular stick, you can never replace the pieces. So they are thrown among the nearest blues, yellows, or reds, and often become so coated with the last color that stuck to your fingers, that their own tone is concealed; or they are mislaid on the easel ledge or dropped on the floor—generally on the floor—the impression of your heel scattering their remains. When this accident occurs you awake to the fact that there was but one stick of this shade in the box, and that you cannot finish your sketch without it.

If you are the ordinary man picking up pastel for the first time, in exchange for any of your regular mediums, you waste an enormous amount of vital en-

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A Girl in Red with a Mandolin

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Josephine.

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ergy, indulge in a certain form of suppressed profanity, close the box and never open it again. No—I am wrong —you *cannot* close it. The box never shuts tight after you fuss with it for a day or two, for everything in it is in a heap. No man, since the death of the prophet, has ever been found who would be patient enough to straighten out a box of pastels. When you cool off you are of the opinion that pastel is a crude, Chinesely raw, uncertain, unsatisfactory, and highly perishable medium not worth the bothering over.

If, however, you happen to be born a genius and are master of your own mediums, whether ink, oil, water-color, or charcoal, you accept pastel as you accept any of the others, knowing that each has its limitations—that none are perfect, and that your business, as an expert, is not to abuse the quality of the horn but to make the spoon.

In a talk with Whistler a few months since, in one of his studios — the one up that queer court in the Latin Quarter, not where he works, but where he plays—he handed me half a dozen exquisite pastels of figures drawn on a dark bluish-brown paper. The flesh tones were laid on with the flat of the chalk dragged lightly across the paper, only the top points of its roughness catching the color, leaving the paper clear in spaces for the shadow tones. The draperies were expressed in the same way, except that here and there in the deeper shadows where the paper would not exactly give the needed tone, a delicate hare's-foot touch of the stump, soft as a zephyr, was lightly passed over them, melting the tones together. Each sketch had all the refinement of touch, certainty of handling, and harmony of color, which distinguish the work of this master — master in every medium he handles—and he has five, the needle, lithographic crayon, pastel, water-color, and oil. These drawings were not finished works—only suggestions, fantasies, impressions, as if the painter's hand had wandered over the paper in a dream.

"Do you ever carry these things any farther?" I asked.

The painter had been in one of his happiest moods. The details of his curious attack upon Trilby's creator—still even then a delicious morsel under the tongue of his irony—his constant sallies of wit as he made mince-meat of the work of his brother painters, especially those across the channel—all had shown that peculiar side of his nature which endears him to his enemies—he will tell you he has no more friends now, Du Maurier being the last.

Suddenly, at my question, his whole manner changed. The man of the world, the cynic, wit, and sensationalist instantly vanished. His answer came slowly and thoughtfully.

"My dear boy. Never carry a medium farther than it ought to go."

It was only one of his lifelong convictions, perhaps, one that has made his work as great as it is, but it was as wise a saw as any philosopher in any other department of law or morals can ever give us. The art of knowing when to stop!

With this in mind most of the delays, irritations, and disappointments of this Pandora's Box of crumbling, breakable, unshapable, unfindable color points will disappear.

If, in addition, you have a firm conviction of what you want to express, a touch that obeys you instantly and implicitly, and a precise knowledge that comes of years of training—a knowledge of anatomy, of drapery, of tree and cloud form — you can be bold enough to lift the lid of a box of pastels. If not, then pass on to something else; no medium will ever be more difficult.

This knowing "when to stop" is the predominating characteristic as seen in Edwin A. Abbey's pastels exhibited in connection with the superb panels painted for the Boston Public Library —works which have placed his name among those of the first painters of his time.

The larger oil panels were a surprise to many who knew Abbey only as an exquisite draughtsman, a painter of daintily drawn and charmingly tinted water-colors, expressive of quaint English life or illustrative of English drama and poetry. These smaller pastels, however, came as a confirmation of a belief in his genius.

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The Blue Door.

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Mr. Lofty and Dubardieu.

From the "Good-natured Man."

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The Bailiff.

From the "Good-natured Man."

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You feel in them—a few of which are reproduced in these pages—that when once he had clearly conveyed his idea he stopped short; that when by some dexterous use of the "grit" of the medium he had expressed the sheen on the round of the mandolin in "The Girl in Red," or caught the glint of gold on the dish in "The Golden Dish," he threw the bit of chalk aside, knowing that no added touch could improve, just as did that other painter, the late William Hunt, who would say to his pupils, whenever a morsel of gray paper escaped the wash of the brush and by some lucky chance was the exact tone needed, "Leave it. Thank God and pass on, you can never better it."

These pastels brought besides that comfort and peace and delight one feels in the successful accomplishment by some dear friend of whatever he has set his hand to do. You detected in them something of the happiness and enthusiasm the painter himself must have felt as the productions of his genius grew under his touch. You saw the joyousness that came with every stroke. You felt immediately that this almost insurmountable medium played about fingers that knew their every secret. That because of his life-long training, because of his thorough mastery of detail—detail of background, dimple of cheek, and crinkle of gown—the painter revelled in the growth of the picture under his touch fully as much as you do in his result. That it was a joy, a delight, a very pastime for him to draw them. It was as if he could not keep his eager, restless fingers out of the color-box, and could not wait a moment longer to record the visions of his brain on a paper equally hungry to receive them.

It is this insight into the painter's happiest mood which makes these pastels so delightful, for it is rarely in his most serious moments that an artist is at his best. The intense mental application required in solving problems of perspective, composition, and color, the hours of anxious thought over correct historical details, the many groupings half completed and discarded, the careful weighing in the artist's mind of the effect of contrasting colors, are always apparent to the critical mind in such work as the Library panels, no matter how noble the result. One sees that the painter has given his best, and one knows that this can only come through certain processes of mental suffering. It is when his mind is at rest and when his hand is at play over some simple sketch that we get a glimpse of the true greatness of the man beneath. In these moments the painter, unconsciously to himself, is drawing upon all that store of knowledge accumulated through a lifetime and which now flows from his finger's ends. And all the more spontaneously because the mind is free of mental strain and unhampered by fears of ultimate success.

The marvellous powers shown in the composition and drawing of these pastels were expected of Abbey. We all knew his life-long apprenticeship and how faithfully he always studied the details of furniture, equipment, and architecture. We knew, too, his slavish devotion to his models—always the flesh and blood before him and in the exact costume and appointment of the period. But the richness, harmony, and purity of his color were a surprise, an overwhelming surprise, to many who have held to the opinion that the constant study of black and white eliminates the color-sense, and that no black-and-white man of our time could ever succeed as a great colorist.

This sort of babble can now come to an end. The art of the illustrator is a distinct and honorable art by itself, and the men who devote themselves to its development are making excellent the art of the century. They are not all great colorists, because life is too short for the highest success in more than one medium, and only a genius untrammelled by the ordinary shortcomings of humanity can arrive at success in every branch of his art. The surprise was therefore all the greater when this man, pre-eminently the first black-and-white draughtsman of his time, a man distinguished for the directness and accuracy in his single line, in a few short years developed into a colorist of such power.

As regards the varying color-tones, no clear understanding of their harmonies,

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The Golden Dish.

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subtleties, meltings in one with the other, can of course be given to the reader of these pages who has had the misfortune not to see the originals. But enough is suggested to arouse the very pertinent speculation as to the future of a man and the value of his influences on the art of his time, who at forty years of age has completely routed the firm convictions of critics by this tremendous surprise. But yesterday a careful, precise pen-and-ink draughtsman, and to-day covering square feet of canvas with all the delicacy of a drawing the size of your hand, and with all the breadth and power necessary in a canvas whose point of sight is below an elevation of some fifteen feet. What next will a man do thus endowed and thus forceful and fruitful?

Unfortunately, color-processes for reproduction are as yet too complicated to permit our magazines to give us fac-similes, but by the "azalene" process now used in reproducing color drawings, the defects of photography—the blues paling out and the yellows and reds becoming darker — are corrected to a great extent, and these black-and-white reproductions here in these pages do give something of the "values" of the originals.

Abbey never fails to rise above the place of the mere illustrator—that of the man who illustrates the text and is content. He has always done more than this, he has worked as the poets do. He has chosen themes which other men have used, stories they have told, men and women they have pictured. About these has played the fire of his own fine imagination, transforming and ennobling them.

Where Goldsmith leaves off Abbey begins. It is always something of himself that he adds, and it is always a refinement of the theme, never a touch that degrades.

If he gives us *Portia*, it is not only the woman of affairs, the wise counsellor, but the merry triumph beneath it all that shows at a glance her enjoyment of the humor of her escapade.

It is difficult in discussing the many qualities of his work not to be led away by the very excellence of his technique, the management of his high lights, the skill of his arrangements, the charm of his appointments, all so satisfying to the artistic sense. And yet there is another and far more important sense which he satisfies as well. That sense in every critic and observer which is always alert to detect the artist's purpose, his sentiment toward the subject he selects, his ideals, his grasp of the emotions, his understanding of character, his understanding, indeed, of life. Mr. Abbey, within the limitations chosen for himself, seldom fails to prove this understanding. Among his illustrations of Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man" he has given us that of *Mr. Honeywood* lying relaxed in his chair. The perplexity which Abbey has written across his forehead belongs, we all recognize, as much to every amiable man whose undue generosities have swamped him as it does to *Honeywood* himself. It is the old conflict between the theoretical and the practical virtues which Abbey has expressed in his drawing, a conflict which baffles every reformer. Then what repose, even solemnity, there is in the bending figure of *Dubardieu* as he closes the door behind. *Lofty!* How low the head, how soft the purring voice, how cat-like the noiseless tread. His very legs have turned the wrong way from many years of bowing!

And yet with what skill has Abbey made us feel that the deference of the servitor is the deference of the man who regards that attitude as a duty, in no way conflicting with his right to his own individuality and opinions.

Again, in the face of old *Mr. Croaker* —that man who was wont to exclaim, "Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you I'm fixed, determined; so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm"—Abbey has given us an expression always found on the face of an obstinate man, in constant fear of being surprised by a convincing argument, just like a spoiled child or grumbler afraid of being pleased with some nice thing you may do.

The sketch of *Lofty* is perhaps less satisfying as a study of character. The man's own artificiality, his lack of truth, his vain boastings and braggings, his underhand methods and his sudden

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Mr. Croaker.

From the "Good-natured Man."

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A Lady with a Parasol.

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reform, never made him lovable. Besides, *Lofty* deceived too many people to have been so palpably the deceiver that Abbey has made him here. Perhaps, however, he meant to treat him from a certain theatrical standpoint.

For all that, there are few more delightful bits of composition in the whole collection than this which represents *Lofty* and his servant. The blending lines of the two figures, the bending of the servant's head, the opposite bending of *Lofty's*, the repetition of certain dominant curves, the exquisite poise of *Lofty's* figure — a movement caught midway in its action without losing the sense of its motion—that poise so difficult to catch, so impossible for any but a master to portray.

But of all Abbey's characters his women are the best. They are always so wholesome. Even in their dejected moments they are never lackadaisical. They have always a reserve fund of spirit. They are full of sprightliness, of grace, vitality, beauty, refinement. They are eternally young. If he has ever shown them to us in old age, we have forgotten them in delight of their younger sisters. They are never, to be sure, every-day home acquaintances. Our introductions to them are more or less formal; on occasions as it were—when they are in some mood or some dress that sets them apart for the moment. We see them always through the medium of the picturesque, removed from us by tradition, by a different habit of living, by almost impassable barriers of another time and custom. They are to us like people who speak a different tongue, with whom we cannot be *en rapport* at once. Yet we know them to be always delicate, always pure, always vivacious, always buoyant, always tender.

Moreover, he has never drawn a woman in whom refinement had no part. Here, for instance, are five women distinct in individuality, in pose, gesture, costume, mood, and yet in them all we find these same delightful qualities which distinguish his many creations. Josephine, with her airy grace and undulating movement, seems for a moment to have nothing in common with the girl in red who holds a mandolin, yet the same refinement, the same exquisite sentiment, is characteristic of both. Or take again "A Lady with a Parasol," and she with the "Golden Dish." One is seen in the quaint, prim dress of an old English village; one in that of sumptuous Venice at her height. Greater contrasts could hardly be imagined. But the woman underneath the dress in both is the woman whom Abbey best understands, she of virginal charm and beauty, of dignity, of sweetness, and that guilelessness and tenderness which come with a desire to please. They are always so human too; women of whom one could make companions and friends when once the first reserve is broken through.

Abbey in his art really has done what Wagner has done in music, Tennyson and the poets in verse. He has taken the old, retouched it and made it new, giving us something infinitely better than the thing he found. An author's noblest work, his truest ideal, may indeed be always safely trusted in his hands. Dr. Holmes once said to an artist who illustrated one of his poems,

"I am so glad. I was afraid you would spoil it."

"I am so glad" would have been the verdict of Goldsmith and of all the old English balladists whose men and women Abbey's touch has glorified.

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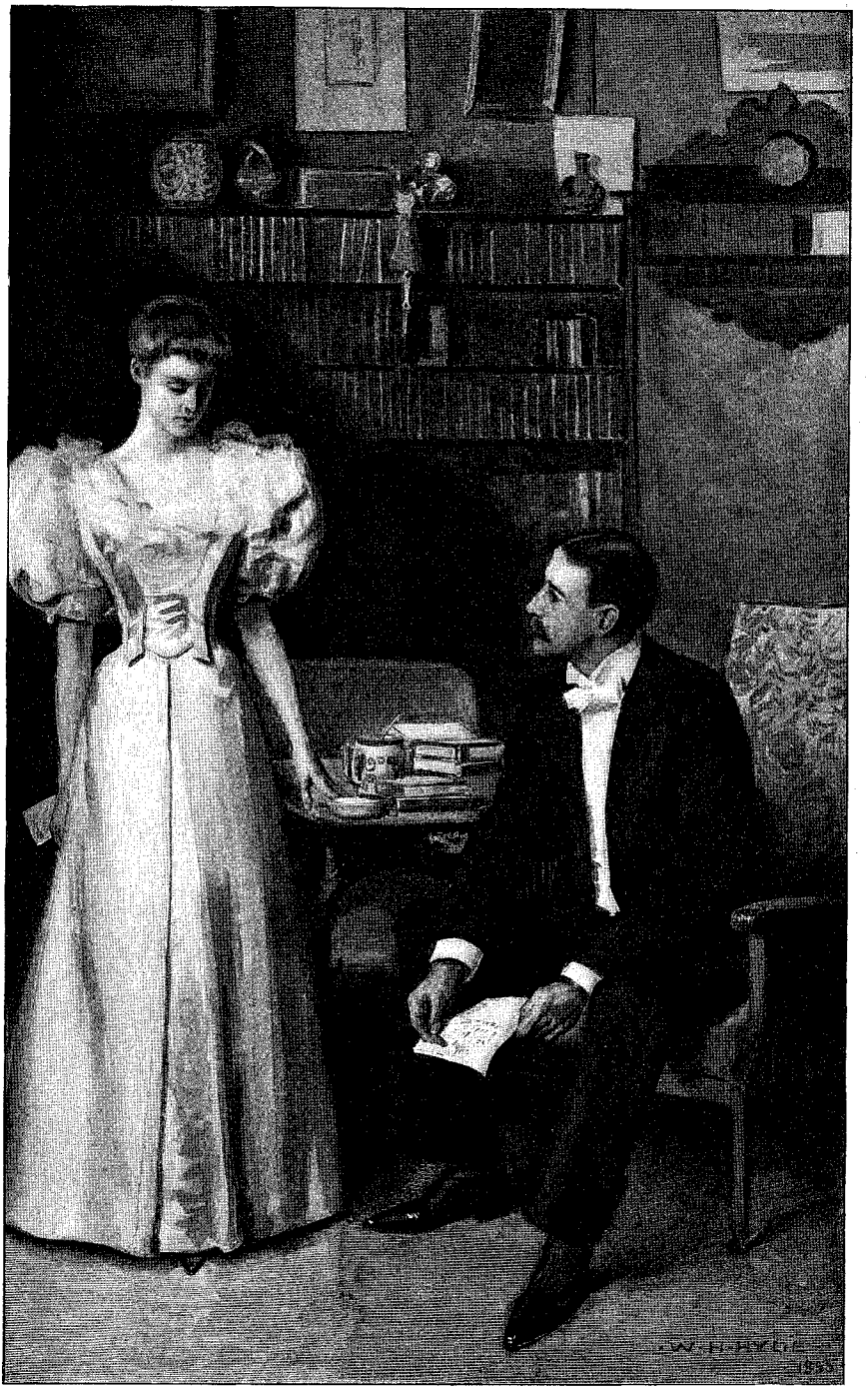

"Who is this man, and what has he to do with you?"—Page 157.

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"THE WHEEL OF LOVE"

A COMEDY IN NARRATIVE

By Anthony Hope

"It is a familiar fact that the intensity of a passion varies with the proximity of the appropriate object."—MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, "Data of Ethics."

"How the devil is it that fresh features
Have such a charm for us poor human creatures?"
—LORD BYRON, "Don Juan."

CHAPTER I

THE VIRTUOUS HYPOCRITE

AT first sight they had as little reason for being unhappy as it is possible to have in a world half full of sorrow. They were young and healthy; they had each declared the other more than common good-looking, half a dozen times; they both had, and never knew what it was not to have, money enough for comfort, and in addition that divine little superfluity wherefrom joys are born. The house was good to look at and good to live in; there were horses to ride, the river to go a-rowing on, and a big box from Mudie's every week. No one worried them; Miss Bussey was generally visiting the poor; or, as it happened at this moment, asleep in her arm-chair, with Paul, the terrier, in his basket beside her, and the cat on her lap. Lastly, they were plighted lovers, and John was staying with Miss Bussey for the express purpose of delighting and being delighted by his *fiancée*, Mary Travers. For these and all their mercies they should certainly have been truly thankful.

However, the heart of man is wicked. This fact alone can explain why Mary sat sadly in the drawing-room, feeling a letter that was tucked inside her waistband (there was just room; she was a sensible girl, and did not pinch her waist too tightly), and John strode moodily up and down the gravel walk, a cigar, badly bitten, between his teeth, and his hand ever and again covertly stealing toward his breast-pocket and pressing a scented note that lay there. In the course of every turn John would pass the window of the drawing-room; then Mary would look up with a smile and blow him a kiss, and he nodded and laughed and returned the salute. But, the window passed, both sighed deeply and returned to fingering those hidden missives.

"Poor little girl! I must keep it up!" said John.

"Dear, good John! He must never know," thought Mary.

And the two fell to thinking just what was remarked a few lines back, namely, that the human heart is very wicked; they were shocked at themselves—the young often are.

Miss Bussey awoke, sat up, evicted the cat, and found her spectacles.

"Where are those children?" said she. "Billing and cooing somewhere, I suppose. Bless me! why don't they get tired of it?"

They had—not indeed of billing and cooing in general, for no one at their age does or ought to get tired of that—but of billing and cooing with one another.

It will be observed that the situation promised well for a tragedy. Nevertheless this is not the story of an unhappy marriage.

If there be one thing which Government should forbid, it is a secret engagement. Engagements should be advertised as marriages are, but unless we happen to be persons of social importance, or considerable independence, no such precautions are taken. Of course there are engagement rings; but a man never knows one when he sees it on a lady's hand—it would indeed be impertinent to look too closely

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—and when he goes out alone he generally puts his in his pocket, considering that the evening will thus be rendered more enjoyable. The Ashforth-Travers engagement was not a secret now, but it had been, and had been too long. Hence, when Mary went to Scotland and met Charlie Ellerton—and when John went to Switzerland and met Dora Bellairs—the truth is, they ought never to have separated, and Miss Bussey (who was one of the people in the secret) had been quite right when she remarked that it seemed a curious engagement. John and Mary had scoffed at the idea of a few weeks' absence having any effect on their feelings except, if indeed it were possible, that of intensifying them.

"I really think I ought to go and find them," said Miss Bussey. "Come, Paul!"

She took a parasol, for the April sun was bright, and went into the garden. When she came to the drawing-room window John was away at the end of the walk. She looked at him: he was reading a letter. She looked in at the window: Mary was reading a letter.

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Bussey, "have they had a tiff?" and she slowly waddled (truth imposes this word—she was very stout) toward the unconscious John. He advanced toward her still reading; not only did he not see her, but he failed to notice that Paul had got under his feet. He fell over Paul, and as he stumbled the letter fluttered out of his hand. Paul seized it and began to toss it about in great glee.

"Good doggie!" cried Miss Bussey. "Come then! Bring it to me, dear. Good Paul!"

John's face was distorted with agony. He darted toward Paul, fell on him, and gripped him closely. Paul yelped and Miss Bussey observed, in an indignant tone, that John need not throttle the dog. John muttered something.

"Is the letter so very precious?" asked his hostess, ironically.

"Precious!" cried John. "Yes!—No!—It's nothing at all."

But he opened Paul's mouth and took out his treasure with wonderful care.

"And why?" inquired Miss Bussey, are you not with Mary, young man? You're very neglectful."

"Neglectful! Surely, Miss Bussey, you haven't noticed anything like neglect? Don't say——"

"Bless the boy! I was only joking. You're a model lover."

"Thank you, thank you. I'll go to her at once," and he sped toward the window, opened it and walked up to Mary. Miss Bussey followed him, and arrived just in time to see the lovers locked in one another's arms, their faces expressing all appropriate rapture.

"There's nothing much wrong," said Miss Bussey; wherein Miss Bussey herself was much wrong.

"What a shame! I've left you alone for more than an hour!" said John. "Have you been very unhappy?" and he added, "darling." It sounded like an afterthought.

"I have been rather unhappy," answered Mary, and her answer was true. As she said it she tucked in a projecting edge of her letter. John had hurriedly slipped his (it was rather the worse for its mauling) into his trousers-pocket.

"You—you didn't think me neglectful?"

"Oh, no."

"I was thinking of you all the time."

"And I was thinking of you, dear."

"Are you very happy?"

"Yes, John; aren't you?"

"Of course I am. Happy! I should think so," and he kissed her with unimpeachable fervor.

When a conscientious person makes up his mind that he ought, for good reasons, to deceive somebody, there is no one like him for thorough-paced hypocrisy. When two conscientious people resolve to deceive one another, on grounds of duty, the acme of duplicity is in a fair way to be reached. John Ashworth and Mary Travers illustrated this proposition. The former had been all his life a good son and was now a trustworthy partner to his father, who justly relied no less on his character than on his brains. The latter, since her parents' early death had left her to her aunt's care, had been the comfort and prop of Miss Bussey's life. It is

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difficult to describe good people without making them seem dull; but luckily nature is defter than novelists, and it is quite possible to be good without being dull. Neither Mary nor John was dull; a trifle limited, perhaps, they were, a thought severe in their judgments of others as well as of themselves; a little exacting with their friends and more than a little with themselves. One description paints them both; doubtless their harmony of mind had contributed more than Mary's sweet expression and finely cut features, or John's upstanding six feet, and honest, capable face, to produce that attachment between them which had, six months before this story begins, culminated in their engagement. Once arrived at, this ending seemed to have been inevitable. Everybody discovered that they had foretold it from the first, and modestly disclaimed any credit for anticipating a union between a couple so obviously made for one another.

The distress into which lovers such as these fell when they discovered by personal experience that sincerely to vow eternal love is one thing, and sincerely to give it quite another, may be well imagined, and may well be left to be imagined. They both went through a terrible period of temptation, wherein they listened longingly to the seductive pleading of their hearts; but both emerged triumphant, resolved to stifle their mad fancy, to prefer good faith to mere inclination, and to avoid, at all costs, wounding one to whom they had sworn to be true. Thus far their steadfastness carried them, but not beyond. They could part from their loved ones, and they did; but they could not leave them without a word. Each wrote, after leaving Scotland and Switzerland respectively, a few lines of adieu, confessing the love they felt, but with resolute sadness, saying farewell forever. They belonged to another.

It was the answers that Mary and John were reading when Miss Bussey discovered them.

Mary's ran:

"My Dear Miss Travers: I have received your letter. I can't tell you what it means to me. You say all must be over between us. Don't be offended—but I won't say that yet. It can't be your duty to marry a man you don't love. You forbid me to write or come to you; and you ask only for a word of good-by. I won't say good-by. I'll say *Au revoir—au revoir*, my darling.

"Charlie.

"Burn this."

This was John's:

"My Dear Mr. Ashforth: What am I to say to you? Oh, why, why didn't you tell me before? I oughtn't to say that, but it is too late to conceal anything from *you*. Yes, you are right. It must be good-by. Yes, I will try to forget you. But oh, John, it's very, very, *very* difficult. I don't know how to sign this—so I won't. You'll know who it comes from, won't you? Good-by. Burn this."

These letters, no doubt, make it plain that there had been at least a momentary weakness both in Mary and John; but in a true and charitable view their conduct in finally rising superior to temptation was all the more remarkable and praiseworthy. They had indeed, for the time, been carried away. Even now, Mary found it hard not to make allowances for herself, little as she was prone to do that, when she thought of the impetuous *abandon* and conquering whirl with which Charlie Ellerton had wooed her; and John confessed that flight alone—a hasty flight from Interlaken after a certain evening, spent in gazing at the Jungfrau, had saved him from casting everything to the winds and yielding to the slavery of Dora Bellairs's sunny smiles and charming coquetries. He had always thought that that sort of girl had no attractions for him, just as Mary had despised "butterfly-men" like Charlie Ellerton. Well, they were wrong. The only comfort was that shallow natures felt these sorrows less; it would have broken Mary's heart (thought John), or John's (thought Mary), but Dora and Charlie would soon find consolation in another. But here, oddly enough, John generally swore heartily and Mary always began to search for her handkerchief.

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"They're as affectionate as one could wish when they're together," mused Miss Bussey, as she stroked the cat, "but at other times they're gloomy company. I suppose they can't be happy apart. Dear! dear!" And the good lady fell to wondering whether she had ever been so foolish as that.

CHAPTER II

SYMPATHY IN SORROW

"GIVE me," observed Sir Roger Deane, "Cannes, a fine day, a good set to look at, a beehive chair, a good cigar, a cocktail on one side and a nice girl on the other, and there I am! I don't want anything else."

General Bellairs pulled his white mustache and examined Sir Roger's figure and surroundings with a smile.

"Then only Lady Deane is wanting to your complete happiness," said he.

"Maud is certainly a nice girl, but when she deserts me——"

"Where is she?"

"I don't know."

"I do," interposed a young man, who wore an eye-glass and was in charge of a large jug. "She's gone to Monte."

"I might have known," said Sir Roger. "Being missed here always means you've gone to Monte—like not being at church means you've gone to Brighton."

"Surely she doesn't play?" asked the General.

"Not she! She's going to put it in a book. She writes books you know. She put me in the last—made me a dashed fool, too, by Jove!"

"That was unkind," said the General, "from your wife."

"Oh, Lord love you, she didn't mean it. I was a hero. That's how I came to be such an ass. The dear girl meant everything that was kind. Who's taken her to Monte?"

"Charlie Ellerton," said the young man with the eye-glass.

"There! I told you she was a kind girl. She's trying to pull old Charlie up a peg or two. He's had the deuce of a facer, you know."

"I thought he seemed less cheerful than usual."

"Oh, rather. He met a girl somewhere or other—I always forget places—Miss—Miss—hang it I can't remember names—and got awfully smitten, and everything went pleasantly and she took to him like anything, and at last old Charlie spoke up like a man and——" Sir Roger paused dramatically.

"Well?" asked the General.

"She was engaged to another fellow. Rough, wasn't it? She told old Charlie she liked him infernally, but promises were promises, don't you know, and she'd thank him to take his hook. And he had to take it, by Gad! Rough, don't you know? So Maud's been cheering him up. The devil!"

"What's the matter now?" inquired the General.

"Why I've just remembered that I promised to say nothing about it. I say, don't you repeat it, General, nor you either, Laing."

The General laughed.

"Well," said Sir Roger, "he oughtn't to have been such a fool as to tell me. He knows I never remember to keep things dark. It's not my fault."

A girl came out of the hotel and strolled up to where the group was. She was dark, slight, and rather below middle height; her complexion at this moment was a trifle sallow and her eyes listless, but it seemed rather as if she had dressed her face into a tragic cast, the set of the features being naturally mirthful. She acknowledged the men's salutations and sat down with a sigh.

"Not on to-day?" asked Sir Roger, waving his cigar toward the lawn-tennis courts.

"No," said Miss Bellairs.

"Are you seedy, Dolly?" inquired the General.

"No," said Miss Bellairs.

Mr. Laing fixed his eye-glass and surveyed the young lady.

"Are you taking any?" said he, indicating the jug.

"I don't see any fun in vulgarity," observed Miss Bellairs.

The General smiled. Sir Roger's lips assumed the shape for a whistle.

"That's a nasty one for me," said Laing.

"Ah! Here you are, Roger," exclaimed a fresh, clear voice from behind

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the chairs. "I've been looking for you everywhere. We've seen everything—Mr. Ellerton was most kind—and I do so want to tell you my impressions."

The new-comer was Lady Deane, a tall young woman, plainly dressed in a serviceable cloth walking-gown. By her side stood Charlie Ellerton in a flannel suit of pronounced striping; he wore a little, yellow mustache, had blue eyes and curly hair, and his face was tanned a wholesome ruddy-brown. He looked very melancholy.

"Letters from Hell," murmured Sir Roger.

"But I was so distressed," continued his wife. "Mr. Ellerton would gamble, and he lost ever so much money."

"A fellow must amuse himself," remarked Charlie, gloomily, and with apparent unconsciousness he took a glass from Laing and drained it.

"Gambling and drink — what does that mean?" asked Sir Roger.

"Shut up, Deane," said Charlie.

Miss Bellairs rose suddenly and walked away. Her movement expressed impatience with her surroundings. After a moment Charlie Ellerton slowly sauntered after her. She sat down on a garden-seat some way off. Charlie placed himself at the opposite end. A long pause ensued.

"I'm afraid I'm precious poor company," said Charlie.

"I didn't count you to be company at all," answered Miss Bellairs, and she sloped her parasol until it obstructed his view of her face.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I can't stand the sort of rot Deane and Laing are talking."

"Can't you? Neither can I."

"They never seem to be serious about anything, you know," and Charlie sighed deeply, and for three minutes there was silence.

"Do you know Scotland at all?" asked Charlie at last.

"Only a little."

"There last year?"

"No, I was in Switzerland."

"Oh."

"Do you know Interlaken?"

"No."

"Oh."

"May I have a cigarette?"

"Of course, if you like."

Charlie lit his cigarette and smoked silently for a minute or two.

"I call this a beastly place," said he.

"Yes, horrid," she answered, and the force of sympathy made her move the parasol and turn her face toward her companion. "But I thought," she continued, "you came here every spring?"

"Oh, I don't mind the place so much. It's the people."

"Yes, isn't it? I know what you mean."

"You can't make a joke of everything, can you?"

"Indeed no," sighed Dora.

Charlie looked at his cigarette, and, his eyes carefully fixed on it, said, in a timid tone:

"What's the point, for instance, of talking as if love was all bosh?"

Dora's parasol swept down again swiftly, but Charlie was still looking at the cigarette and he did not notice its descent, nor could he see that Miss Bellairs's cheek was no longer sallow.

"It's such cheap rot," he continued, "and when a fellow's—I say, Miss Bellairs, I'm not boring you?"

The parasol wavered and finally moved.

"No," said Miss Bellairs.

"I don't know whether you—no, I mustn't say that, but I know what it is to be in love, Miss Bellairs; but what's the good of talking about it? Everybody laughs."

Miss Bellairs put down her parasol.

"I shouldn't laugh," she said, softly. "It's horrid to laugh at people when they're in trouble," and her eyes were very sympathetic.

"You are kind. I don't mind talking about it to you. You know I'm not the sort of fellow who falls in love with every girl he meets; so of course it's worse when I do."

"Was it just lately?" murmured Dora.

"Last summer."

"Ah! And—and didn't she——?"

"Oh, I don't know. Yes, hang it, I believe she did. She was perfectly straight, Miss Bellairs. I don't say a word against her. She—I think she didn't know her own feelings until—until I spoke, you know—and then——"

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"Do go on, if—if it doesn't——"

"Why, then," the poor girl cried and said it couldn't be because she—she was engaged to another fellow, and she sent me away."

Miss Bellairs was listening attentively.

"And," continued Charlie, "she wrote and said it must be good-by and—and——"

"And you think she——?"

"She told me so," whispered Charlie. "She said she couldn't part without telling me. Oh, I say, Miss Bellairs, isn't it all damnable? I beg your pardon."

Dora was tracing little figures on the gravel with her parasol.

"Now what would you do?" cried Charlie. "She loves me, I know she does! and she's going to marry this other fellow because she promised him first. I don't suppose she knew what love was then."

"Oh, I'm sure she didn't," exclaimed Dora, earnestly.

"You can't blame her, you know. And it's absurd to—to—to—not to—well, to marry a fellow you don't care for when you care for another fellow, you know!"

"Yes."

"Of course you can hardly imagine yourself in that position, but suppose a man liked you and—and was placed like that, you know, what should you feel you ought to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," exclaimed Dora, clasping her hands.

"Oh, do tell me what you think! I'd give the world to know!"

Charlie's surprised glance warned her of her betrayal. "You mustn't ask me," she exclaimed, hastily.

"I won't ask a word. I—I'm awfully sorry, Miss Bellairs."

"Nobody knows," she murmured.

"Nobody shall through me."

"You're not very—? I'm very ashamed."

"Why? And because of me! After what I've told you!"

Charlie rose suddenly.

"I'm not going to stand it," he announced.

Dora looked up eagerly.

"What? You're going to——?"

"I'm going to have a shot at it. Am I to stand by and see her——? I'm hanged if I do. Could that be right?"

"I should like to know what one's *duty* is?"

"This talk with you has made me quite clear. We've reasoned it out, you see. They're not to be married for two or three months. A lot can be done in that time."

"Ah, you're a man!"

"I shall write first. If that doesn't do, I shall go to her."

Dora shook her head mournfully.

"Now, look here, Miss Bellairs—you don't mind me advising you?"

"I ought not to have let you see, but as it is——"

"You do as I do, you stick to it. Confound it, you know—when one's life's happiness is at stake——"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"One mustn't be squeamish, must one?"

And Dora Bellairs, in a very low whisper, answered, "No."

"I shall write to-night."

"Oh! To-night?"

"Yes. Now promise me you will too."

"It's harder for me than you."

"Not if he really——"

"Oh, indeed, he really does, Mr. Allerton."

"Then you'll write?"

"Perhaps."

"No. Promise?"

"Well—it must be right. Yes, I will."

"I feel the better for our talk, Miss Bellairs, don't you?"

"I do a little."

"We shall be friends now, you know, even if I bring it off I shan't be content unless you do too. Won't you give me your good wishes?"

"Indeed I will."

"Shake hands on it."

They shook hands and began to stroll back to the tennis-courts.

"They look a little better," observed Sir Roger Deane, who had been listening to an eloquent description of the gaming-tables.

Dora and Charlie walked on toward the hotel.

"Hi!" shouted Sir Roger. "Tea's coming out here."

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"I've got a letter to write," said Charlie.

"Well, Miss Bellairs, you must come. Who's to pour it out?"

"I must catch the post, Sir Roger," answered Dora.

They went into the house together. In the hall they parted.

"You'll let me know what happens, Mr. Ellerton, won't you? I'm so interested."

"And you?"

"Oh—well, perhaps," and the sallow of her cheeks had turned to a fine dusky red as she ran upstairs.

Thus it happened that a second letter for John Ashforth and a second letter for Mary Travers left Cannes that night.

And if it seems a curious coincidence that Dora and Charlie should meet at Cannes, it can only be answered that they were each of them just as likely to be at Cannes as anywhere else. Besides, who knows that these things are all coincidence?

CHAPTER III

A PROVIDENTIAL DISCLOSURE

On Wednesday, the eleventh of April, John Ashforth rose from his bed full of a great and momentous resolution. There is nothing very strange in that, perhaps; it is just the time of day when such things come to a man, and, in ordinary cases, they are very prone to disappear with the relics of breakfast. But John was of sterner stuff. He had passed a restless night, tossed to and fro by very disturbing gusts of emotion, and he arose with the firm conviction that if he would escape shipwreck he must secure his bark by immovable anchors while he was, though not in honor, yet in law and fact, free; he could not trust himself. Sorrowfully admitting his weakness, he turned to the true, the right, the heroic remedy.

"I'll marry Mary to-day fortnight," said he. "When we are man and wife I shall forget this madness and love her as I used to."

He went down to breakfast, ate a bit of toast and drank a cup of very strong tea. Presently Mary appeared and greeted him with remarkable tenderness. His heart smote him, and his remorse strengthened his determination.

"I want to speak to you after breakfast," he told her.

His manner was so significant that a sudden gleam of hope flashed into her mind. Could it be that he had seen, that he would be generous. She banished the shameful hope. She would not accept generosity at the expense of pain to him.

Miss Bussey, professing to find bed the best place in the world, was in the habit of taking her breakfast there. The lovers were alone, and, the meal ended, they passed together into the conservatory. Mary sat down and John leant against the glass door opposite her.

"Well?" said she, smiling at him.

It suddenly struck John that, in a scene of this nature, it ill-befitted him to stand three yards from the lady. He took a chair and drew it close beside her. The thing had to be done and it should be done properly.

"We've made a mistake, Mary," he announced, taking her hand and speaking in a rallying tone.

"A mistake!" she cried; "oh, how?"

"In fixing our marriage——"

"So soon?"

"My darling!" said John (and it was impossible to withhold admiration for the tone he said it in), "no. So late! What are we waiting for? Why are we wasting all this precious time?"

Mary could not speak, but consternation passed for an appropriate confusion, and John pursued his passionate pleadings. As Mary felt his grasp and looked into his honest eyes, her duty lay plain before her. She would not stoop to paltry excuses on the score of clothes, invitations, or such trifles. She had made up her mind to the thing; surely she ought to do it in the way most gracious and most pleasing to her lover.

"If Aunt consents," she murmured at last, "do as you like, John dear," and the embrace which each felt to be inevitable at such a crisis passed between them.

A discreet cough separated them.

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The butler stood in the doorway, with two letters on a salver. One he handed to Mary, the other to John, and walked away with a twinkle in his eye. However, even our butlers do not know everything that happens in our houses (to say nothing of our hearts), however much they may think they do.

John glanced at his letter, started violently and crushed it into his pocket. He glanced at Mary; her letter lay neglected on her lap. She was looking steadily out of the window.

"Well, that's settled," said John. "I—I think I'll have a cigar, dear."

"Yes, do, darling," said Mary, and John went out.

These second letters were unfortunately so long as to make it impossible to reproduce them. They were also very affecting. Dora's from its pathos, Charlie's from its passion. But the waves of emotion beat fruitlessly on the rock-built walls of conscience. At almost the same moment, Mary, brushing away a tear, and John, blowing his nose, sat down to write a brief, a final answer. "We are to be married to-day fortnight," they said. They closed the envelopes without a moment's delay and went to drop their letters in the box. The butler was already waiting to go to the post with them and a second later the fateful documents were on their way to Cannes.

"Now," said John, with a ghastly smile, "we can have a glorious long day together!"

Mary was determined to leave herself no loophole.

"We must tell Aunt what—what we have decided upon this morning," she reminded him. "It means that the wedding must be very quiet."

"I sha'n't mind that. Shall you?"

"I shall like it of all things," she answered. "Come and find Aunt Sarah."

Miss Bussey had always—or at least for a great many years back—maintained the general proposition that young people do not know their own minds. This morning's vows confirmed her opinion.

"Why the other day you both agreed that the middle of June would do perfectly. Now you want it all done in a scramble."

The pair stood before her, looking very guilty.

"What is the meaning of this—this [she very nearly said "indecent"] extraordinary haste?"

Miss Bussey asked only one indulgence from her friends. Before she did a kind thing she liked to be allowed to say one or two sharp ones. Her niece was aware of this fancy of hers and took refuge in silence. John, less experienced in his hostess's ways, launched into the protests appropriate to an impatient lover.

"Well," said Miss Bussey, "I must say you look properly ashamed of yourself [John certainly did], so I'll see what can be done. What a fluster we shall live in! Upon my word you might as well have made it to-morrow. The fuss would have been no worse and a good deal shorter."

The next few days passed, as Miss Bussey had predicted, in a fluster. Mary was running after dress-makers, John after licenses, Cook's tickets, a best man, and all the *impedimenta* of a marriage. The intercourse of the lovers was much interrupted, and to this Miss Bussey attributed the low spirits that Mary sometimes displayed.

"There, there, my dear," she would say impatiently—for the cheerful old lady hated long faces, "you'll have enough of him and to spare by and by."

Curiously this point of view did not exhilarate Mary. She liked John very much; she esteemed him even more than she liked him, he would, she thought, have made an ideal brother. Ah, why had she not made a brother of him while there was time? Then she would have enjoyed his constant friendship all her life; for it was not with him as with that foolish boy, Charlie, all or nothing. John was reasonable; he would not have threatened—well, reading his letter one way, Charlie almost seemed to be tampering with propriety. John would never have done that. And these reflections, all of which should have pleaded for John, ended in weeping over the lost charms of Charlie.

One evening, just a week before the wedding, she roused herself from some

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such sad meditations, and, duty-driven, sought John in the smoking-room. The door was half open and she entered noiselessly. John was sitting at the table; his arms were outspread on it, and his face buried in his hands. Thinking he was asleep she approached on tiptoe and leant over his shoulder. As she did so her eyes fell on a sheet of note-paper; it was clutched in John's right hand, and the encircling grasp covered it, save at the top. The top was visible, and Mary, before she knew what she was doing, had read the embossed heading—nothing else, just the embossed heading—*Hotel de Luxe, Cannes, Alpes Maritimes.*

The drama teaches us how often a guilty mind rushes, on some trifling cause, to self-revelation. Like a flash came the conviction that Charlie had written to John, that her secret was known, and John's heart broken. In a moment she fell on her knees crying,

"Oh, how wicked I've been. Forgive me, do forgive me! Oh, John, can you forgive me?"

John was not asleep—he also was merely meditating; but, if he had been a very Rip Van Winkle this cry of agony would have roused him. He started violently—as well he might—from his seat, looked at Mary, and crumpled the letter into a shapeless ball.

"You didn't see?" he asked, hoarsely.

"No, but I know. I mean I saw the heading, and knew it must be from him. Oh, John!"

"From *him!*"

"Yes. He's—he's staying there. Oh, John! really I'll never see or speak to him again. Really I won't. Oh, you can trust me, John. See! I'll hide nothing. Here's his letter! You see I've sent him away?"

And she took from her pocket Charlie's letter, and in her noble fidelity (to John—the less we say about poor Charlie the better) handed it to him.

"What's this?" asked John, in bewilderment. "Who's it from?"

"Charlie Ellerton," she stammered.

"Who's Charlie Ellerton? I never heard—but am I to read it?"

"Yes, please, I—I think you'd better."

John read it; Mary followed his eyes, and the moment they reached the end, without giving him time to speak, she exclaimed,

"There, you see I spoke the truth. I had sent him away. What does he say to you, John?"

"I never heard of him in my life before?"

"John! Then who is your letter from?"

He hesitated. He felt an impulse to imitate her candor, but prudence suggested that he should be sure of his ground first."

"Tell me all," he said, sitting down. "Who is this man, and what has he to do with you?"

"Why don't you show me his letter? I don't know what he's said about me."

"What could he say about you?"

"Well he—he might say that—that I cared for him, John."

"And do you?" demanded John, and his voice was anxious.

Duty demanded a falsehood; Mary did her very best to satisfy its imperious commands. It was no use.

"Oh, John," she murmured; and then began to cry.

For a moment wounded pride struggled with John's relief; but then a glorious vision of what this admission of Mary's might mean to him swept away his pique.

"Read this," he said, giving her Dora Bellairs's letter, "and then we'll have an explanation."

Half an hour later Miss Bussey was roused from a pleasant snooze. John and Mary stood beside her, hand in hand. They were brother and sister now—that was an integral part of the arrangement—and so they stood hand in hand. Their faces were radiant.

"We came to tell you, Auntie dear, that we have decided that we're not suited to one another," began Mary.

"Not at all," said John, decisively.

Miss Bussey stared helplessly from one to the other.

"It's all right, Miss Bussey," remarked John, cheerfully. "We've had an explanation; we part by mutual consent."

"John," said Mary, "is to be just my brother and I his sister. Oh, and

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Auntie, I want to go with him to Cannes."

This last suggestion, which naturally did not appear to any well-regulated mind to harmonize with what had gone before, restored voice to Miss Bussey.

"What's the matter with you? Are you mad?" she demanded.

John sat down beside her. His friends anticipated a distinguished Parliamentary career for John; he could make anything sound reasonable. Miss Bussey was fascinated by his suave and fluent narrative of what had befallen Mary and himself; she could not but admire his just remarks on the providential disclosure of the true state of the case before it was too late, and sympathized with the picture of suffering nobly suppressed which grew under his skilful hand; she was inflamed when he ardently declared his purpose of seeking out Dora; she was touched when he kissed Mary's hand and declared that the world had no nobler woman. Before John's eloquence even the stern facts of a public engagement, of invited guests, of dresses ordered and presents received, lost their force, and the romantic spirit, rekindled, held undivided sway in Miss Bussey's heart.

"But," she said, "why does Mary talk of going to Cannes with you?"

"Mr. Allerton is at Cannes, Aunt," murmured Mary, shyly.

"But you can't travel with John."

"Oh, but you must come too."

"It looks as if you were running after him."

"I'll chance Charlie thinking that," cried Mary, clasping her hands in glee.

Miss Bussey pretended to be reluctant to undertake the journey, but she was really quite ready to yield, and soon everything was settled on the new basis.

"And now to write and tell people," said Miss Bussey. "That's the worst part of it."

"Poor dear! We'll help," cried Mary. "But I must write to Cannes."

"Wire!" cried John.

"Of course wire!" echoed Mary.

"The first thing to-morrow."

"Before breakfast."

"Mary, I shall never forget——"

"No, John, it's you who——" and they went off in a torrent of mutual laudation.

Miss Bussey shook her head.

"If they think all that of one another why don't they marry," she said.

CHAPTER IV

THE TALE OF A POSTMARK

"YES," said Lady Deane, "we leave to-day week: Roger has to be back the first week in May, and I want to stop at one or two places *en route*."

"Let's see. To-day's the 19th, no, the 20th; there's nothing to remind one of time here. That'll be the 27th. That's about my date; we might go together if you and Deane have no objection."

"Oh, I should be delighted, General; and shall you stay at all in Paris?"

"A few days—just to show Dolly the sights."

"How charming! And you and I must have some expeditions together. Roger is so odd about not liking to take me."

"We'll do the whole thing, Lady Deane," answered General Bellairs, heartily. "Notre Dame, the Versailles, the Invalides, Eiffel Tower."

Lady Deane's broad, white brow showed a little pucker.

"That wasn't quite what I meant," said she. "Oh, but Roger could take Dora to those, couldn't he, while you and I made a point of seeing some of the real life of the people?—of studying them in their ordinary resorts, their places of recreation and amusement."

"Oh, the Français, and the opera, and so on, of course."

"No, no, no," exclaimed Lady Deane, tapping her foot impatiently and fixing her gray eyes on the General's now puzzled face. "Not the same old treadmill in Paris as in London! Not that, General!"

"What then, my dear lady?" asked he. "Your wish is law to me," and it was true that he had become very fond of his earnest young friend. "What do you want to see, the Chamber of Deputies?"

Sir Roger's voice struck in.

"I'm not a puritanical husband, Bel-

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lairs, but I must make a stand somewhere. *Not* the Chamber of Deputies."

"Don't be silly, Roger dear," said Lady Deane, in her usual tone of dispassionate reproof.

"I can't find out where she does want to go to," remarked the General.

"I can tell you," said Sir Roger, and he leant down and whispered a name in the General's ear. The General jumped.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "I haven't been there since the fifties. Is it still like what it used to be?"

"How should I know?" inquired Sir Roger. "I'm not a student of social phenomena. Maud is, so she wants to go."

Lady Deane was looking on with a quiet smile.

"She never mentioned it," protested the General.

"Oh, of course if there's a worse place now!" conceded Sir Roger.

"I'll make up my mind when we arrive," observed Lady Deane. "Anyhow I shall rely on you, General."

The General looked a little uncomfortable.

"If Deane doesn't object——"

"I shouldn't think of taking my wife to such places."

Suddenly Dora Bellairs rushed up to them.

"Have you seen Mr. Ellerton?" she cried. "Where is he?"

"In the *salon*," answered Sir Roger. "Do you want him?"

"Would you mind. I can't go in there: it's full of *men*."

"After all we must be somewhere," pleaded Sir Roger as he went on his errand.

"Dolly," said the General, "I've just made a charming arrangement. Lady Deane and Sir Roger start for Paris to-day week, and we're going with them. You said you'd like another week here."

"It's charming our being able to go together, isn't it?" said Lady Deane. Dora's face did not express rapture, yet she liked the Deanes very much.

"Oh, but——" she began.

"Well?" asked her father.

"I rather want to go a little sooner."

"I'm afraid," said Lady Deane, "we sha'n't get Roger to move before then. He's bent on seeing the tennis tournament through. When did you want to go, Dora?"

"Well, in fact—to-night."

"My dear Dolly, what a weathercock you are! It's impossible. I'm dining with the Grand Duke on Monday. You must make up your mind to stay, young woman."

"Oh, please, papa——"

"But why do you want to go?" asked the General, rather impatiently.

Dora had absolutely no producible reason for her eagerness to go. And yet—Oh, if they only knew what was at stake! "We're to be married in a fortnight!" She could see the words dancing before her eyes. And she must waste a precious week here!

"Do you want me, Miss Bellairs?" asked Charlie Ellerton, coming up to them.

"Yes. I want—oh, I want to go to Rumpelmayer's."

"All right. Come along. I'm delighted to go with you."

They walked off in silence. Dora was in distress. She saw that the General was immovable.

Suddenly Charlie turned to her and remarked,

"Well, it's all over with me, Miss Bellairs."

"What? How do you mean?"

"My chance is gone. They're to be married in a fortnight. I had a letter to say so this morning."

Dora turned suddenly to him.

"Oh, but it's too extraordinary," she cried. "So had I!"

"What?"

"Why, a letter to say they were to be married in a fortnight."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes. Mr. Ellerton—who—who is your friend?"

"Her name's Mary Travers."

"And who is she going to marry?"

"Ah! She hasn't told me that."

A suspicion of the truth struck them both. Charlie produced his letter.

"She writes," he said, showing the postmark, "from Dittington."

"It is! It is!" she cried. "It must be Mary Travers that Mr. Ashforth is going to marry!"

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"Is that your friend?"

"Yes. Is she pretty, Mr. Ellerton?"

"Oh, awfully. What sort of a fellow is he?"

"Splendid!"

"Isn't it a deuced queer thing?"

"Most extraordinary. And when we told one another we never thought——"

"How could we?"

"Well, no, we couldn't, of course."

A pause followed. Then Charlie observed:

"I suppose there's nothing to be done."

"Nothing to be done, Mr. Ellerton! Why if I were a man I'd leave for England to-night."

"And why can't you?"

"Papa won't. But you might."

"Ye-es, I suppose I might. It would look rather odd, wouldn't it?"

"Why, you yourself suggested it!"

"Yes, but the marriage was a long way off then."

"There's the more reason now for haste."

"Of course, that's true, but——"

"Oh, if papa would only take me!"

A sudden idea seemed to strike Charlie; he assumed an air of chivalrous sympathy.

"When shall you go?" he asked

"Not till to-day week," she said. "We sha'n't get to England till three or four days before—it." Dora knew nothing of the proposed stay in Paris.

"Look here, Miss Bellairs," said Charlie, "we agreed to stand by one another. I shall wait and go when you do."

"But think——"

"I've thought."

"You're risking everything."

"If she'll break it off ten days before, she'll do the same four days before."

"If she really loves you she will."

"Anyhow we'll stand or fall together."

"Oh, I oughtn't to let you, but I can't refuse. How kind you are."

"Then that's settled," said Charlie. "And we must try to console one another till then."

"The suspense is awful, isn't it?"

"Of course. But we must appear cheerful. We mustn't betray ourselves."

"Not for the world! I can never thank you enough. You'll come with us all the way."

"Yes."

"Thank you again."

She gave him her hand, which he pressed gently.

"Hullo!" said he. "We seem to have got up by the church somewhere. Where were we going to?"

"Why, to Rumpelmayer's."

"Oh, ah! Well, let's go back to the hotel."

Wonderings on the extraordinary coincidence, with an occasional reference to the tender tie of a common sorrow which bound them together, beguiled the journey back, and when they reached the hotel Dora was quite calm. Charlie seemed distinctly cheerful, and when his companion left him he sat down by Deane and remarked, in a careless way, just as if he neither knew nor cared what the rest of them were going to do,

"Well, I shall light out of here in a few days. I suppose you're staying some time longer?"

"Off in a week," said Sir Roger.

"Oh, by Jove, that's about my mark. Going back to England?"

"Yes, I suppose so — ultimately. We shall stay a few days in Paris *en route*. The Bellairs go with us."

"Oh, do they?"

Sir Roger smiled gently.

"Surprised?" he asked.

Charlie ignored the question.

"And you aren't going to hurry?" he inquired.

"Why should we?"

Charlie sat silent. It was tolerably plain that, unless the few days *en route* were very few indeed, John Ashforth and Mary Travers were in a fair way to be prosperously and peacefully married before Dora Bellairs set foot in England. And if he stayed with the Bellairs, before he did, either! Charlie lit a cigarette and sat puffing and thinking.

"Dashed nice girl, Dora Bellairs," observed Sir Roger.

"Think so?"

"I do. She's the only girl I ever saw that Laing was smitten with."

"Laing!" said Charlie.

"Well, what's the matter? He's an

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uncommon good chap, Laing—one of the best chaps I know—and he's got lots of coin. I don't expect she'd sneeze at Laing."

It is, no doubt, taking a very serious responsibility to try to upset an arrangement arrived at deliberately and carried almost to a conclusion. A man should be very sure that he can make a woman happy—happier than any other man could—before he asks her to face the turmoil and the scandal of breaking off her marriage only a week before its celebration. Sure as he may be of his own affection, he must be equally sure of hers, equally sure that their mutual love is deep and permanent. He must consider his claims to demand such a sacrifice. What remorse will be his if, afterward, he discovers that what he did was not, in truth, for her real happiness! He must be on his guard against mere selfishness or mere vanity masquerading in the garb of a genuine passion.

As these thoughts occurred to Charlie Ellerton he felt that he was at a crisis of his life. He also felt glad that he had still a quiet week at Cannes in which to revolve these considerations in his mind. Above all, he must do nothing hastily.

Dora came out, a book in her hand. The soft white frock fluttered in the breeze, and she pushed back a loose lock of dark hair that caressed her cheek.

"A dashed nice girl, upon my honor," said Sir Roger Deane.

"Oh, very."

"I say, old chap, I suppose you're in no hurry. You'll put in a few days in Paris? We might have a day out, mightn't we?"

"I don't know yet," said Charlie, and, when Deane left him, he sat on in solitude. Was it possible that in the space of a week——? No, it was impossible. And yet, with a girl like that——"

"I did the right thing in waiting to go with her, anyhow," said Charlie, comforting himself.

CHAPTER V

A SECOND EDITION

"Don't you think it's an interesting sort of title?" inquired Lady Deane of Mr. Laing.

Laing was always a little uneasy in her presence. He felt not only that she was analyzing him, but that the results of the analysis seemed to her to be a very small *residuum* of solid matter. Besides, he had been told that she had described him as a "commonplace young man," a thing nobody could be expected to like.

"Capital!" he answered, nervously fingering his eye-glass. "The Transformation of Giles Brockleton! Capital!"

"I think it will do," said Lady Deane, complacently.

"Er—what was he transformed into, Lady Deane?"

"A man," replied the lady, emphatically.

"Of course. I see," murmured Laing, apologetically, and stifling a desire to ask what Giles had been before.

A moment later the authoress enlightened him.

"Yes," said she, "into a man, from a useless, mischievous, contemptible idler, a parasite, Mr. Laing, a creature to whom——"

"What did it, Lady Deane?" interrupted Laing, hastily. He felt somehow as if he were being catalogued.

"Just a woman's influence."

Laing's face displayed relief; he felt that he was in his depth again.

"Oh, got married, you mean? Well, of course, he'd have to pull up a bit, wouldn't he? Hang it, I think it's a fellow's duty——"

"You don't quite understand me," observed Lady Deane, coldly. "He did not marry the woman."

"What, did she give him the—I mean, wouldn't she have him, Lady Deane?"

"She would have married him; but beside her, he saw himself in his true colors. Knowing what he was, how could he dare? That was his punishment, and punishment brought transformation."

As Lady Deane sketched her idea, her eyes kindled and her tone became animated. Laing admired both her and her idea, and he expressed his feelings by saying:

"Remarkable sort of chap, Lady Deane. I shall read it all right, you know."

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"I think you ought," said she, rising, and leaving him to wonder if she had "meant anything."

He gave himself a little shake, as though to escape from the atmosphere of seriousness which she had diffused about him, and looked round. A little way off he saw Dora Bellairs and Charlie Ellerton sitting side by side. His brow clouded. Before Charlie came it had been his privilege to be Miss Bellairs's cavalier, and although he never hoped, nor, to tell the truth, desired more than a temporary favor in her eyes, he did not quite like being ousted.

"Pretty good for a fellow who's just had the bag!" he remarked, scornfully, referring to Roger Deane's unauthorized revelation.

It was the day before the exodus to Paris. Dora's period of weary waiting had worn itself away, and she was acknowledging to Charlie that the last two or three days had passed quicker than she had ever thought they could.

"The first two days I was wretched, the next two gloomy, but these last almost peaceful. In spite of—you know what—I think you've done me good on the whole."

"Don't mention it," said Charlie, flinging his arm over the back of the seat and looking at his companion.

"And now—in the end," pursued Dora, "I'm actually a little sorry to leave all this—it's so beautiful," and she waved her parasol vaguely at the hills and the islands, while with the other hand she took off her hat and allowed the breeze to blow through her hair.

"It *is* jolly, isn't it?" she asked.

"I should rather think it was," said Charlie. "The jolliest I've ever seen." It was evident that he did not refer to the scenery.

"Oh, you promised you wouldn't," cried Dora, reproachfully.

"Well, then, I'll promise again," he replied, smiling amiably.

"What must I think of you, when only a week or so ago——? Oh, and what must you think of me to suppose I could? Oh, Mr. Ellerton!"

"Like to know what I think of you?" inquired Charlie, quite unperturbed by this passionate return.

"Certainly not," said she, with dignity, and turned away. A moment later, however, she attacked him again.

"And you've done nothing," she said, indignantly, "but suggest to papa interesting places to stop at on the way, and things he ought to see in Paris. Yes, and you actually suggested going home by sea from Marseilles. And all the time you knew it was vital to me to get home as soon as possible. To me? Yes, and to you *last week*. Shall I tell you something, Mr. Ellerton?"

"Please," said Charlie. "Whisper it in my ear," and he offered his head in fitting proximity.

"I shouldn't mind who heard," she declared. "I despise you, Mr. Ellerton."

Charlie was roused to a protest.

"For downright unfairness give me a girl!" said he. "Here have I taken the manly course. After a short period of weakness—I admit that—I have conquered my feelings; I have determined not to distress Miss Travers by intruding upon her; I have overcome the promptings of a cowardly despair; I have turned my back resolutely on a past devoid of hope. I am, after a sore struggle, myself again. And my reward, Miss Bellairs, is to be told that you despise me. Upon my honor, you'll be despising Simon Stylites next."

"And you wrote and told Miss Travers you were coming!"

"All right. I shall write and tell her I'm not coming. I shall say, Miss Bellairs, that it seems to me to be an undignified thing——"

"To do what I'm going to do? Thank you, Mr. Ellerton."

"Oh, I forgot."

"What—that's the irony of it. You persuaded me to do it yourself."

"I was a fool; but I didn't know you so well then."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything."

"You didn't know yourself, I'm afraid," she remarked. "You thought you were a man of some—some depth of feeling, some constancy—a man whose—whose regard a girl would value, instead of being——"

"Just a poor devil who worships the ground you tread on."

Dora laughed scornfully.

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"Second edition!" said she. "The first dedicated to Miss Travers."

And then Charlie (and it is things like these which shake that faith in human nature which we try to cling to) said in a low, but quite distinct voice:

"Oh, d——n Miss Travers!"

Dora shot—it almost looked as if something had shot her, as it used, in old days, Miss Zazel—up from her seat.

"I thought I was talking to a *gentleman*," said she. "I suppose you'll use that—expression—about me in a week."

"In a good deal less, if you treat me like this," said Charlie, and his air was one of hopeless misery.

We all recollect that Anne ended by being tolerably kind to wicked King Richard. After all, Charlie had the same excuse.

"I don't want to be unkind," said Dora, more gently.

"I'll do anything in the world to please you."

"Then make papa go straight to Paris, and straight on from Paris," said Dora, using her power mercilessly.

"Oh, I say, I didn't mean that, Miss Bellairs."

"You said you'd do anything I liked."

Charlie looked at her thoughtfully.

"I suppose you've no pity?" he inquired.

"For you? Not a bit."

"You probably don't know how beautiful you are."

"Don't be foolish, and—and impertinent."

She was standing opposite him. With a sudden motion, he sprang forward, fell on one knee, seized her ungloved hand, covered it with kisses, sprang up, and hastened away, crying as he went:

"All right. I'll do it."

Dora stood where he left her. First she looked at her hand, then at Charlie's retreating back, then again at her hand. Her cheek was flushed and she trembled a little.

"John never did that," she said, "at least, not without asking. And even then, not quite like that."

She walked on slowly, then stopped and exclaimed:

"I wonder if he ever did that to Mary Travers."

And her last reflection was:

"Poor boy. He must be—oh, dear me!"

When Charlie reached the tennis-courts, he was, considering the moving scene through which he had passed, wonderfully calm. In fact he was smiling and whistling. Espying Sir Roger Deane, he went and sat down by him.

"Roger," said he, "I'm going with you and the Bellairs to-morrow."

"I know that."

"Miss Bellairs wants to go straight through to England without stopping anywhere."

"She'll have to want, I expect."

"And I've promised to try and get the General to do what she wants."

"Have you though?"

"I suppose, Roger, old fellow—you know you've great influence with him—I suppose it's no use asking you to say a word to him?"

"Not a bit."

"Why?"

"Because Maud particularly wants him to stay with us in Paris."

"Oh, of course, if Lady Deane wishes it, I mustn't say a word. She's quite made up her mind about it, has she?"

"Well, I suppose so."

"She's strong on it, I mean? Not likely to change?"

"I think not, Charlie."

"She'd ask him to stay, as a favor to her?"

"I shouldn't at all wonder."

"Oh, well then, my asking him won't make much difference."

"Frankly, I don't see why it should."

"Thanks. I only wanted to know. You're not in a hurry, Roger? I mean, you won't ask your wife to go straight on?"

"No, I shan't, Charlie. I want to stop myself."

"Thanks, old chap! See you at dinner," and Charlie strolled off with a reassured air.

Sir Roger sat and thought.

"I see his game," he said to himself at last, "but I'm hanged if I see hers. Why does she want to get back to England? Perhaps if I delay her as much as I can, she'll tell me. Hanged if I don't. Anyhow I'm glad to see old Charlie getting convalescent."

The next morning the whole party

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left Cannes by the early train. The Bellairs, the Deanes, and Charlie Ellerton travelled together. Laing announced his intention of following by the afternoon train.

"Oh," said Lady Deane, "you'll get to Paris sooner than we do." Dora looked gloomy; so did Charlie, after a momentary, hastily smothered smile.

The porter approached and asked for an address. They told him the Grand Hotel, Paris.

"If anything comes to-day, I'll bring it on," said Laing.

"Yes, do; we shall have no address before Paris," answered General Bellairs.

They drove off, and Laing, feeling rather solitary, returned to his cigar. An hour later the waiter brought him two telegrams—one for Dora and one for Charlie. He looked at the addresses.

"Just too late, by Jove! All right, garçon, I'll take 'em," and he thrust them into the pocket of his flannel jacket. And when, after lunch, he could not stand the dulness any longer and went to Monte Carlo, he left the telegrams in the discarded flannels, where they lay till — the time when they were discovered. For Mr. Laing clean forgot all about them!

CHAPTER VI

A MAN WITH A THEORY

Even Miss Bussey was inclined to think that all had happened for the best. John's eloquence had shaken her first disapprobation; the visible happiness of the persons chiefly concerned pleaded yet more persuasively. What harm, after all, was done, except for a little trouble and a little gossip? To these Mary and John were utterly indifferent. At first they had been rather shy in referring, before one another, to their loves, but custom taught them to mention the names without confusion, and ere long they had exchanged confidences as to their future plans. John's arrangement was obviously the more prudent and becoming. He discountenanced Mary's suggestion of an unannounced descent on Cannes, and persuaded her to follow his example and inform her lover that she would await news from him in Paris. They were to put up at the Continental, and telegrams there from Cannes would find them on and after April 28th. All this valuable information was contained in the despatches, which lay, with their priceless messages, on the said April 28th, in Mr. Arthur Laing's flannel jacket, inside his portmanteau, on the way to Paris.

Paris claims to be the centre of the world, and if it be, the world has a very good centre. Anyhow Paris becomes, from this moment, the centre of this drama. Not only was Arthur Laing being whirled there by the Nice express, and Miss Bussey's party proceeding thither by the eleven o'clock train from Victoria—Mary laughed as she thought it might have been her honeymoon she was starting on—but the Bellairs and their friends were heading for the same point. Miss Bussey's party had the pleasanter journey; they were all of one mind; Miss Bussey was eager to get to Paris because it was the end of the journey; John and Mary desired nothing but the moment when, with trembling fingers they should tear open their telegrams in the hall of the Continental. The expedition from the south did not enjoy a like unanimity; but before following their steps we may, in the interest of simplicity, land our first detachment safely at their destination.

When Mary and John, followed by Miss Bussey—they outstripped her in their eagerness — entered the Continental, a young man with an eye-glass was just engaging a bedroom. John took his place beside the stranger, and asked in a voice, which he strove to render calm, if there were any letters for——

"Beg pardon, sir. In one moment," said the clerk, and he added to Laing, "Number 37, sir." Laing — oh, the irony of things!—turned just that one supercilious glance which we bestow on other tourists, on John, and his companion and followed his baggage upstairs.

"Anything," resumed John, "for Miss Travers or Mr. Ashforth," and he succeeded in looking as if he did not

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care a straw whether there were or not.

After a search the porter answered,

"Nothing, sir."

"What?" exclaimed John, aghast. "Oh, nonsense, look again."

Another search followed; it was without result.

John saw Mary's appealing eyes fixed on him.

"Nothing," he said, tragically.

"Oh, John?"

"Have you taken the rooms, Mr. Ashforth?" inquired Miss Bussey.

"No. I'm sorry. I forgot all about them."

Miss Bussey was tired; she had been seasick, and the train always made her feel queer.

"Have neither of you got an ounce of wits about you?" she demanded, and plunged forward to the desk. John and Mary received their numbers in gloomy silence, and mounted the stairs.

Now Arthur Laing in his hasty survey of the party had arrived at a not unnatural but wholly erroneous conclusion. He had seen a young man, rather nervous, a young woman, looking anxious and shy, and an elderly person, plainly dressed (Miss Bussey was no dandy) sitting (Miss Bussey always sat as soon as she could) on a trunk. He took John and Mary for a newly married couple, and Miss Bussey for an old family servant detailed to look after her young mistress's entry into independent housekeeping.

"More infernal honeymoons," he said to himself, as he washed his hands. "The place is always full of 'em. Girl wasn't bad-looking, though."

The next morning, unhappily, confirmed him in his mistake. For Miss Bussey, overcome by the various trials of the day before, kept her bed, and when Laing came down, the first sight which met his eyes was a breakfast-table, whereat Mary and John sat *tête-à-tête*. He eyed them with that mixture of scorn and envy which their supposed situation awakens in a bachelor's heart, and took a place from which he could survey them at leisure. There is a bright side to everything; and that of Laing's mistake was the pleasure he derived from his delusion. Sticking his glass firmly in his eye, he watched like a cat for those playful little endearments which his cynical mood—he was, like many of us, not at his best in the morning—led him to anticipate. He watched in vain. The young people were decorum itself; more than that, they showed signs of preoccupation; they spoke only occasionally, and then with a business-like brevity.

Suddenly the waiter entered, with a handful of letters which he proceeded to distribute. Laing expected none, and kept his gaze on his honeymooners. To his surprise they showed animation enough now; their eyes were first on the waiter's approaching form; the bridegroom even rose an inch or two from his seat; both stretched out their hands.

Alas! with a little bow, a smile, and a shrug, the waiter passed by, and the disappointed couple sank back, with looks of blank despair.

Surely here was enough to set any open-minded man on the right track! Yes; but not enough to free one who was tied and bound to his own theory.

"She's dashed anxious to hear from home!" mused Laing. "Poor girl! It ain't over and above flattering to him, though."

He finished his breakfast and went out to smoke. Presently he saw his friends come out also; they went to the porter's desk and he heard one of them say "telegram." A sudden idea struck him.

"I am an ass!" said he. "Tell you what it is; they've wired for rooms somewhere—Monte, most likely—and can't start till they get an answer."

He was so pleased with his explanation that his last doubt vanished and he watched Mary and John start for a walk—the fraternal relations they had established would have allowed such a thing even in London, much more in Paris—with quite a benevolent smile.

"Aunt Sarah is really quite poorly," remarked Mary as they crossed the road and entered the Tuileries Gardens. "She'll have to stay in all to-day and perhaps to-morrow. Isn't it hard upon her? Paris amuses her so much."

John expressed his sympathy.

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"Now if it had been you or I," he ended, "we shouldn't have minded. Paris doesn't amuse us just now."

"Oh, but, John, we must be ready to start at any moment."

"*You* can't start without Miss Bussey."

"I think that in a *wagon-lit*——" began Mary.

"But what's the good of talking?" cried John, bitterly. "Why is there no news from her?"

"He *might* have wired—John, is it possible our telegrams went astray?"

"Well, we must wait a day or two; or, if you like, we can wire again."

Mary hesitated.

"I—I can't do that, John. Suppose he'd received the first, and—and——"

"Yes, I see. I don't want to humiliate myself either."

"We'll wait a day, anyhow. And, now, John, let's think no more about them! Oh, well, that's nonsense; but let's enjoy ourselves as well as we can."

They managed to enjoy themselves very well. The town was new to Mary, and John found a pleasure in showing it off to her. After a morning of sightseeing, they drove in the Bois, and ended the day at the theatre. Miss Bussey, unfortunately, was no better. She had sent for an English doctor and he talked vaguely about two or three days in bed. Mary ventured to ask if her aunt could travel.

"Oh, if absolutely necessary, perhaps; but much better not," was the answer.

"Well, it was not absolutely necessary yet, for no letter and no telegram arrived. This was the awful fact that greeted them when they came in from the theatre.

"We'll wire the first thing to-morrow, declared John, in a resolute tone. "Write yours to-night, Mary, and I'll give them to the porter——"

"Oh, not mine please," cried Mary, in shrinking bashfulness. "I can't let the porter see mine!"

"Well, then, we'll take them out before breakfast to-morrow."

To this Mary agreed, and they sat down and wrote their despatches. While they were so engaged Laing jumped out of a cab and entered the room. He seized an English paper, and, flinging himself into a chair, began to study the sporting news. Presently he stole a glance at Mary. It so chanced that at just the same moment she was stealing a glance at him. Mary dropped her eyes with a blush; Laing withdrew behind his paper.

"Shy, of course. Anybody would be," he thought, with a smile.

"Did you like the piece, Mary?" asked John.

"Oh, very much. I wish Aunt Sarah could have seen it. She missed so much fun."

"Well, she could hardly have come with us, could she?" remarked John.

"Oh, no," said Mary.

"Well, I should rather think not," whispered Laing.

"I shouldn't have been happy if she had," said Mary.

"I simply wouldn't have let her," said John, in that authoritative tone which so became him.

"No more would I in your place, old chap," murmured Mr. Laing.

Mary rose.

"Thanks for all your kindness, John. Good-night."

"I'm so glad you've had a pleasant day. Good-night, Mary."

So they parted—with a good-night as calm, as decorous, as frankly fraternal as one could wish (or wish otherwise). Yet its very virtues undid it in the prematurely suspicious eyes of Arthur Laing. For no sooner was he left alone than he threw down his paper and began to chuckle.

"All for my benefit, that, eh? "Good-night, Mary! Good-night, John! Lord! Lord!" and he rose, lit a cigarette, and ordered a brandy-and-soda. And ever and again he smiled. He felt very acute indeed.

So vain is it for either wisdom or simplicity, candor or diplomacy—nay, for facts themselves—to struggle against a Man with a Theory. Mr. Laing went to bed no more doubting that Mary and John were man and wife than he doubted that he had spotted the winner of the Derby. Certitude could no farther go.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

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WOOD-ENGRAVERS—A. LÉVEILLÉ

WHILE Léveillé has received some of the highest honors which a French artist can obtain, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, Salon Medals, and Medals of Honor at universal exhibitions, I venture to guess that none of these official recognitions are worth to him the friendship of Rodin, which he won by his splendid interpretations of a few of the sculptor's works. An enthusiastic admirer of the master's creations, he found the way to translate them into his medium with an effacement of self, a loving subserviency to the sculptor's purpose and ideas, and a vibrating sympathy which let Rodin express himself as naturally in the printed image as in the bronze.

Léveillé has had the serious education characteristic of French artists. He has advanced slowly step by step from an apprenticeship of years in the atelier of Bert and Hotelin, the founders of the *Magasin Pittoresque*, to the position of engraver on the regular staff of great Parisian publishing houses, until he finally came into full possession of his technique, and became "master of his tools," as the French put it. Having grown to an appreciation of the higher possibilities of his art and facing them squarely, he sought a class of subjects no one had attempted before (except in commercial engraving, which, it cannot be said too emphatically, is as far removed from artistic engraving as a chromo from a painting).

Léveillé *felt* sculpture, and very naturally chose to render that which in modern sculpture appealed most strongly to him—that which he admired and instinctively understood: the bust of Baudry, the painter, by Guillaume, an equestrian statue, the bust of Dalou, of Rochefort, of Antonin Proust by Rodin.

These few engravings are of so high an order that they assure the permanent fame of their author. The problems which confronted Léveillé in them were peculiarly difficult because, as they were entirely new problems, he had to invent means of his own to meet them—with no help whatever from the works of predecessors, whose experiments and achievements seem invariably to stand in the background of the performances of all modern artists. With the exercise of sound and delicate judgment, with much-reasoned and tactful audacity, he succeeded in bringing forth finished pages, brilliantly individual and full of reserve power.

There being so little color in wax, marble, or bronze, Léveillé could not depend upon color to give character to these engravings. He therefore expressed himself chiefly through chiaroscuro, letting the light model his images as it does model the solid reality of his models. He gets his great effect in subtly letting the whole gamut of grays punctuate, emphasize, or softly accompany the rich dark blacks and the pure whites—a blending of tones which play into and help one another, like the hundred instruments of an orchestra playing a symphony.

Léveillé's engravings have a fashion

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of their own of looking bright and pleasant, as if they had been easy to do, as if behind each component part there was not a world of thought, a wonderful sense of measure, all that mysterious alchemy of the artist's nature which is infinitely complex and sensitive to slight agencies. But this lack of evidence of the trials, the pains of creation, is a valuable part of the artist's achievement. He gives us what interests us, what is of permanent value; the result, not the spectacle of his effort.

A Parisian critic wrote that it was evident from looking at Léveillé's works that he was one of those happy fellows who produce without effort. He would have realized the mistake he was making had he heard the artist speak about the difficulties which he had to meet. "Think of it!" Léveillé once said to me, "the same printer's ink of the same thickness, the same blackness is deposited uniformly over my block, and yet I must have all sorts of tones, dark and light grays, blondes, brutal blacks (not solid, mind you—for solid black is not our most intense black), and frail tones, to accompany the rare pure whites and form a luminous whole with them (as, for example, in the halo around the light of a candle).

"Look at the process engravings and see how dull and gray they are by the side of our work. They are not bright like wood-engravings. One great difficulty, one which is ever troubling me, is to succeed in giving that luminous, limpid, brilliant effect to my work, while studying scrupulously the forms. I have to get through such complicated problems and reach that result which seems so simple with nothing else but the help of little black lines. How easily one can make mistakes! Think of the amount of observation I have accumulated, and yet I am never sure of myself, but I feel like an apprentice before each new work."

Among Rodin's latest works (those which have never been exhibited) Léveillé chose for his representative frontispiece in this Magazine "Ninety-three," one of the sculptor's most powerful and characteristic heads, and engraved it from the plaster cast in the sculptor's studio.

THE CALM

By Z. D. Underhill

Oh, sea, whose gleaming ripples run
In liquid laughter toward the sun,
  Have you forgot the storm so soon?
And how through all the awful night
Your billows broke in lines of white,
  Till the wide beach with wreck was strewn?

All night the roaring wind blew free,
All night you sobbed and moaned, oh, sea;
  With your cold tears the rocks were wet;
Yet sunny waves and wreathing spray
Greet tranquilly the new-born day:
  Oh, happy ocean, to forget!

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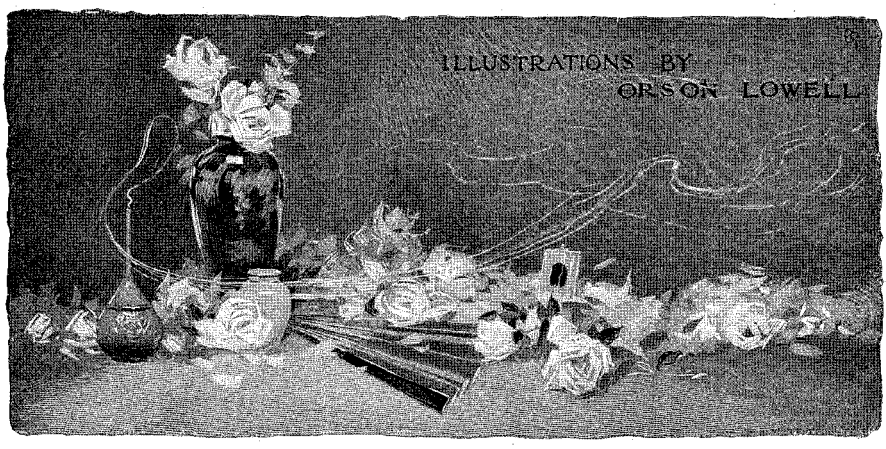
OUR AROMATIC UNCLE



BY H C BUNNER

It is always with a feeling of personal tenderness and regret that I recall his story, although it began long before I was born, and must have ended shortly after that important date, and although I myself never laid eyes on the personage of whom my wife and I always speak as "The Aromatic Uncle."

The story begins so long ago, indeed, that I can tell it only as a tradition of my wife's family. It goes back to the days when Boston was so frankly provincial a town that one of its leading citizens, a man of eminent position and ancient family, remarked to a young kinsman whom he was entertaining at his hospitable board, by way of pleasing and profitable discourse: "Nephew, it may interest you to know that it is Mr. Everett who has the *other* hindquarter of this lamb." This simple tale I will vouch for, for I got it from the lips of the nephew, who has been my uncle for so many years that I know him to be a trustworthy authority.

In those days which seem so far away—and yet the space between them and us is spanned by a lifetime of threescore years and ten—life was simpler in all its details; yet such towns as Boston, already old, had well-established local customs which varied not at all from year to year; many of which lingered in later phases of urban growth. In Boston, or at least in that part of Boston where my wife's family dwelt, it was the invariable custom for the head of the family to go to market in the early morning with his wife's list of the day's needs. When the list was filled, the articles were placed in a basket; and the baskets thus filled were systematically deposited by the market-boys at the back door of the house to which they were consigned. Then the house-keeper came to the back-door at her convenience, and took the basket in. Exposed as this position must have been, such a thing as a theft of the day's edibles was unknown, and the first authentic account of any illegitimate handling of the baskets brings me to the introduction of my wife's uncle.

It was on a summer morning, as far as I can find out, that a little butcher-boy—a very little butcher-boy to be driving so big a cart—stopped in the rear of two houses that stood close together in a suburban street. One of these houses belonged to my wife's father, who was, from all I can gather, a very pompous, severe, and generally objectionable old gentleman; a judge, and a very considerable dignitary, who

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apparently devoted all his leisure to making life miserable for his family. The other was owned by a comparatively poor and unimportant man, who did a shipping business in a small way. He had bought it during a period of temporary affluence, and it hung on his hands like a white elephant. He could not sell it, and it was turning his hair gray to pay the taxes on it. On this particular morning he had got up at four o'clock to go down to the wharves to see if a certain ship in which he was interested had arrived. It was due and overdue, and its arrival would settle the question of his domestic comfort for the whole year; for if it failed to appear, or came home with an empty bottom, his fate would be hard indeed; but if it brought him money or marketable goods from its long Oriental trip, he might take heart of grace and look forward to better times.

When the butcher's boy stopped at the house of my wife's father, he set down at the back-door a basket containing fish, a big joint of roast beef, and a generous load of fruit and vegetables, including some fine fat oranges. At the other door he left a rather unpromising-looking lump of steak and a half-peck of potatoes, not of the first quality. When he had deposited these two burdens he ran back and started his cart up the road.

But he looked back as he did so, and he saw a sight familiar to him, and saw the commission of a deed entirely unfamiliar. A handsome young boy of about his own age stepped out of the back-door of my wife's father's house and looked carelessly around him. He was one of the boys who compel the admiration of all other boys—strong, sturdy, and a trifle arrogant.

He had long ago compelled the admiration of the little butcher-boy. They had been playmates together at the public school, and although the judge's son looked down from an infinite height upon his poor little comrade, the butcher-boy worshipped him with the deepest and most fervent adoration. He had for him the admiring reverence which the boy who can't lick anybody has for the boy who can lick everybody. He was a superior being, a pattern, a model; an ideal never to be achieved, but perhaps in a crude, humble way to be imitated. And there is no hero-worship in the world like a boy's worship of a boy-hero.

It was on a summer morning.—Page 169.

The sight of this fortunate and ador-

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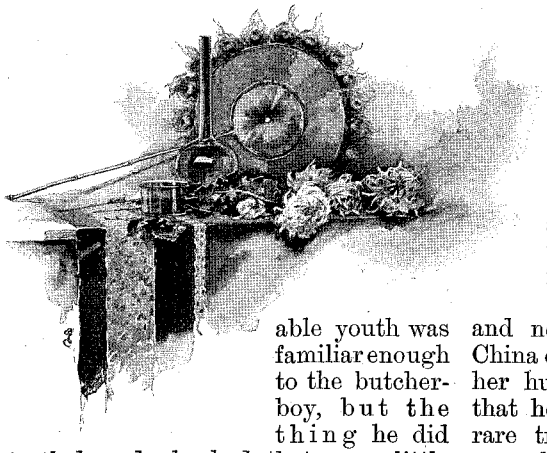

able youth was familiar enough to the butcher-boy, but the thing he did startled and shocked that poor little workingman almost as much as if his idol had committed a capital crime right before his very eyes. For the judge's son suddenly let a look into his face that meant mischief, glanced around him to see whether anybody was observing him or not, and, failing to notice the butcher-boy, quickly and dexterously changed the two baskets. Then he went back into the house and shut the door on himself.

The butcher-boy reined up his horse and jumped from his cart. His first impulse, of course, was to undo the shocking iniquity which the object of his admiration had committed. But before he had walked back a dozen yards, it struck him that he was taking a great liberty in spoiling the other boy's joke. It was wrong, of course, he knew it; but was it for him to rebuke the wrong-doing of such an exalted personage? If the judge's son came out again, he would see that his joke had miscarried, and then he would be displeased. And to the butcher-boy it did not seem right in the nature of things that anything should displease the judge's son. Three times he went hesitatingly backward and forward, trying to make up his mind, and then he made it up. The king could do no wrong. Of course he himself was doing wrong in not putting the baskets back where they belonged; but then, he reflected, he took that sin on his own humble conscience, and in some measure took it off the conscience of the judge's son—if, indeed, it troubled that lightsome conscience at all. And, of course, too, he knew that, being an apprentice, he would be whipped for it when the substitution was discovered. But he didn't mind being whipped for the boy he worshipped. So he drove out along the road; and the wife of the poor shipping-merchant, coming to the back-door, and finding the basket full of good things, and noticing especially the beautiful China oranges, naturally concluded that her husband's ship had come in, and that he had provided his family with a rare treat. And the judge, when he came home to dinner, and Mrs. Judge introduced him to the rump-steak and potatoes—but I do not wish to make this story any more pathetic than is necessary.

. . . . . .

A few months after this episode, perhaps indirectly in consequence of it—I have never been able to find out exactly—the judge's son, my wife's uncle, ran away to sea, and for many years his recklessness, his strength, and his good looks were only traditions in the family, but traditions which he himself kept alive by remembrances than which none could have been more effective.

At first he wrote but seldom, later on more regularly, but his letters—I have seen many of them—were the most uncommunicative documents that I ever saw in my life. His wanderings took him to many strange places on the other side of the globe, but he never wrote of what he saw or did. His family gleaned from them that his health was good, that the weather was such-and-such, and that he wished to have his love, duty, and respects conveyed to his various relatives. In fact, the first positive bit of personal intelligence that they received from him was five years after his departure, when he wrote them from a Chinese port on letter-paper whose heading showed that he was a member of a commercial firm. The letter itself made no mention of the fact. As the years passed on, however, the letters came more regularly and they told less about the weather, and were slightly—very slightly—more ex-

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pressive of a kind regard for his relatives. But at the best they were cramped by the formality of his day and generation, and we of to-day would have called them cold and perfunctory.

But the practical assurances that he gave of his undiminished — nay, his steadily increasing — affection for the people at home, were of a most satisfying character, for they were convincing proof not only of his love but of his material prosperity. Almost from his first time of writing he began to send gifts to all the members of the family. At first these were mere trifles, little curios of travel such as he was able to purchase out of a seaman's scanty wages; but as the years went on they grew richer and richer, till the munificence of the runaway son became the pride of the whole family.

The Uncle.

The old house that had been in the suburbs of Boston was fairly in the heart of the city when I first made its acquaintance, and one of the famous houses of the town. And it was no wonder it was famous, for such a collection of Oriental furniture, bric-à-brac, and objects of art never was seen outside of a museum. There were ebony cabinets, book-cases, tables, and couches wonderfully carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. There were beautiful things in bronze and jade and ivory. There were all sorts of strange rugs and curtains and portières. As to the china-ware and the vases, no house was ever so stocked; and as for such trifles as shawls and fans and silk handkerchiefs, why such things were sent not singly but by dozens.

No one could forget his first entrance into that house. The great drawing-room was darkened by heavy curtains, and at first you had only a dim vision of the strange and graceful shapes of its curious furnishing. But you could not but be instantly conscious of the delicate perfume that pervaded the apartment, and, for the matter of that, the whole house. It was a combination of all the delightful Eastern smells —not sandal-wood only, nor teak, nor couscous, but all these odors and a hundred others blent in one. Yet it was not heavy nor overpowering, but delightfully faint and sweet, diffused through those ample rooms. There was good reason, indeed, for the children of the generation to which my wife belonged to speak of the generous relative whom they had never seen as "Our Aromatic Uncle." There were other uncles, and I have no doubt they gave presents freely, for it was a wealthy and free-handed family; but there was no other uncle who sent such a delicate and delightful reminder with every gift, to breathe a soft memory of him by day and by night.

. . . . . .

I did my courting in the sweet atmosphere of that house, and although

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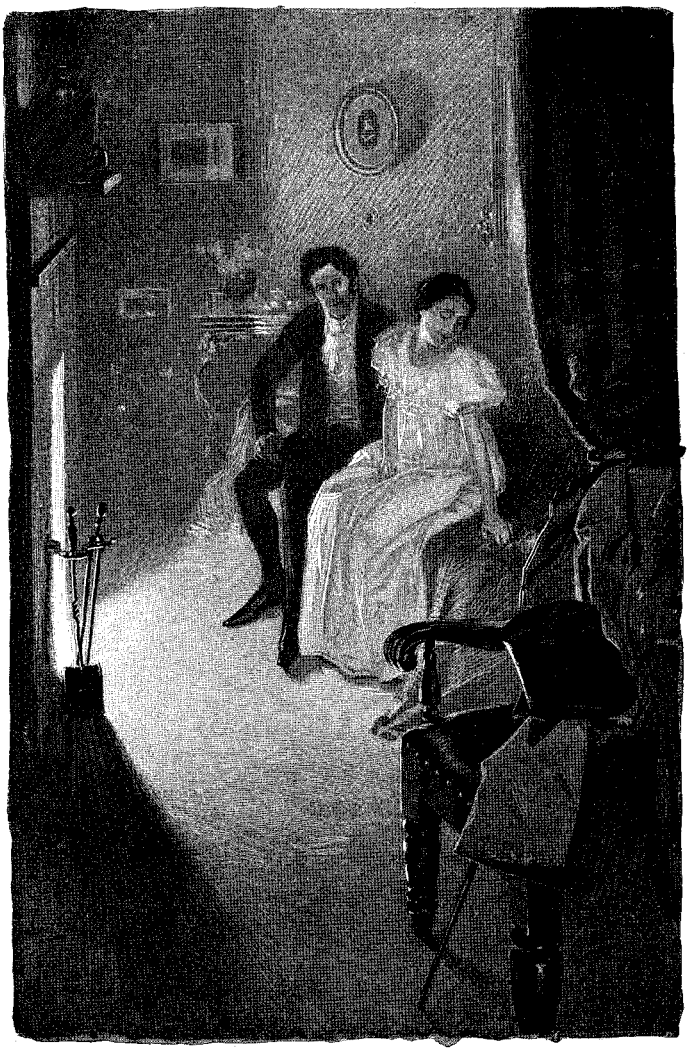
I had no earthly desire to live in Boston I could not help missing that strangely blended odor when my wife and I moved into an old house in an old part of New York, whose former owners had no connections in the Eastern trade. It was a charming and home-like old house; but at first, although my wife had brought some belongings from her father's house, we missed the pleasant flavor of our aromatic uncle, for he was now my uncle as well as my wife's. I say at first, for we did not miss it long. Uncle David—that was his name—not only continued to send his fragrant gifts to my wife at Christmas and upon her birthday, but he actually adopted me too, and sent me Chinese cabinets and Chinese gods in various minerals and metals, and many articles designed for a smoker's use, which no smoker would ever want to touch with a ten-foot pole. But I cared very little about the utility of these presents, for it was not many years before, among them all, they set up that exquisite perfume in the house, which we had learned to associate with our aromatic uncle.



In the sweet atmosphere of that house.—Page 172.

. . . . . .

"FOO-CHOO-LI, CHINA,
January—, 18—.

"DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE: The Present is to inform you that I have this day shipped to your address, per Steamer Ocean Queen, one marble and ebony Table, six assorted gods, and a blue Dinner set; also that I purpose leaving this Country for a visit to the Land of my Nativity on the 6th of March next, and will, if same is satisfactory to you, take up my Abode temporarily in your Household. Should same not be satisfactory, please cable at my charge. Messrs. Smithson & Smithson, my Customs Brokers, will attend to all charges on the goods, and will deliver them at your readiness. The health of this place is better than customary by reason of the cool weather, which Health I am as usual enjoying. Trusting that

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you both are at present in the possession of the same Blessing, and will so continue, I remain, dear nephew and niece, "Your affectionate

"UNCLE."

. . . . . .

This was, I believe, by four dozen words—those which he used to inform us of his intention of visiting America—the longest letter that Uncle David had ever written to any member of his family. It also conveyed more information about himself than he had ever given since the day he ran away to sea. Of course we cabled the old gentleman that we should be delighted to see him.

And, late that Spring, at some date at which he could not possibly have been expected to arrive, he turned up at our house.

Of course we had talked a great deal about him, and wondered what manner of man we should find him. Between us, my wife and I had got an idea of his personal appearance which I despair of conveying in words. Vaguely, I should say that we had pictured him as something mid-way between an abnormally tall Chinese mandarin and a benevolent Quaker. What we found, when we got home and were told that our uncle from India was awaiting us, was a shrunken and bent old gentleman, dressed very cleanly and neatly in black broadcloth, with a limp, many-pleated shirt-front of old-fashioned style, and a plain black cravat. If he had worn an old-time stock we could have forgiven him the rest of the disappointment he cost us; but we had to admit to ourselves that he had the most absolutely commonplace appearance of all our acquaintance. In fact, we soon discovered that, except for a taciturnity the like of which we had never encountered, our aromatic uncle had positively not one picturesque characteristic about him. Even his aroma was a disappointment. He had it, but it was of patchouly or some other cheap perfume of the sort, wherewith he scented his handkerchief, which was not even a bandanna, but a plain decent white one of the unnecessarily large sort which clergymen and old gentlemen affect.

But, even if we could not get one single romantic association to cluster about him, we very soon got to like the old gentleman. It is true that at our first meeting, after saying "How d'ye do, how d'ye do," to me, and receiving in impassive placidity the kiss which my wife gave him, he relapsed into dead silence, and continued to smoke a clay pipe with a long stem and a short bowl. This instrument he filled and refilled every few minutes, and it seemed to be his only employment. We plied him with questions, of course, but to these he responded with a wonderful brevity. In the course of an hour's conversation we got from him that he had had a pleasant voyage, that it was not a long voyage, that it was not a short voyage, that it was about the usual voyage, that he had not been sea-sick, that he was glad to be back, and that he was not surprised to find the country very much changed. This last piece of information was repeated in the form of a simple "No," given in reply to the direct question; and although it was given politely, and evidently without the least unamiable intent, it made us both feel very cheap. After all, it *was* absurd to ask a man if he were surprised to find the country changed after fifty or sixty years of absence. Unless he was an idiot, and unable to read at that, he must have expected something of the sort.

But we grew to like him. He was thoroughly kind and inoffensive in every way. He was entirely willing to be talked to, but he did not care to talk. If it was absolutely necessary, he *could* talk, and when he did talk he always made me think of the "French-English Dictionary for the Pocket," compiled by the ingenious Mr. John Bellows; for nobody except that extraordinary Englishman could condense a greater amount of information into a smaller number of words. During the time of his stay with us I think I learned more about China than any other man in the United States knew, and I do not believe that the aggregate of his utterances in the course of that six months could have amounted to one hour's continuous talk. Don't ask me for the information. I had no sort

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of use for it, and I forgot it as soon as I could. I like Chinese bric-à-brac, but my interest in China ends there.

Yet it was not long before Uncle David slid into his own place in the family circle. We soon found that he did not expect us to entertain him. He wanted only to sit quiet and smoke his pipe, to take his two daily walks by himself, and to read the daily paper one afternoon and Macaulay's "History of England" the next. He was never tired of sitting and gazing amiably but silently at my wife; and, to head the list of his good points, he would hold the baby by the hour, and for some mysterious reason that baby, who required the exhibition of seventeen toys in a minute to be reasonably quiet in the arms of anybody else, would sit placidly in Uncle David's lap, teething away steadily on the old gentleman's watch-chain, as quiet and as solemn and as aged in appearance as anyone of the assorted gods of porcelain and jade and ivory which our aromatic uncle had sent us.

. . . . . .

The old house in Boston was a thing of the past. My wife's parents had been dead for some years, and no one remained of her immediate family except a certain Aunt Lucretia, who had lived with them until shortly before our marriage, when the breaking up of the family sent her West to find a home with a distant relative in California. We asked Uncle Davy if he had stopped to see Aunt Lucretia as he came through California. He said he had not. We asked him if he wanted to have Aunt Lucretia invited on to pass a visit during his stay with us. He answered that he did not. This did not surprise us at all. You might think that a brother might long to see a sister from whom he had been

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separated nearly all of a long lifetime, but then you might never have met Aunt Lucretia. My wife made the offer only from a sense of duty; and only after a contest with me which lasted three days and nights. Nothing but loss of sleep during an exceptionally busy time at my office induced me to consent to her project of inviting Aunt Lucretia. When Uncle David put his veto upon the proposition I felt that he might have taken back all his rare and costly gifts, and I could still have loved him.

But Aunt Lucretia came, all the same. My wife is afflicted with a New England conscience, originally of a most uncomfortable character. It has been much modified and ameliorated, until it is now considerably less like a case of moral hives; but some wretched lingering remnant of the original article induced her to write to Aunt Lucretia that Uncle David was staying with us, and of course Aunt Lucretia came without invitation and without warning, dropping in on us with ruthless unexpectedness.

. . . . . .

You may not think, from what I have said, that Aunt Lucretia's visit was a pleasant event. But it was, in some respects; for it was not only the shortest visit she ever paid us, but it was the last with which she ever honored us.

She arrived one morning shortly after breakfast, just as we were preparing to go out for a drive. She would not have been Aunt Lucretia if she had not upset somebody's calculations at every turn of her existence. We welcomed her with as much hypocrisy as we could summon to our aid on short notice, and she was not more than usually offensive, although she certainly did herself full justice in telling us what she thought of us for not inviting her as soon as we even heard of Uncle David's intention to return to his native land. She said she ought to have been the first to embrace her beloved brother—to whom I don't believe she had given one thought in more years than I have yet seen.

Uncle David was dressing for his drive. His long residence in tropical countries had rendered him sensitive to the cold, and although it was a fine, clear September day, with the thermometer at about sixty, he was industriously building himself up with a series of overcoats. On a really snappy day I have known him to get into six of these garments; and, when he entered the room on this occasion I think he had on five, at least.

My wife had heard his familiar foot on the stairs, and Aunt Lucretia had risen up and braced herself for an outburst of emotional affection. I could see that it was going to be such a greeting as is given only once in two or three centuries, and then on the stage. I felt sure it would end in a swoon, and I was looking around for a sofa-pillow for the old lady to fall upon, for from what I knew of Aunt Lucretia I did not believe she had ever swooned enough to be able to go through the performance without danger to her aged person.

But I need not have troubled myself. Uncle David toddled into the room, gazed at Aunt Lucretia without a sign of recognition in his features, and toddled out into the hall, where he got his hat and gloves, and went out to the front lawn, where he always paced up and down for a few minutes before taking a drive, in order to stimulate his circulation. This was a surprise, but Aunt Lucretia's behavior was a greater surprise. The moment she set eyes on Uncle David the theatrical fervor went out of her entire system, literally in one instant; and an absolutely natural, unaffected astonishment displayed itself in her expressive and strongly marked features. For almost a minute, until the sound of Uncle David's footsteps had died away, she stood absolutely rigid; while my wife and I gazed at her spell-bound.

Then Aunt Lucretia pointed one long bony finger at me, and hissed out, with true feminine disregard of grammar:

"That ain't *him!*"

. . . . . .

"David," said Aunt Lucretia, impressively, "had only one arm. He lost the other in Madagascar."

I was too dumfounded to take in the situation. I remember thinking, in

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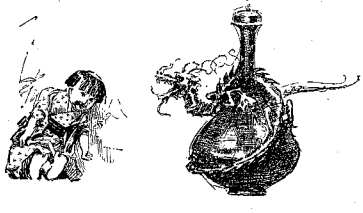
"I'm Tommy Biggs, Miss Lucretia."—Page 178.



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a vague sort of way, that Madagascar was a curious sort of place to go to for the purpose of losing an arm; but I did not apprehend the full significance of this disclosure until I heard my wife's distressed protestations that Aunt Lucretia must be mistaken; that there must be some horrible mistake somewhere.

But Aunt Lucretia was not mistaken, and there was no mistake anywhere. The arm had been lost, and lost in Madagascar, and she could give the date of the occurrence, and the circumstances attendant. Moreover, she produced her evidence on the spot. It was an old daguerreotype, taken in Calcutta a year or two after the Madagascar episode. She had it in her handbag, and she opened it with fingers trembling with rage and excitement. It showed two men standing side by side near one of those three-foot Ionic pillars that were an indispensable adjunct of photography in its early stages. One of the men was large, broad-shouldered, and handsome — unmistakably a handsome edition of Aunt Lucretia. His empty left sleeve was pinned across his breast. The other man was, making allowance for the difference in years, no less unmistakably the Uncle David who was at that moment walking to and fro under our windows. For one instant my wife's face lighted up.

"You're my own dear Uncle David, *anyway!*"—Page 179.

"Why, Aunt Lucretia," she cried, "there he is! That's Uncle David, dear Uncle David."

"There he is *not*," replied Aunt Lucretia. "That's his business partner—some common person that he picked up on the ship he first sailed in—and, upon my word, I do believe it's that wretched creature outside. And I'll Uncle David *him*."

She marched out like a grenadier going to battle, and we followed her meekly. There was, unfortunately, no room for doubt in the case. It only needed a glance to see that the man with one arm was a member of my wife's family, and that the man by his side, *our* Uncle David, bore no resemblance to him in stature or features.

Out on the lawn Aunt Lucretia sailed into the dear old gentleman in the five overcoats with a volley of vituperation. He did not interrupt her, but stood patiently to the end, listening, with his hands behind his back; and when, with her last gasp of available breath, Aunt Lucretia demanded:

"Who — who — who *are* you, you wretch?" he responded, calmly and respectfully, "I'm Tommy Biggs, Miss Lucretia."

But just here my wife threw herself

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on his neck and hugged him, and cried :

"You're my own dear Uncle David, *anyway !*"

It was a fortunate, a gloriously fortunate inspiration. Aunt Lucretia drew herself up in speechless scorn, stretched forth her bony finger, tried to say something and failed, and then she and her hand-bag went out of my gates, never to come in again.

. . . . . .

When she had gone, our aromatic uncle—for we shall always continue to think of him in that light, or rather in that odor—looked thoughtfully after her till she disappeared, and then made one of the few remarks I ever knew him to volunteer.

"Ain't changed a mite in forty-seven years."

Up to this time I had been in a dazed condition of mind. As I have said, my wife's family was extinct save for herself and Aunt Lucretia, and she remembered so little of her parents, and she looked, herself, so little like Aunt Lucretia, that it was small wonder that neither of us remarked Uncle David's unlikeness to the family type. We knew that he did not resemble the ideal we had formed of him ; and that had been the only consideration we had given to his looks. Now, it took only a moment of reflection to recall the fact that all the members of the family had been tall and shapely, and that even between the ugly ones, like Aunt Lucretia, and the pretty ones, like my wife, there was a certain resemblance. Perhaps it was only the nose—the nose is the brand in most families, I believe—but whatever it was, I had only to see my wife and Aunt Lucretia together to realize that the man who had passed himself off as

Then he began.—Page 180.

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Told him all the things that I should not have known how to say.—Page 181.

our Uncle David had not one feature in common with either of them—nor with the one-armed man in the daguerreotype. I was thinking of this, and looking at my wife's troubled face, when our aromatic uncle touched me on the arm.

"I'll explain," he said, "to you. *You* tell *her*."

We dismissed the carriage, went into the house, and sat down. The old gentleman was perfectly cool and collected, but he lit his clay pipe, and reflected for a good five minutes before he opened his mouth. Then he began:

"Finest man in the world, sir. Finest *boy* in the world. Never anything like him. But, peculiarities. H a d 'e m. Peculiarities. Wouldn't w r i t e h o m e. Wouldn't—" here he hesitated—"send things home. I had to do it. Did it for him. Didn't want his folks to know. Other peculiarities. Never had any money. Other peculiarities. Drank. Other peculiarities. Ladies. Finest man in the world, all the same. Nobody like him. Kept him right with his folks for thirty-one years. Then died. Fever. Canton. Never been myself since. Kept right on writing, all the same. Also—" here he hesitated again—"sending things. Why? Don't know. Been a fool all my life. Never could do anything but make money. No family, no friends. Only *him*. Ran away to sea to look after him. Did look after him. Thought maybe your wife would be some like him. Barring peculiarities, she is. Getting old. Came here for company.

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Meant no harm. Didn't calculate on Miss Lucretia."

Here he paused and smoked reflectively for a minute or two.

"Hot in the collar—Miss Lucretia. Haughty. Like him, some. Just like she was forty-seven years ago. Slapped my face one day when I was delivering meat because my jumper wasn't clean. Ain't changed a mite."

This was the first condensed statement of the case of our aromatic uncle. It was only in reply to patient, and, I hope, loving, gentle, and considerate questioning that the whole story came out—at once pitiful and noble—of the poor little butcher-boy who ran away to sea to be body-guard, servant, and friend to the splendid, showy, selfish youth whom he worshipped; whose heartlessness he cloaked for many a long year, who lived upon his bounty, and who died in his arms, nursed with a tenderness surpassing that of a brother. And as far as I could find out, ingratitude and contempt had been his only reward.

The duplicity of which he had been guilty weighed on his spirit.—Page 182.

. . . . . .

I need not tell you that when I repeated all this to my wife, she ran to the old gentleman's room and told him all the things that I should not have known how to say—that we cared for him; that we wanted him to stay with us; that he was far, far more our uncle than the brilliant, unprincipled scapegrace who had died years before, dead for almost a lifetime to the family who idolized him; and that we wanted him to stay with us as long as kind heaven would let him. But it was of no use. A change had come

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over our aromatic uncle which we could both of us see, but could not understand. The duplicity of which he had been guilty weighed on his spirit. The next day he went out for his usual walk, and he never came back. We used every means of search and inquiry, but we never heard from him until we got this letter from Foo-choo-li:

. . . . . .

"DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE: The present is to inform you that I am enjoying the Health that might be expected of my Age, and in my condition of Body, which is to say Bad. I ship you by to-day's steamer, Pacific Monarch, four dozen jars of ginger, and two dozen ditto preserved oranges, to which I would have added some other Comfits, which I purposed offering for your acceptance, if it were not that my Physician has forbidden me to leave my Bed. In case of Fatal Results from this trying Condition, my Will, duly attested, and made in your favor, will be placed in your hands by Messrs. Smithson & Smithson, my Customs Brokers, who will also pay all charges on goods sent. The Health of this place being unfavorably affected by the Weather, you are unlikely to hear more from,

"Dear Nephew and Niece,

"Your affectionate

"UNCLE."

. . . . . .

And we never did hear more—except for his will—from Our Aromatic Uncle; but our whole house still smells of his love.

Exit OUR AROMATIC UNCLE

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MISS DELAMAR'S UNDERSTUDY

By Richard Harding Davis

A YOUNG man runs two chances of marrying the wrong woman. He marries her because she is beautiful, and because he persuades himself that every other lovable attribute must be associated with such beauty, or because she is in love with him. If this latter is the case, she gives certain values to what he thinks and to what he says which no other woman gives, and so he observes to himself, "This is the woman who best understands *me*."

You can reverse this and say that young women run the same risks, but as men are seldom beautiful, the first danger is eliminated. Women still marry men however because they are loved by them, and in time the woman grows to depend upon this love and to need it, and is not content without it, and so she consents to marry the man for no other reason than because he cares for her. For if a dog, even, runs up to you wagging his tail and acting as though he were glad to see you, you pat him on the head and say "what a nice dog." You like him because he likes you, and not because he belongs to a fine breed of animal and could take blue ribbons at bench shows.

This is the story of a young man who was in love with a beautiful woman, and who allowed her beauty to compensate him for many other things. When she failed to understand what he said to her he smiled and looked at her and forgave her at once, and when she began to grow uninteresting, he would take up his hat and go away, and so he never knew how very uninteresting she might possibly be if she were given time enough in which to demonstrate the fact. He never considered that, were he married to her, he could not take up his hat and go away when she became uninteresting, and that her remarks, which were not brilliant, could not be smiled away, either. They would rise up and greet him every morning, and would be the last thing he would hear at night.

Miss Delamar's beauty was so conspicuous that to pretend not to notice it was more foolish than well-bred. You got along more easily and simply by accepting it at once, and referring to it, and enjoying its effect upon other people. To go out of one's way to talk of other things when every one, even Miss Delamar herself, knew what must be uppermost in your mind, always seemed as absurd as to strain a point in politeness and to pretend not to notice that a guest had upset his claret, or any other embarrassing fact. For Miss Delamar's beauty was so distinctly embarrassing that this was the only way to meet it—to smile and pass it over and to try, if possible, to get on to something else. It was on account of this extraordinary quality in her appearance that every one considered her beauty as something which transcended her private ownership, and which belonged by right to the polite world at large, to whomsoever could appreciate it properly, just as though it were a sunset or a great work of art or of nature. And so, when she gave away her photographs no one thought it meant anything more serious than a recognition on her part of the fact that it would have been unkind and selfish in her not to have shared the enjoyment of so much loveliness with others.

Consequently, when she sent one of her largest and most aggravatingly beautiful photographs to young Stuart, it was no sign that she cared especially for him.

How much young Stuart cared for Miss Delamar, however, was an open question, and a condition yet to be discovered. That he cared for some one, and cared so much that his imagination had begun to picture the awful joys and responsibilities of marriage, was only too well known to himself and was a state of mind already suspected by his friends.

Stuart was a member of the New York Bar, and the distinguished law firm to which he belonged was very

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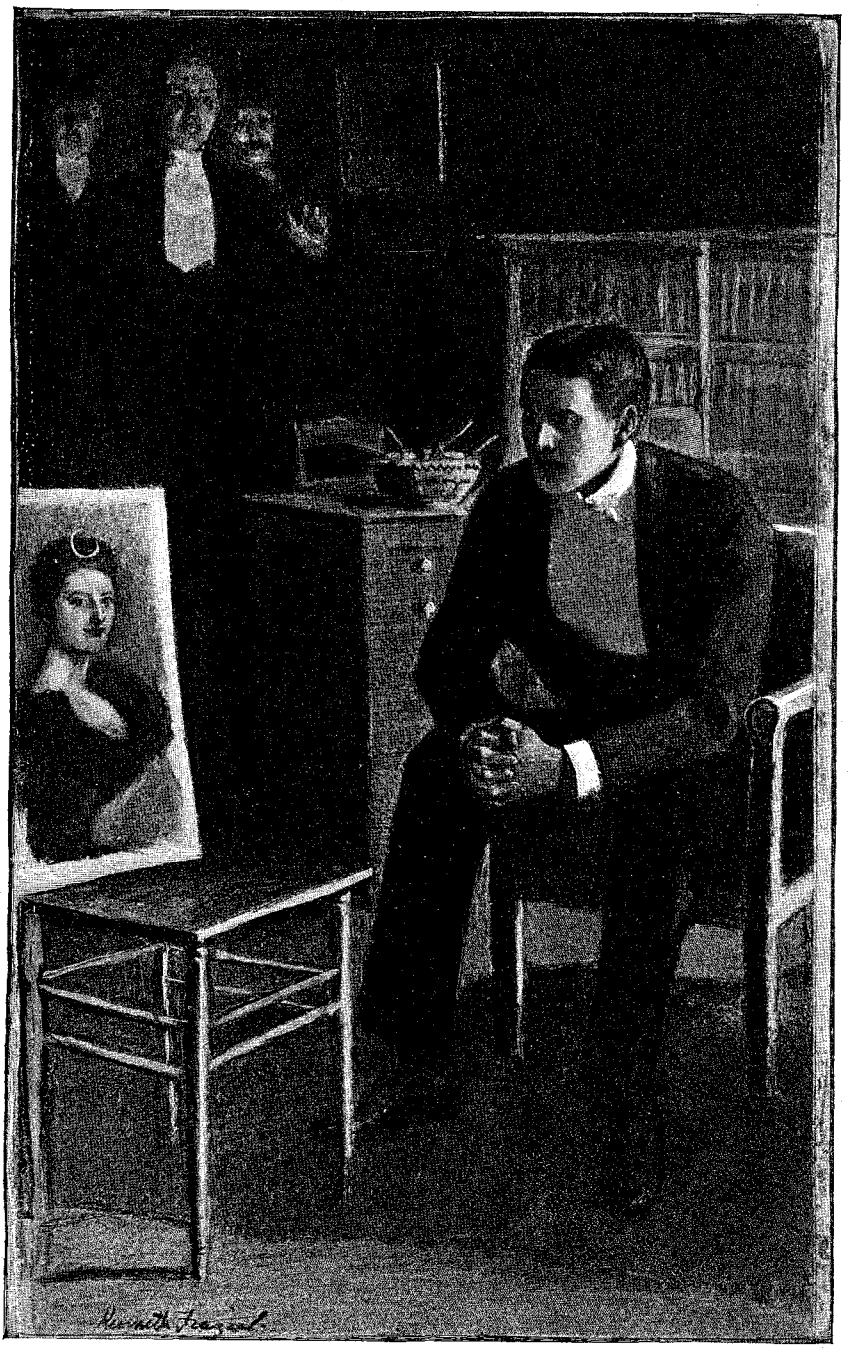

"He looked beyond, through the dying fire, into the succeeding years."—Page 193.

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proud of its junior member, and treated him with indulgence and affection, which was not unmixed with amusement. For Stuart's legal knowledge had been gathered in many odd corners of the globe, and was various and peculiar. It had been his pleasure to study the laws by which men ruled other men in every condition of life, and under every sun. The regulations of a new mining camp were fraught with as great interest to him as the accumulated precedents of the English Constitution, and he had investigated the rulings of the mixed courts of Egypt and of the governments of the little Dutch republics near the Cape with as keen an effort to comprehend, as he had shown in studying the laws of the American Colonies and of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

But he was not always serious, and it sometimes happened that after he had arrived at some queer little island where the native Prince and the English Governor sat in judgment together, his interest in the intricacies of their laws would give way to the more absorbing occupation of chasing wild boar or shooting at tigers from the top of an elephant. And so he was not only regarded as an authority on many forms of government and of law, into which no one else had ever taken the trouble to look, but his books on big game were eagerly read and his articles in the magazines were earnestly discussed, whether they told of the divorce laws of Dakota, and the legal rights of widows in Cambodia, or the habits of the Mexican lion.

Stuart loved his work better than he knew, but how well he loved Miss Delamar neither he nor his friends could tell. She was the most beautiful and lovely creature that he had ever seen, and of that only was he certain.

Stuart was sitting in the club one day when the conversation turned to matrimony. He was among his own particular friends, the men before whom he could speak seriously or foolishly without fear of being misunderstood or of having what he said re-told and spoiled in the telling. There was Seldon, the actor, and Rives who painted pictures, and young Sloane who travelled for pleasure and adventure, and Weimer who stayed at home and wrote for the reviews. They were all bachelors and very good friends and jealously guarded their little circle from the intrusion of either men or women.

"Of course the chief objection to marriage," Stuart said—it was the very day in which the picture had been sent to his rooms—"is the old one that you can't tell anything about it until you are committed to it forever. It is a very silly thing to discuss, even, because there is no way of bringing it about, but there really should be some sort of a preliminary trial. As the man says in the play, 'you wouldn't buy a watch without testing it first.' You don't buy a hat, even, without putting it on, and finding out whether it is becoming or not, or whether your peculiar style of ugliness can stand it. And yet men go gayly off and get married, and make the most awful promises, and alter their whole order of life and risk the happiness of some lovely creature on trust, as it were, knowing absolutely nothing of the new conditions and responsibilities of the life before them. Even a river pilot has to serve an apprenticeship before he gets a license, and yet we are allowed to take just as great risks, and only because we *want* to take them. It's awful, and it's all wrong."

"Well, I don't see what one is going to do about it," commented young Sloane, lightly, "except to get divorced. That road is always open."

Sloane was starting the next morning for the Somali Country, in Abyssinia, to shoot rhinoceros, and his interest in matrimony was in consequence somewhat slight.

"It isn't the fear of the responsibilities that keeps Stuart, nor any one of us, back," said Weimer, contemptuously. "It's because we're selfish. That's the whole truth of the matter. We love our work, or our pleasure, or to knock about the world, better than we do any particular woman. When one of us comes to love the woman best, his conscience won't trouble him long about the responsibilities of marrying her."

"Not at all," said Stuart, "I am quite sincere; I maintain that there should be a preliminary stage. Of course there

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can't be, and it's absurd to think of it, but it would save a lot of unhappiness."

"Well," said Seldon, dryly, "when you've invented a way to prevent marriage from being a lottery, let me know, will you?" He stood up and smiled nervously. "Any of you coming to see us to-night?" he asked.

"That's so," exclaimed Weimer, "I forgot. It's the first night of 'A Fool and His Money,' isn't it? Of course we're coming."

"I told them to put a box away for you in case you wanted it," Seldon continued. "Don't expect much. It's a silly piece, and I've a silly part, and I'm very bad in it. You must come around to supper, and tell me where I'm wrong in it, and we will talk it over. You coming, Stuart?"

"My dear old man," said Stuart, reproachfully. "Of course I am. I have had my seats for the last three weeks. Do you suppose I could miss hearing you mispronounce all the Hindostanee I've taught you?"

"Well, good-night then," said the actor, waving his hand to his friends as he moved away. "'We, who are about to die, salute you!'"

"Good luck to you," said Sloane, holding up his glass. "To The Fool and His Money," he laughed. He turned to the table again and sounded the bell for the waiter. "Now let's send him a telegram and wish him success, and all sign it," he said, "and don't you fellows tell him that I wasn't in front to-night. I've got to go to a dinner the Travellers' Club are giving me." There was a protesting chorus of remonstrance. "Oh, I don't like it any better than you do," said Sloane, "but I'll get away early and join you before the play's over. No one in the Travellers' Club, you see, has ever travelled farther from New York than London or the Riviera, and so when a member starts for Abyssinia they give him a dinner, and he has to take himself very seriously indeed, and say with Seldon, 'I who am about to die, salute you.' If that man there was any use," he added, interrupting himself and pointing with his glass at Stuart, "he'd pack up his things to-night and come with me."

"Oh, don't urge him," remonstrated Weimer, who had travelled all over the world in imagination, with the aid of globes and maps, but never had got any farther from home than Montreal. "We can't spare Stuart. He has to stop here and invent a preliminary marriage state, so that if he finds he doesn't like a girl, he can leave her before it is too late."

"You sail at seven, I believe, and from Hoboken, don't you?" asked Stuart, calmly. "If you'll start at ten from the New York side, I think I'll go with you, but I hate getting up early; and then you see—I know what dangers lurk in Abyssinia, but who could tell what might not happen to him in Hoboken?"

When Stuart returned to his room, he found a large package set upright in an armchair and enveloped by many wrappings, but the handwriting on the outside told him at once from whom it came and what it might be, and he pounced upon it eagerly and tore it from its covers. The photograph was a very large one, and the likeness to the original so admirable that the face seemed to smile and radiate with all the loveliness and beauty of Miss Delamar herself. Stuart beamed upon it with genuine surprise and pleasure, and exclaimed delightedly to himself. There was a living quality about the picture which made him almost speak to it, and thank Miss Delamar through it for the pleasure she had given him and the honor she had bestowed. He was proud, flattered, and triumphant, and while he walked about the room deciding where he would place it, and holding the picture respectfully before him, he smiled upon it with grateful satisfaction.

He decided against his dressing-table as being too intimate a place for it, and so carried the picture on from his bed-room to the dining-room beyond, where he set it among his silver on the sideboard. But so little of his time was spent in this room that he concluded he would derive but little pleasure from it there, and so bore it back again into his library, where there were many other photographs and portraits, and where to other eyes than his own it would be less conspicuous.

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He tried it first in one place and then in another, but in each position the picture predominated and asserted itself so markedly, that Stuart gave up the idea of keeping it inconspicuous and placed it prominently over the fireplace, where it reigned supreme above every other object in the room. It was not only the most conspicuous object there, but the living quality which it possessed in so marked a degree, and which was due to its naturalness of pose and the excellence of the likeness, made it permeate the place like a presence and with the individuality of a real person. Stuart observed this effect with amused interest and noted also that the photographs of other women had become commonplace in comparison, like lithographs in a shop window, and that the more masculine accessories of a bachelor's apartment had grown suddenly aggressive and out of keeping. The liquor case and the racks of arms and of barbarous weapons which he had collected with such pride seemed to have lost their former value and meaning, and he instinctively began to gather up the mass of books and maps and photographs and pipes and gloves which lay scattered upon the table, and to put them in their proper place, or to shove them out of sight altogether. "If I'm to live up to that picture," he thought, "I must see that George keeps this room in better order—and I must stop wandering round here in my bath-robe." His mind continued on the picture while he was dressing, and he was so wrapped up in it and in analyzing the effect it had had upon him, that his servant spoke twice before he heard him.

"No," he answered, "I shall not dine here to-night." Dining at home was with him a very simple affair, and a somewhat lonely one, and he avoided it almost nightly by indulging himself in a more expensive fashion.

But even as he spoke an idea came to Stuart which made him reconsider his determination, and which struck him as so amusing, that he stopped pulling at his tie and smiled delightedly at himself in the glass before him.

"Yes," he said, still smiling, "I will dine here to-night. Get me anything in a hurry. You need not wait now, go get the dinner up as soon as possible."

The effect which the photograph of Miss Delamar had upon him, and the transformation it had accomplished in his room, had been as great as would have marked the presence there of the girl herself, and while considering this it had come to Stuart, like a flash of inspiration, that here was a way by which he could test the responsibilities and conditions of married life without compromising either himself, or the girl to whom he would suppose himself to be married.

"I will put that picture at the head of the table," he said, "and I will play that it is she herself, her own, beautiful, lovely self, and I will talk to her and exchange views with her, and make her answer me just as she would were we actually married and settled." He looked at his watch and found it was just seven o'clock. "I will begin now," he said, "and I will keep up the delusion until midnight. To-night is the best time to try the experiment because the picture is new now, and its influence will be all the more real. In a few weeks it may have lost some of its freshness and reality, and will have become one of the fixtures in the room."

Stuart decided that under these new conditions it would be more pleasant to dine at Delmonico's, and he was on the point of going to ask the Picture what she thought of it, when he remembered that while it might be possible for him to make a practice of dining at that place as a bachelor, he could not now afford so expensive a luxury, and he decided that he had better economize in that particular and go instead to one of the table d'hôte restaurants in the neighborhood. He regretted not having thought of this sooner, for he did not care to dine at a table d'hôte in evening dress, as in some places it rendered him conspicuous. So sooner than have this happen, he decided to dine at home as he had originally intended when he first thought of attempting this experiment, and so conducted the picture into dinner and placed her in an armchair facing him, with the candles full upon the face.

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"Now this is something like," he exclaimed, joyously. "I can't imagine anything better than this. Here we are all to ourselves with no one to bother us, with no chaperone, or chaperone's husband either, which is generally worse. Why is it, my dear," he asked gayly, in a tone that he considered affectionate and husbandly, "that the attractive chaperones are always handicapped by such stupid husbands, and vice versa?"

"If that is true," replied the Picture, or replied Stuart, rather, for the picture, "I cannot be a very attractive chaperone."

Stuart bowed politely at this, and then considered the point it had raised as to whether he had, in assuming both characters, the right to pay himself compliments. He decided against himself in this particular instance, but agreed that he was not responsible for anything the Picture might say, so long as he sincerely and fairly tried to make it answer him as he thought the original would do under like circumstances. From what he knew of the original under other conditions, he decided that he could give a very close imitation of her point of view.

Stuart's interest in his dinner was so real that he found himself neglecting his wife, and he had to pull himself up to his duty with a sharp reproof. After smiling back at her for a moment or two until his servant had again left them alone, he asked her to tell him what she had been doing during the day.

"Oh, nothing very important," said the Picture. "I went shopping in the morning and——"

Stuart stopped himself and considered this last remark doubtfully. "Now, how do I know she would go shopping," he asked himself. "I don't believe the women I know go shopping. It sounds very common—people from Harlem and women who like bargain counters and who eat chocolate meringue for lunch, and then stop in at a continuous performance, go shopping. But I never heard of any of my friends doing it, they always get things abroad. It must be the comic paper sort of wives who go about matching shades and buying hooks and eyes. Yes, I must have made Miss Delamar's understudy misrepresent her. I beg your pardon, my dear," he said aloud to the Picture. "You did *not* go shopping this morning. You probably went to a woman's luncheon somewhere. Tell me about that."

"Oh, yes, I went to lunch with the Antwerps," said the Picture, "and they had that Russian woman there who is getting up subscriptions for the Siberian prisoners. It's rather fine of her because it exiles her from Russia. She is a princess."

"That's nothing," Stuart interrupted, "they're all princesses when you see them on Broadway."

"I beg your pardon," said the Picture.

"It's of no consequence," said Stuart, apologetically, "it's a comic song. I forgot you didn't like comic songs. Well—go on."

"Oh, then I went to a tea, and then I stopped in to hear Madame Ruvier read a paper on the Ethics of Ibsen, and she——"

Stuart's voice had died away gradually, and he caught himself wondering whether he had told George to lay in a fresh supply of cigars. "I beg your pardon," he said, briskly, "I was listening, but I was just wondering whether I had any cigars left. You were saying that you had been at Madame Ruvier's, and——"

"I am afraid that you were not interested," said the Picture. "Never mind, it's my fault. Sometimes I think I ought to do more things of more interest, so that I should have something to talk to you about when you come home."

Stuart wondered at what hour he would come home now that he was married. As a bachelor he had been in the habit of stopping on his way up town from the law office, at the Club, or to take tea at the houses of the different girls he liked. Of course he could not do that now as a married man. He would instead have to limit his calls to married women, which was what all the other married men of his acquaintance did. But at the moment he could not think of any attractive married women who would like his dropping in on them in such a familiar manner, and

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the other sort did not as yet appeal to him.

He seated himself in front of the coal fire in the library, with the Picture in a chair close beside him, and as he puffed pleasantly on his cigar he thought how well this suited him, and how delightful it was to find content in so simple and continuing a pleasure. He could almost feel the pressure of his wife's hand as it lay in his own, as they sat in silent sympathy looking into the friendly glow of the fire.

There was a long pleasant pause.

"They're giving Sloane a dinner to-night at the Travellers'," Stuart said, at last, "in honor of his going to Abyssinia."

Stuart pondered for some short time as to what sort of a reply Miss Delamar's understudy ought to make to this innocent remark. He recalled the fact that on numerous occasions she had shown not only a lack of knowledge in far-away places, but what was more trying, a lack of interest as well. For the moment he could not see her robbed of her pretty environment and tramping through undiscovered countries at his side. So the Picture's reply, when it came, was strictly in keeping with several remarks which Miss Delamar herself had made to him in the past.

"Yes," said the Picture, politely, "and where is Abyssinia—in India, isn't it?"

"No, not exactly," corrected Stuart, mildly; "you pass it on your way to India, though, as you go through the Red Sea. Sloane is taking Winchesters with him and a double express and a 'five fifty.' He wants to test their penetration. I think, myself, that the express is the best, but he says Selous and Chanler think very highly of the Winchester. I don't know, I never shot a rhinoceros. The time I killed that elephant," he went on, pointing at two tusks that stood with some assegais in a corner, "I used an express, and I had to let go with both barrels. I suppose, though, if I'd needed a third shot I'd have wished it was a Winchester. He was charging the smoke, you see, and I couldn't get away because I'd caught my foot—but I told you about that, didn't I?" Stuart interrupted himself to ask politely.

"Yes," said the Picture, cheerfully, "I remember it very well; it was very foolish of you."

Stuart straightened himself with a slightly injured air and avoided the Picture's eye. He had been stopped midway in what was one of his favorite stories, and it took a brief space of time for him to recover himself, and to sink back again into the pleasant lethargy in which he had been basking.

"Still," he said, "I think the express is the better gun."

"Oh, is an 'express' a gun?" exclaimed the Picture, with sudden interest. "Of course, I might have known."

Stuart turned in his chair and surveyed the Picture in some surprise. "But, my dear girl," he remonstrated kindly, "why didn't you ask, if you didn't know what I was talking about. What did you suppose it was?"

"I didn't know," said the Picture, "I thought it was something to do with his luggage. Abyssinia sounds so far away," she explained, smiling sweetly. "You can't expect one to be interested in such queer places, can you?"

"No," Stuart answered, reluctantly, and looking steadily at the fire, "I suppose not. But you see, my dear," he said, "I'd have gone with him, if I hadn't married you, and so I am naturally interested in his outfit. They wanted me to make a comparative study of the little semi-independent states down there, and of how far the Italian Government allows them to rule themselves. That's what I was to have done."

But the Picture hastened to reassure him. "Oh, you mustn't think," she exclaimed, quickly, "that I mean to keep you at home. I love to travel, too. I want you to go on exploring places just as you've always done, only now I will go with you. We might do the Cathedral Towns, for instance.

"The what!" gasped Stuart, sitting upright. "Oh, yes, of course," he added, hurriedly, sinking back into his chair with a slightly bewildered expression. "That would be very nice. Perhaps your mother would like to go too; it's not a dangerous expedition, is it? I *was* thinking of taking you on a trip through the South Seas—but I suppose

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the Cathedral Towns are just as exciting. Or we might even penetrate as far into the interior as the English Lakes and read Wordsworth and Coleridge as we go."

Miss Delamar's understudy observed him closely for a moment, but he made no sign, and so she turned her eyes again to the fire with a slightly troubled look. She had not a strong sense of humor, but she was very beautiful.

Stuart's conscience troubled him for the next few moments, and he endeavored to make up for his impatience of the moment before, by telling the Picture how particularly well she was looking.

"*It seems almost selfish to keep it* all to myself," he mused.

"You don't mean," inquired the Picture, with tender anxiety, "that you want any one else here, do you? I'm sure I could be content to spend every evening like this. I've had enough of going out, and talking to people I don't care about. Two seasons," she added, with the superior air of one who has put away childish things, "was quite enough of it for me."

"Well, I never took it as seriously as that," said Stuart, "but, of course, I don't want any one else here to spoil our evening. It is perfect."

He assured himself that it *was* perfect, but he wondered what was the loyal thing for a married couple to do when the conversation came to a dead stop. And did the conversation come to a stop because they preferred to sit in silent sympathy aud communion, or because they had nothing interesting to talk about? Stuart doubted if silence was the truest expression of the most perfect confidence and sympathy. He generally found when he was interested, that either he or his companion talked all the time. It was when he was bored that he sat silent. But it was probably different with married people. Possibly they thought of each other during these pauses, and of their own affairs and interests, and he asked himself how many interests could they fairly retain with which the other had nothing to do?

"I suppose," thought Stuart, "that I had better compromise and read aloud. Should you like me to read aloud?" he asked, doubtfully.

The Picture brightened perceptibly at this and said that she thought that would be charming. "We might make it quite instructive," she suggested, entering eagerly into the idea. "We ought to agree to read so many pages every week. Suppose we begin with Guizot's 'History of France.' I have always meant to read that, the illustrations look so interesting."

"Yes, we might do that," assented Stuart, doubtfully. "It is in six volumes, isn't it? Suppose now, instead," he suggested, with an impartial air, "we begin that to-morrow night, and go this evening to see Seldon's new play, 'The Fool and His Money.' It's not too late, and he has saved a box for us, and Weimer and Rives and Sloane will be there, and——"

The Picture's beautiful face settled for just an instant in an expression of disappointment. "Of course," she replied, slowly, "if you wish it. But I thought you said," she went on with a sweet smile, "that this was perfect. Now you want to go out again. Isn't this better than a hot theatre? You might put up with it for one evening, don't you think?"

"Put up with it!" exclaimed Stuart, enthusiastically; "I could spend every evening so. It was only a suggestion. It wasn't that I wanted to go so much as that I thought Seldon might be a little hurt if I didn't. But I can tell him you were not feeling very well, and that we will come some other evening. He generally likes to have us there on the first night, that's all. But he'll understand."

"Oh," said the Picture, "if you put it in the light of a duty to your friend, of course we will go."

"Not at all," replied Stuart, hastily; "I will read something. I should really prefer it. How would you like something of Browning's?"

"Oh, I read all of Browning once," said the Picture, "I think I should like something new."

Stuart gasped at this, but said nothing, and began turning over the books on the centre table. He selected one of the monthly magazines, and

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choosing a story which neither one of them had read, sat down comfortably in front of the fire, and finished it without interruption and to the satisfaction of the Picture and himself. The story had made the half-hour pass very pleasantly, and they both commented on it with interest.

"I had an experience myself once something like that," said Stuart, with a pleased smile of recollection; "it happened in Paris"—he began with the deliberation of a man who is sure of his story—"and it turned out in much the same way. It didn't begin in Paris, it really began while we were crossing the English Channel to——"

"Oh, you mean about the Russian who took you for some one else and had you followed," said the Picture. "Yes, that was like it, except that in your case nothing happened."

Stuart took his cigar from between his lips and frowned severely at the lighted end for some little time before he spoke.

"My dear," he remonstrated, gently, "you mustn't tell me I've told you all my old stories before. It isn't fair. Now that I'm married, you see, I can't go about and have new experiences, and I've got to make use of the old ones."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed the Picture, remorsefully. "I didn't mean to be rude. Please tell me about it. I should like to hear it again, ever so much. I *should* like to hear it again, really."

"Nonsense," said Stuart, laughing and shaking his head. "I was only joking; personally I hate people who tell long stories. That doesn't matter. I was thinking of something else."

He continued thinking of something else, which was, that though he had been in jest when he spoke of having given up the chance of meeting fresh experiences, he had nevertheless described a condition, and a painfully true one. His real life seemed to have stopped, and he saw himself in the future looking back and referring to it, as though it were the career of an entirely different person, of a young man, with quick sympathies which required satisfying, as any appetite requires food. And he had an uncomfortable doubt that these many ever-ready sympathies would rebel if fed on only one diet. The Picture did not interrupt him in his thoughts, and he let his mind follow his eyes as they wandered over the objects above him on the mantle. They all meant something from the past, a busy, wholesome past which had formed habits of thought and action, habits he could no longer enjoy alone, and which, on the other hand, it was quite impossible for him to share with any one else. He was no longer to be alone.

Stuart stirred uneasily in his chair and poked at the fire before him.

"Do you remember the day you came to see me," said the Picture, sentimentally, "and built the fire yourself and lighted some girl's letters to make it burn?"

"Yes," said Stuart, "that is, I *said* that they were some girl's letters. It made it more picturesque. I am afraid they were bills. I should say I did remember it," he continued, enthusiastically. "You wore a black dress and little red slippers with big black rosettes, and you looked as beautiful as —as night—as a moonlight night."

The Picture frowned slightly.

"You are always telling me about how I looked," she complained; "can't you remember any time when we were together without remembering what I had on and how I appeared?"

"I cannot," said Stuart, promptly. "I can recall lots of other things besides, but I can't forget how you looked. You have a fashion of emphasizing episodes in that way which is entirely your own, but, as I say, I can remember something else. Do you remember, for instance, when we went up to West Point on that yacht? Wasn't it a grand day, with the autumn leaves on both sides of the Hudson, and the dress parade, and the dance afterward at the hotel?"

"Yes, I should think I did," said the Picture, smiling. "You spent all your time examining cannon, and talking to the men about 'firing in open order,' and left me all alone."

"Left you all alone! I like that," laughed Stuart; "all alone with about eighteen officers."

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"Well, but that was natural," returned the Picture. "They were men. It's natural for a girl to talk to men, but why should a man want to talk to men?"

"Well, I know better than that now," said Stuart.

He then proceeded to show that he knew better by remaining silent for the next half-hour, during which time he continued to wonder whether this effort to keep up a conversation was not radically wrong. He thought of several things he might say, but he argued that it was an impossible situation where a man had to make conversation with his own wife; the talk should just flow naturally of its own accord. The clock struck ten as he sat waiting, and he moved uneasily in his chair.

"What is it?" asked the Picture; "what makes you so restless?"

Stuart regarded the Picture timidly for a moment before he spoke. "I was just thinking," he said, doubtfully, "that we might run down after all, and take a look in at the last act; it's not too late even now. They're sure to run behind on the first night. And then," he urged, "we can go around and see Seldon. You have never been behind the scenes, have you? It's very interesting."

"No, I have not, but if we do," remonstrated the Picture, pathetically, "you *know* all those men will come trooping home with us. You know they will."

"But that's very complimentary," said Stuart. "Why, I like my friends to like my wife."

"Yes, but you know how they stay when they get here," she answered; "I don't believe they ever sleep. Don't you remember the last supper you gave me before we were married, when Mrs. Starr and you all were discussing Mr. Seldon's play? She didn't make a move to go until half-past two, and I was *that* sleepy, I couldn't keep my eyes open."

"Yes," said Stuart, "I remember. I'm sorry. I thought it was very interesting. Seldon changed the whole second act on account of what she said. Well, after this," he laughed with cheerful desperation, "I think I shall make up for the part of a married man in a pair of slippers and a dressing-gown, and then perhaps I won't be tempted to roam abroad at night."

"You must wear the gown they are going to give you at Oxford," said the Picture, smiling placidly. "The one Aunt Lucy was telling me about. Why do they give you a gown?" she asked. "It seems such an odd thing to do."

"The gown comes with the degree, I believe," said Stuart.

"But why do they give *you* a degree?" persisted the Picture; "you never studied at Oxford, did you?"

Stuart moved slightly in his chair and shook his head. "I thought I told you," he said, gently. "No, I never studied there. I wrote some books on—things, and they liked them."

"Oh, yes, I remember now, you did tell me," said the Picture; "and I told Aunt Lucy about it, and said we would be in England during the season, when you got your degree, and she said you must be awfully clever to get it. You see—she does appreciate you, and you always treat her so distantly."

"Do I?" said Stuart, quietly; "I'm sorry."

"Will you have your portrait painted in it?" asked the Picture.

"In what?"

"In the gown. You are not listening," said the Picture, reproachfully. "You ought to. Aunt Lucy says it's a beautiful shade of red silk, and very long. Is it?"

"I don't know," said Stuart. He shook his head, and dropping his chin into his hands, stared coldly down into the fire. He tried to persuade himself that he had been vainglorious, and that he had given too much weight to the honor which the University of Oxford would bestow upon him; that he had taken the degree too seriously, and that the Picture's view of it was the view of the rest of the world. But he could not convince himself that he was entirely at fault.

"Is it too late to begin on Guizot?" suggested his Picture, as an alternative to his plan. "It sounds so improving."

"Yes, it is much too late," answered Stuart, decidedly. "Besides, I don't

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want to be improved. I want to be amused, or inspired, or scolded. The chief good of friends is that they do one of these three things, and a wife should do all three."

"Which shall I do?" asked the Picture, smiling good-humoredly.

Stuart looked at the beautiful face and at the reclining figure of the woman to whom he was to turn for sympathy for the rest of his life, and felt a cold shiver of terror, that passed as quickly as it came. He reached out his hand and placed it on the arm of the chair where his wife's hand should have been and patted the place kindly. He would shut his eyes to everything but that she was good and sweet and his wife. Whatever else she lacked that her beauty had covered up and hidden, and the want of which had lain unsuspected in their previous formal intercourse, could not be mended now. He would settle his step to hers, and eliminate all those interests from his life which were not hers as well. He had chosen a beautiful idol, and not a companion, for a wife. He had tried to warm his hands at the fire of a diamond.

Stuart's eyes closed wearily as though to shut out the memories of the past, or the foreknowledge of what the future was sure to be. His head sank forward on his breast, and with his hand shading his eyes, he looked beyond, through the dying fire, into the succeeding years.

The gay little French clock on the table sounded the hour of midnight briskly, with a pert insistent clamor, and at the same instant a boisterous and unruly knocking answered it from outside the library door.

Stuart rose uncertainly from his chair and surveyed the tiny clock face with a startled expression of bewilderment and relief.

"Stuart!" his friends called impatiently from the hall. "Stuart, let us in!" and without waiting further for recognition a merry company of gentlemen pushed their way noisily into the room.

"Where the devil have you been?" demanded Weimer. "You don't deserve to be spoken to at all after quitting us like that. But Seldon is so good-natured," he went on, "that he sent us after you. It was a great success, and he made a rattling good speech, and you missed the whole thing; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. We've asked half the people in front to supper—two stray Englishmen, all the Wilton girls and their governor, and the chap that wrote the play. And Seldon and his brother Sam are coming as soon as they get their make-up off. Don't stand there like that, but hurry. What have you been doing?"

Stuart gave a nervous, anxious laugh. "Oh, don't ask me," he cried. "It was awful. I've been trying an experiment, and I had to keep it up until midnight, and — I'm so glad you fellows have come," he continued, halting midway in his explanation. "I *was* blue."

"You've been asleep in front of the fire," said young Sloane, "and you've been dreaming."

"Perhaps," laughed Stuart, gayly, "perhaps. But I'm awake now in any event. Sloane, old man," he cried, dropping both hands on the youngster's shoulders. "How much money have you? Enough to take me to Gibraltar? I can cable from there for the rest."

"Hoorah!" shouted Sloane, waltzing from one end of the room to the other. "We're off to Ab-yss-in-ia in the morn-ing," he sang. "There's plenty in my money belt," he cried, slapping his sides, "you can hear the ten-pound notes crackle whenever I breathe, and it's all yours, my dear boy, and welcome. And I'll prove to you that the Winchester is the better gun."

"All right," returned Stuart, gayly, "and I'll try to prove that the Italians don't know how to govern a native state. But who is giving this supper, anyway?" he demanded. "That is the main thing — that's what I want to know."

"You've got to pack, haven't you?" suggested Rives.

"I'll pack when I get back," said Stuart, struggling into his greatcoat, and searching in his pockets for his gloves. "Besides, my things are always ready and there's plenty of time,

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the boat doesn't leave for six hours yet."

"We'll all come back and help," said Weimer.

"Then I'll never get away," laughed Stuart. He was radiant, happy, and excited, like a boy back from school for the holidays. But when they had reached the pavement, he halted and ran his hand down into his pocket, as though feeling for his latch-key, and stood looking doubtfully at his friends.

"What is it now?" asked Rives, impatiently. "Have you forgotten something?"

Stuart looked back at the front door in momentary indecision.

"Y-es," he answered. "I did forget something. But it doesn't matter," he added, cheerfully, taking Sloane's arm.

"Come on," he said, "and so Seldon made a hit, did he? I am glad—and tell me, old man, how long will we have to wait at Gib for the P. & O.?"

Stuart's servant had heard the men trooping down the stairs, laughing and calling to one another as they went, and judging from this that they had departed for the night, he put out all the lights in the library and closed the piano, and lifted the windows to clear the room of the tobacco-smoke. He did not notice the beautiful photograph sitting upright in the armchair before the fireplace, and so left it alone in the deserted library.

The cold night-air swept in through the open window and chilled the silent room, and the dead coals in the grate dropped one by one into the fender with a dismal echoing clatter; but the Picture still sat in the armchair with the same graceful pose and the same lovely expression, and smiled sweetly at the encircling darkness.

SUMMER SONG

By Duncan Campbell Scott

Sing me a song of the summer-time,
Of the fire in the sorrel and ruby clover,
Where the garrulous bobolinks lilt and chime,
Over and over.

Sing me a song of the strawberry-bent,
Of the black-cap hiding the heap of stones,
Of the milk-weed drowsy with sultry scent,
Where the bee drones.

Sing me a song of the spring-head still,
Of the dewy fern in the solitude,
Of the hermit-thrush and the whippoorwill
Haunting the wood.

Sing me a song of the gleaming scythe,
Of the scented hay in the buried wain,
Of the mowers whistling bright and blithe,
In the sunny rain.

Sing me a song of the quince and the gage,
Of the apricot by the orchard wall,
Where bends my love Armitage,
Gathering the fruit of the windfall.

Sing me a song of the rustling, slow,
Sway of the wheat as the winds croon,
Of the golden disk and the dreaming glow,
Of the harvest-moon.

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ALL PARIS A-WHEEL

By Arsène Alexandre

RAPIDITY has invariably been a distinguishing trait of great revolutions. A government that lasts over-night has a good chance of life; but a style, a fashionable fad, one that pretends to affect widely our habits and ideas, which cannot make its way inside of a year, is pretty sure to fall flat. At all events, it will never become really popular and at the same time really fashionable in the extraordinary way in which the bicycle has come to the front in France. This may seem rather a pompous way of beginning these notes upon the popular toy of the day, and yet if the bicycle fad is not of grave import, it is at least one of the most extraordinary manifestations of to-day. For instance, what would have been thought ten years ago, or even five years ago, of the prophet who should have risked his reputation upon the following prediction? "In a short time you will see the country roads and the parks filled with people wheeling along upon velocipedes—they were so called ten years ago — and among the most devoted of the riders will be found the bearers of the noblest names in France, the foremost representatives of the financial and fashionable worlds." The writer would have been thought insane. If he had added: "This is not all. The great ladies of the land will unblushingly don man's dress, or something alarmingly like it, and jump astride their apparatus. Among the most fanatic of the riders will be the young Marquise de B., the lineal descendant of a famous crusader; Mme C., daughter of the great banker, with no family tree worth mentioning as compared with that of the Marquise, but a much bigger fortune; and Mmes D., E., and so on throughout the alphabet of merchant princes and the professions, the republican aristocracy, and even the French Academy" — should our prophet have dared to venture so far as this he would have had a score of invitations to coffee and pistols from the justly indignant husbands, fathers, and brothers of these ladies. Public opinion would have denounced him as an imaginative rascal.

Upon the other hand, if anyone dares to-day to criticise as over-bold the crowds of pretty women who cycle, accompanied by husbands or friends, all of them people of excellent social standing, he would most assuredly be set down at once as an old fossil, and this gay world would smile with pity if it took the trouble to listen to the plaint of one so behind the age. Shall I add that the worldlings are right? Well, at all events, they have carried the day.

These and the following from recent photographs (by Ch. Barenne) of Paris bicycle costumes.

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After all, say what we may, the pretty bicyclists have added one charm more to the Bois de Boulogne. As you take your morning stroll, charming visions flash by, one after another, with the silvery tinkle of a warning bell or a soft whistle; a fleeting picture of graceful womanhood mounted upon glittering, whirring, dazzling wheels—a vision all too short. There is an endless variety about these bicycle pictures; the unexpected often appears, and sometimes the comic. The costumes also are amazingly varied, and it seems incredible that such color variety can be obtained by the use of brown, black, and dark blue, the only colors really allowed by fashion, and which harmonize well with the sandy gray of the roads and the green of the lawns and trees.

The keen observer finds things about these bicyclers even more interesting than color studies. Certain disgruntled philosophers have contended that the woman you see is seldom the woman you think you see. Mounted upon her bicycle, most women have to tell the truth about themselves. One can distinguish at a glance the daring, wilful beauty from the timid, tender girl. The woman is reduced for the moment to the plane of a boy, whose good looks or lack of them, health, vigor of mind and body, are apparent. I will even go so far as to advise a man not to get married until he has seen the object of his choice disport herself upon a bicycle.

I have just remarked that there are some comic features among the bicycle sights of the Bois. A certain young woman, tall and lithe, whose gowns are dreams, and who, with the help of her dress-maker, really deceives the world—without intending it, I suppose—into forgetting how very lithe she is, appears upon her bicycle as a very thin young fellow, and thin is the word, notwithstanding all the artifices of a costume big enough for two. And, curiously enough, the bicycle dress, which makes the lithe woman thin, really seems to add weight to the fat and fair creature who pedals along in desperation and the hope that she may thereby get rid of some superfluous flesh.

It was probably the brutal frankness of the bicycle costume that led women to hesitate so long before adopting it, and mounting what our Chinese friends call the steeds of steel and rubber. Three or four years ago women in good society still had grave doubts about the bicycle. They committed themselves only by slow stages, at the beginning. They were like bathers who dip first a foot into the wave only to draw it back with a cry; then they plunge in. Fashionable women first tried the bicycle in the country, in the grounds of the château. What would have been in Paris a sinful outrage to the prejudices of good society became possible behind one's own gates. One is not always upon dress parade in the country. When the bicycle craze began there were no women's dresses, and that was another bar. Just imagine one of the leaders of society going to her dress-maker and requesting a suitable costume to ride a steel wheel. The good woman, or man, would be shocked, and there would be scathing articles about the matter in the fashion chronicles. So the first costumes were mostly home-made affairs, designed by the riders and made up by workwomen sworn to secrecy. Such costumes were perhaps useful, but they lacked the

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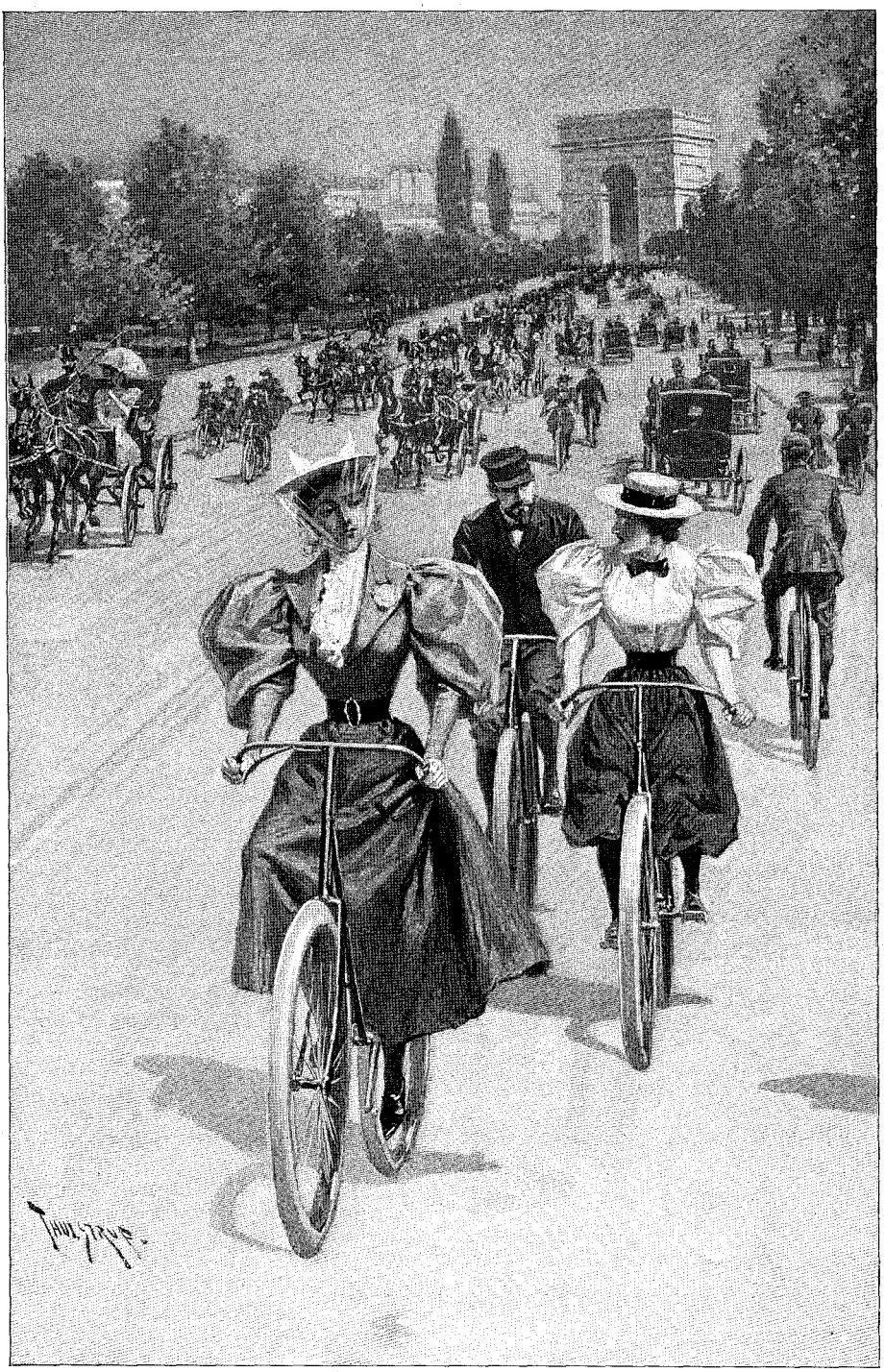

The Avenue de Bois de Boulogne—at the Fashionable Hour.

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highest attributes of style. It required particular art to make a waist that would harmonize with this short skirt, which was not exactly a short skirt, but—something different.

We have changed all that. Paris has now half a dozen tailors who make a specialty of bicycle costumes for women in high society; they do nothing else and work for no other class. This will give some notion of the change that a few years have made in our ideas, once the first plunge had been made.

But that first plunge! There must have been a moment of supreme anguish. It was all very well to cycle in private grounds upon a wheel hired from someone who promised not to tell. Perhaps a short sally was made one day beyond the park gates. Of course it was an agony. The rustics stared aghast at the lady of the manor thus bereft of her senses and most of her legitimate dress. In their eyes it was a most reprehensible proceeding. They were more than astonished, they were inclined to be indignant; public morality had been outraged. But we get used to everything and anything, and now every summer you see the young women of the châteaux exchanging visits on bicycles, and not even the rustic of rustics gets excited over the spectacle. People pay visits and make long tours on their bicycles; soon they will adopt them for travelling, and give up the railway.

As yet our fashionable women have not exceeded from thirty to fifty miles, and for that matter there are hundreds of lovely excursions to be made within that distance of Paris. In Paris we find the bicycle fever at its height. There are no famous professors of the bicycling art outside of Paris, and some timid women have paid vast sums to induce these experts to come to their country houses and give lessons. One may smile at these bumptious professors of bicycling, but a professor is a professor for all that.

The Paris streets present a final and very serious obstacle to the beginner. Of course there may be some little danger in the crowd of vehicles and the rush and confusion of the boulevards, but really this is not the true reason. Madame, who likes to be noticed and admired when she takes her walks abroad, does not like to think that she attracts attention simply because of her bicycle costume and wheel; she will sacrifice herself rather than employ so cheap a subterfuge as that. So she rides to the Bois in her *coupé*, and meets the groom who brings her bicycle. The man, if he can ride, follows at a respectful distance, and the return to town is made in the same discreet manner. Often a party of friends meet daily for a spin of a dozen miles, leaving their bicycles at the gates of the Bois, and finding cloaks in their carriages. Thus Mme Ménier and Mme de Camondo, two of the most distinguished amateurs of the sport, follow this practice.

The Prince de Sagan is the grand counsellor of all these pretty enthusiasts. He himself is a fanatic upon the subject of the wheel, and for the sake of history let us note his invariable attire of velvet and white gloves. Just now he is busy with the organization of a bicycle rink for the exclusive use of society women; and women are grateful, for Paris is rather lacking in this respect. There are one or two of the many rinks where women in high life do resort for want of a better place; such is the Vélodrome Buffalo, near Neuilly, and the Vélodrome de la Seine. But they are not fitted up in pleasing style, and the company is apt to be mixed. There is one rink, to be sure, in the Champs Élysées, where the ser-

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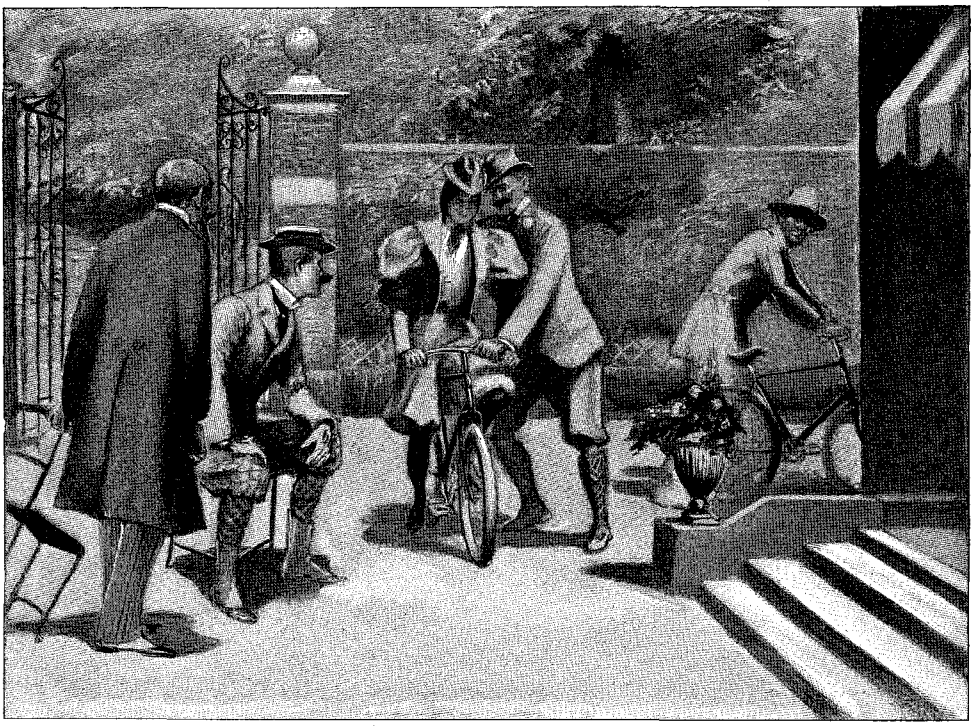

Scene at the Opening of the Curtain of Lemaître's New Play at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris.

vice is excellent, thanks to high prices, and the arrangements comfortable; there women may take their lessons and practise without too much publicity. Nevertheless, it is not yet perfection.

For this reason our excellent Prince —this title is enough for any Parisian to know who is meant—is trying to obtain some place on the Polo grounds, in the Bois de Boulogne, where the fashionable world a-wheel will feel at home. There is hardly a château worthy of the name which has not to-day its private bicycle track. Why should Paris not have something equally exclusive?

A fine stable requires expert grooms, and so a new race of servants has come into being — the bicycle groom, who knows all about the care of the machine and is always ready to help the beginner. In great country houses the post is no sinecure, as guests come in droves, and all of them can ride, or think they can.

Just now the ambition of most women appears to be to ride the man's machine, the diamond frame, a lighter machine than the ordinary woman's wheel; and I honestly believe that this latter wheel will soon be relegated to the limbo of curiosities. Much the same thing will happen with regard to the present costume. Already the skirt is fast going; another step and it will be but a memory. Here is the orthodox and really fashionable costume: Very full knickerbockers, the folds falling below the knee, the appearance being that of a skirt, and yet without a skirt's inconvenience; the waist may vary, but the most popular, especially with slim-waisted women, is that known as the Bolero. And above all a man's cap or hat, in warm weather of straw, at other seasons of felt. The stockings may be of fine wool, black or dark blue; silk stockings are tabooed, and any color but black or dark blue, such as stripes or "loud" colors, are considered deplorable. Finally, laced or buttoned shoes, but not reaching above the ankle. Gaiters are a blunder, and moreover they are apt to hurt.

All this is highly artistic when properly worn; and yet the height of perfection has not been reached. Hun-

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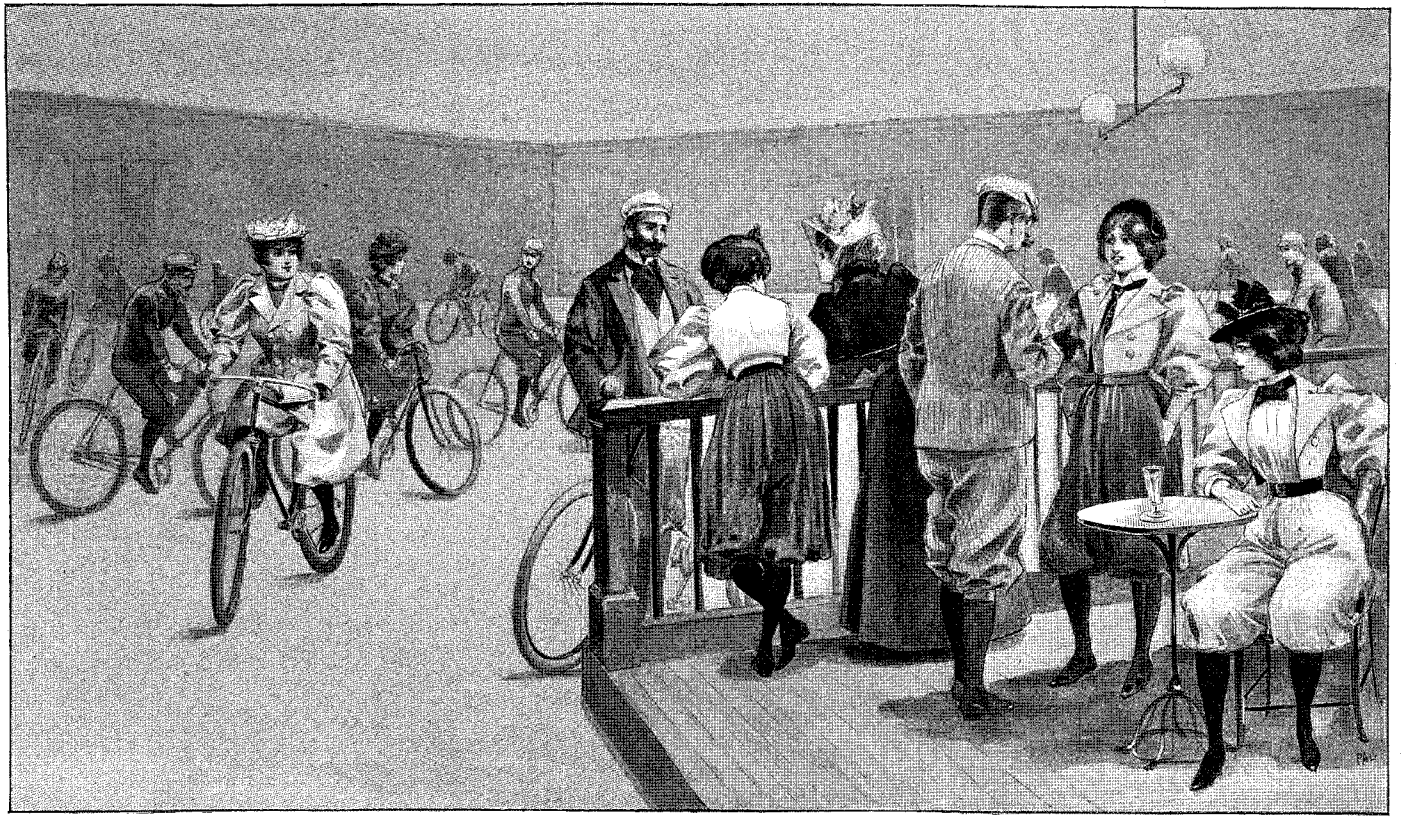

In a Parisian "Vélodrome."

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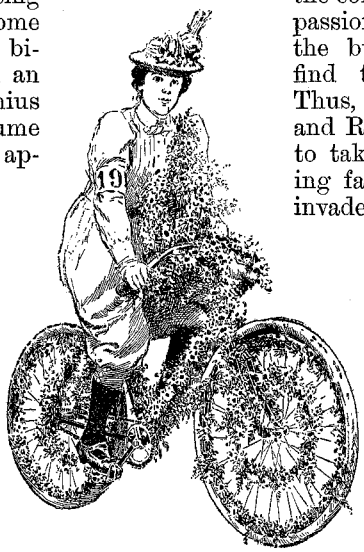
dreds of bicyclists, men and women of irreproachable taste, are busy designing something that will be better, and the fashionable tailors are losing sleep in the quest for some successful design. The bicycle world awaits with an ovation the man of genius who will suggest a costume at once simple, elegant, appropriate, comfortable, and, last but not least, not yet worn everywhere.



In the meantime the world outside of fashion's domain is not so particular. In order to complete this little account of the bicycle-mania in Paris, I must say a word about the excellent people whom one meets by the thousand upon every fair day—mostly men in some sort of improvised costume, with ordinary trousers fastened at the bottom with steel clasps; they are probably tradespeople coming and going from their shops and counting-houses, pedalling along with energy and enthusiasm, and highly indifferent to the call for an unique bicycle costume.

I have used the expression bicycle-mania, and in view of the facts, is it anything short of that? No class of the community is free from the passion, the workers as well as the butterflies. The workers find the exercise helpful. Thus, such painters as Béraud and Roll were among the first to take it up. Most convincing fact of all, the bicycle has invaded the theatre, the court of last appeal in Paris. Not only our stage celebrities have taken to the wheel by the score, but in a recent piece by Jules Lemaître, produced at the Gymnase Theatre, the chief personages made their first entry upon bicycles.

Coquelin, the younger, is now at work upon a monologue which he proposes to recite from end to end while a-wheel and working his pedals. Bicycle "business," feats of riding, bell-ringing, and whistle-blowing will vary the recital, at the last words of which bicycle and rider will disappear in the wings.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

By Benjamin Paul Blood

THINGS are dark in the light when the Morning is here,
And youth turns to the future, in splendor unrolled,—
Things are dark in the light, for their shadows come near
When the sunshine comes up o'er the mountains of gold.

We have lived, we have loved: through the glow of the West,
Now the shadows come near from that future untold;
But the gardens of Memory bloom and are blest
When the sunshine looks back o'er the mountains of gold.

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THE RECTOR'S HAT

By Noah Brooks

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. Y. TURNER

THE STREET OF VICE

THE Reverend Justinian Littlefield, Rector of Trinity, Millbrook, having finished a long-deferred list of parochial calls, hurried homeward in the gathering gloom of the autumnal twilight; a shower was impending and a high wind came before the rain. The reverend gentleman cherished a deep hostility to all dirt and all schismatics. Dirt, he was accustomed to say, is merely matter out of place; and schismatics are wrong-headed people who insist on calling themselves Christians; whereas they are worldly people out of place. Dirt, by scrupulous care, may be avoided. Heretical and disputatious persons, who refuse to accept as final the dogma of the apostolic succession, are among the inevitable evils of society, to be shunned if one would preserve serenity of temper and charity of judgment. Just now, the rector was intent on getting home before the whirling dust should soil his well-nourished and spotless person. He had great respect for his cloth.

Millbrook is a manufacturing town in which new-fangled mills and their operatives are still struggling with the ancient order of things, when an eminent respectability that verged on aristocracy guarded with mild dignity the interests of the community. The aristocrats are dying out and the newly rich, sons of mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for a former generation, are crowding into the best streets, living in the best houses. The Reverend Doctor Justinian Littlefield viewed these changes with undisguised dismay. It irked him to see his parish gradually transformed, the prosperous mill men and their numerous progeny taking the places of the fine old families whose day was done, and whose sap had apparently sunk into the ground. That Browns and Whites and Greens should occupy the stately mansions built for the Livingstons, Athertons, and Barnwells was to him a mysterious dispensation of Providence. He accepted the new conditions with inward protest, and with an insolent condescension that irritated the self-love of the newly rich, whose names suggest the colors which their mills wove into fabrics. But, as far as he was able, he avoided the streets and avenues chiefly frequented by the substratum of the new society—the operatives and their swarming broods. So on this threatening autumn eve the good man reluctantly took Red Lane on his homeward way.

The rectory, with its handsome portico and trim gardens, faced Elm Avenue, and its nearest neighbors were the even handsomer homes of Judge Nelson and General Hutchinson. The trim garden smiled genteelly on the avenue; but behind the rectory it sloped steeply down to a retaining wall of stone that closed one end of Red Lane, making it a blind alley. When the village gossips illustrated their talk with the figure of speech, "butting your head against a stone wall," George Barnwell always thought of the rectory wall that closed the end of Red Lane—it was so relentless in its stoniness. To night, in the deepening twilight, the worthy Rector, afraid of being caught out in a shower, and more afraid of meeting the dust-clouds of the broad avenue, took a short cut homeward, braving the repulsiveness of Red Lane that he might thereby gain the steps in the retaining wall, and so reach the rectory by the shortest way.

The Reverend Justinian Littlefield,

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contemplating Red Lane from his vine-clad and eminently dignified portico above, had marked with discomfort the gradual accretion of rum-shops, billiard-rooms, and other places of dissolute resort, so far below him. These grew and multiplied with the increase of mills and the consequent inflow of an alien population. Although there was less viciousness in Red Lane than the Rector imagined, he had come to regard it as a very den of vice, an habitation of cruelty. And from his loftiness on the floral heights above, he had named this the Street of Vice. Now, with a sense of having taken his life into his own hands, he plunged into the crepuscular dimness of the blind alley, on his way by a short cut to the rectory. Perhaps his trepidation was childish; but it was not unnatural, for the Rector was a timorous man, and he was glad when his footsteps resounded on the loose planks of the bridge that spanned the ravine which cuts Red Lane in twain. The bridge was more than half-way between the evil entrance to the Street of Vice and the rectory wall. He was nearly home.

An uncommonly fierce blast came roaring up the ravine, carrying clouds of yellow dust and striking the Rector full on the crown, blinding his eyes and flapping the wide rim of his apostolic hat exasperatingly over his face. Just then he was startled by the sudden impact of a person on his left side. With the ready instinct of self-defence he struck out in the dusty and stormy twilight, and his hand rudely smote full in the face of a man. He heard what seemed a smothered oath and a saying which he could not understand. He was rapped sharply on the head; a pair of stalwart hands grasped him firmly by the collar of his sacerdotal coat; he felt himself lifted in the air and whirling in the eddying gust, striking the low rail of the bridge, then falling, falling, he knew not whither; he heard a crashing sound at the back of his head, not painful but odd and unusual. Then all was still, and the good Rector, flat on his back among the stones in the bottom of the ravine, lapsed into unconsciousness that resembled death more than sleep.

GEORGE BARNWELL

He was the handsomest man in Millbrook; and his beauty, his generous ways, and his gay humor made him so general a favorite with the good fellows of the village, to say nothing of the factory girls and the coy maidens of the aristocracy, that he was in a fair way to be spoiled. Now that I come to think of it, he was already spoiled. Perhaps if his father, Senior Warden and upright Judge that he was, had been less stern with his son, George Barnwell might have been restrained from the error of his ways. While his mother lived, the lad had gone to her with his cares and troubles, and had been comforted and soothed as well as warned and guided. But, bereft of her, the motherless boy could not bring himself to face his father with confessions and prayers for help. The wayward son could not be won by the rigid and frigid code of morals that underlaid the discipline of the Judge's family government.

Admiring and congenial companions were usually waiting for George Barnwell in the unsavory haunts of Red Lane. When he came home on his college vacations, he was noisily welcomed in resorts that Judge Barnwell knew not of, and whose existence in Millbrook, fine old Millbrook, was unsuspected by him. To-night, on the point of leaving for the fall term, George was having "a good time" with some of his evil mates, drinking, joking, and story-telling in a low-ceiled, noisy, and ill-flavored rum-shop, the Burnt Rag, one of the least disreputable of the dens with which Red Lane was infested.

A thin-faced, wild-eyed operative from the print-works, a professed anarchist and a rude-talking fellow, took up his glass of liquor from the sloppy bar, as he was drinking with George Barnwell's companions, though not of them. The others had toasted George and had wished him a speedy return to Millbrook. The sneering son of anarchy lifted high his glass and cried "Down with the courts and damn the Judge!"

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George, flushed with anger, threw away his glass, and, seizing the little agitator by the scruff of his neck, tossed him into a corner; then, after sparring confusedly in the midst of a knot of the anarchist's sympathizers, he threw a banknote on the bar and rushed from the place. This was an unexpected and sorry farewell to Millbrook, he thought, as he fled from the riot behind him. The wildness of the dying day and the tumult of the sky were in consonance with the rage that suddenly sprang up within his heart.

Plunging into the dusty twilight, he ran against a man who seemed to approach obliquely on his right, and who struck him lightly but firmly full in the face. Fancying that the wild-eyed anarchist and his friends had pursued him, George Barnwell, with an imprecation and a threat, lifted his antagonist by the collar and flung him from him into the gathering darkness, losing his hat and stick as he threw the man, with tremendous strength, into the void. Stooping to pick up his hat, he was again attacked, as if by a half-dozen foes, and in the belief that the whole pack was upon him, he set his arms in motion like a wind-mill, or a farmer's flail, and with savage joy he thought he heard the fall of many a victim as he rained his blows indiscriminately in the gloom. Suddenly he was left alone, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, his muscles tremulous with excitement and strain, he took his way homeward, cursing as he went.

THE IDLE APPRENTICE

As the Burnt Rag was the least vile of all the ill resorts in Red Lane, so the Rialto was the lowest and most noisome. It was there that the burglary of the Wendover Mills was planned; and when Danny Rafferty was tried for the murder of the mill watchman, which took place on the night of the robbery, the character of the place was so fully brought out in the testimony of witnesses that the excise officers were compelled, in deference to an excited public opinion, to take away the license of the keeper of the den.

Now, however, a year having elapsed since this exposure, public opinion had had its attention drawn to other things, and while the comparative merits of the trolley and horse-power, as applied to street-car traffic, were engaging the thoughts of the law-makers of the town, the Rialto was in full blast. On this evening, Jack Dunning, a strapping youth of nineteen years, who had thrown up his job of learning the trade of harness-making in the neighboring town of Riverbank, stood at the bar of the Rialto shaking dice with the proprietor of that resort, several choice companions assisting with advice and occasional hands at the dice-box. When a bout with the dice was concluded, the loser in the game ordered a round of drinks for his associate gamblers; the bartender judiciously refrained from drinking, preferring cash to his own beverages. There was much wild hilarity and profanity at the expense of the loser.

Three feeble kerosene lamps shed their rays over the dark and dingy room. Rows of bottles, mostly empty, stood in front of the mirror behind the bar. A stuffed snake-skin was festooned across the top of the bottle-decorated looking-glass, thereby affording frequenters of the place and their host much innocent amusement when occasion offered in the appearance of a bibulous but chance customer who asked concerning the reptile. "There ain't no snake, and you've got 'em ag'in," was the formula usually adopted by the jocose bartender. Jack Dunning had hurried in this answer to a stranger's inquiry, that night, greatly to the mortification and wrath of the keeper of the bar, whose favorite joke was thus anticipated.

Around the long, narrow room were ranged a few rickety tables, some of them unoccupied save for the flies that gathered about little pools of beer, and sipped eagerly at the leavings of customers who had drank and gone their way; and at other tables sat groups of coarse, hard-featured men, talking loudly and disputatiously, pounding with their beer-glasses the while; and here and there a guest, unkempt and forlorn, overcome with potations or

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with the sleepiness that follows nights spent in hay-mows, or under farmer's wagons, dozed until wrenched from slumber by the angry "bouncer" of this house of entertainment, in which everything but sleep was allowed unchecked.

Jack Dunning, who was only just beginning his career of idleness and dissoluteness, occasionally turned and regarded the scene with repulsion and disgust. He watched the avaricious look of the bartender as the dice rolled out their tale of loss and gain on the counter. He noted that the liquor was oftener paid for by the gamblers than drank at the expense of the house; and he was sore over the discovery that no man paid for the vile stuff so many times as Jack Dunning paid. He was playing a losing game; and he had no more money in his pocket, although, with a gambler's desperation, he still played on.

The good-looking and rosy face of Jack was white with rage when, the suave bartender, having hurriedly brushed the dice aside, said, "Well, gents, what shall it be? Jack's lost ag'in, as usual."

"You lie, you scamp! You lie!" shouted Jack. "I threw fives and you threw three threes, a deuce, and an ace." For reply, the bartender sprung over the counter, but before he could grab Jack Dunning, that worthy young man was hustled by his friends toward the door, Sim Ray whispering in his ear, hoarsely, "Let him alone, you fool, he carries a knife under his vest! Get out quick!"

So saying, Simeon ran Jack out of the dive into the street, but from the hurly-burly and confusion within, it seemed to the angry apprentice that he was pursued by a yet more angry man who carried a knife.

In this belief, encountering a blinding storm of dust and wind, he stumbled upon some one who in the darkness punched him in the face with an upward motion of his elbow. For a moment it seemed to Jack as if he were surrounded by a dozen men, all struggling to get at him, although not a word was spoken. With a wild sweep of his arms in the obscurity he felt freedom around him, as if he had laid his assailants low in the dust. Turning to fly from the place, his foot struck some object; he stooped and picked up a hat and a short bludgeon, dropped in the confusion of the mêlée.

"I've lost my hat, and this stick may be needed if the hounds chase me across the field," was the thought that flashed through Jack's mind as he dashed out of Red Lane, down a side street, through a stable-yard, over a fence, and so through the short brown grass of Stimpson's field.

The sight of a man racing across a field, carrying a hat in one hand and a thick stick in another, would have roused the suspicions of any observer; but the darkening skies shut out the light, and in the dusky twilight Jack Dunning might have escaped unseen. As he ran, the five-forty-five train from Millbrook for Riverbank was gathering speed; it had just left the station, and Mike Redmond, the alert young brakeman, standing at his post on the rear platform of the last car, leaning forward and grasping the hand-rail, noted the flying, hatless figure as it rushed through the grass in a direction oblique to the moving train. Mike watched with interest the fleetness of the man, and when Jack Dunning, breathless and still hatless, snatched at the handrail of the car and swung lightly up to the step so difficult to reach from the ground, Mike gave him a lift and said, "That's a close call for you, young feller."

"And I'm well out of that hole," was Jack's reply, as he put the hat on his head and flung the bludgeon out into the grass now beaten down with the falling rain and swirling wind. But whether Jack referred to the village from which he had run, or to the wet and boggy field through which he had fled, Mike could never tell. Later, when the engine was whistling at the crossing on the edge of Wakefield's Meadows, Mike Redmond, looking through the rear window of the car, saw Jack take off his hat, which seemed too small for his round head, covered with a thick growth of red hair, look curiously into the lining where two gilt letters marked the owner's name, tear out the silk with a smile and toss

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it into the sheet of slanting rain that whizzed by the car-window. The fugitive running across the field, the strange hat, the bludgeon, the narrow chance of catching the train, and the tearing of the marked lining from the hat were trifles light as air. But when they were afterward considered in the cold light of a judicial inquiry, they were conclusive evidence; they were proof positive of crime, when it was found that the fugitive had flung himself desperately on to the train without having so much as a penny in his pocket toward paying his fare.

THE RECTOR OF TRINITY

The Reverend Justinian Littlefield lay tranquilly on his broad back among the stones and rubbish of the ravine, under the bridge of Red Lane. Twilight darkened into evening and yet he lay there, still and moveless. The rain, having soaked the parched earth, filled the bed of the ravine and rose in caressing currents about his comfortable shape. His bare head rested on a cluster of pebbles; the rain fell full in his face and aided the flowing stream to drench the sacerdotal garb of the prostrate Rector of Trinity parish.

The Rector's housekeeper (the Reverend Justinian was a bachelor), having hurriedly closed the rectory windows and made all snug against the storm, bethought herself of the absent master of the house. "The parson will shorely get wet," she mused. "He didn't take any umberill, and he won't stay anywheres to tea; he always likes to have his own tea to home, the parson does."

Still the Rector did not return, although the rain continued to fall in sheets, and the good woman fretted and wondered if the parson didn't have sense enough to borrow an umberill from some of his parishioners on whom he was calling that afternoon. Finally, thinking of the short cut through Red Lane, and the probability that the Rector might return that way, Mrs. Fitts, careful soul! sent forth her small maid-servant equipped for rainy weather, with an umbrella for the Rector, if he should chance to be met hurrying home through the now slackening shower. Mrs. Fitts stood on the portico in the rear of the rectory and watched the girl trip lightly down the steps to the wall and disappear into the darkness of Red Lane. Muttering a prayer that all might be well with the parson, and that no harm should come to the little Dorcas, sent into Red Lane like a lamb into the wilderness, the Rector's housekeeper closed the door and made ready the tea-table.

The Rector was stunned, not dead; and the sharp rain-drops falling in his face were grateful to his reviving senses, though they blinded his eyes as he lay there trying to think where he could possibly be. He was conscious only of bruises and pains all over his body; and when he attempted to rise, he involuntarily uttered a wail of anguish which sounded very like a cry. Vainly endeavoring to collect his scattered faculties, the Rector could only recollect his own name.

"I am the Reverend Justinian Littlefield, Rector of Trinity Parish, Millbrook, Massachusetts," he said over and over again. He fancied that some one was asking him where he had been, and he impatiently, and yet with dignified mildness, replied, "I am the Reverend Justinian Littlefield, Rector of Trinity Parish, Millbrook, Massachusetts." Beyond this poor, limited description of himself the parson's shattered mind could not go.

He lay there with his legs and the greater part of his body under what seemed to be the roof of a cavern, his head and shoulders exposed to the sky across which he could now see hurrying clouds; and he thought of the curtains of his bed at home through which he had sometimes seen the morning twilight breaking. Was he at home now? And was that the redness of the curtains that made everything wear the same ensanguined hue? Wherever he looked all was colored with some shade of red; even the darkness of the dungeon wall overhead was shot through with carmine, and the breaking light over his face was tinted with blood. Once more trying to rise and inspect these strange premises, he was conscious of an intolerable pain in his back; so keen a pang

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rent his frame that he groaned aloud in agony and fainted dead away.

Little Dorcas, pattering along the bridge, her eyes scanning timorously the red lights of the Rialto and the dingy windows of the Burnt Rag on either hand, heard that groan and stood stock still with fear, her small person wrinkling all over with the "gooseflesh feeling" which she afterward described as something new and novel in her brief experience. The two rum-shops mentioned in this truthful tale are built so that a part of each structure projects over Dry Ravine; and each of these ill-famed houses guards one side of the bridge under which the Rector lay silent after his groaning. Partly because of her reluctance to pass these dens, and partly inspired by a courage beyond her years, little Dorcas turned back, and, leaning on the low rail of the bridge, peered terrifiedly into the darkness below.

In the dimness of the evening the child could discern the form of a man lying below among the stones and rubbish of the ravine, the subsiding waters leaving him wet and limp among the sharp rocks and ignoble litter of the bed of the stream. It looked like the Rector! The light was clearing in the sky and the stars were coming out. It was the Rector! With a half-smothered cry on her lips, Dorcas flew across the bridge, scrambled down the bank without once thinking (as she afterwards narrated with womanly pride) of the danger of her daring. Kneeling by the side of the fallen man, now so abject and so forlorn, yet clothed in what seemed to be the mystery of death, the child lifted up her feeble voice in shrieks for aid.

Comrades of George Barnwell and of Jack Dunning, now far gone in their drunkenness, heard the childish cries as they stood unsteadily around the pagan altars of the Burnt Rag and the Rialto, pouring libations.

"Help! help! help! the parson's killed!" was the startling cry on the air.

"Wha's that?" broke from the lips of one of the bacchanalians, pausing with his shaking glass still in his hand. "Wha's that? Parson killed? No'sense! Parson don' drink."

But the hovels of Red Lane speedily emptied themselves as the thin cries of Dorcas pierced the stillness of the night, and a huddling crowd of people scrambled down the bank to the bottom of the ravine, where the child tearfully knelt and regarded the still form before her with respect, wonder, and dismay.

The Rector was tenderly lifted and carried up the bank by willing hands. He had not been loved by the habitants and habitués of Red Lane, but everybody held his cloth in reverence; and when he groaned in unconscious misery as he was lifted in their brawny arms, one man said, as if a weight of apprehension had been raised, "He hasn't croaked yet; there's life in him."

"Thank God for that," added the little anarchist, to the surprise of those who were not so occupied with their labor of love that they could not note the man's words.

In spite of the strange dignity that clothes the dead and dying, there was a certain irony in the appearance of the bedraggled Rector, so lately pacing stately forth upon his errands of office, and now brought home, unbent, soiled, wet, and helpless, by the grimy hands of the men of the Street of Vice. Perhaps the men felt this as they gently stripped the wounded man's clothing from his sacred person, under the direction of the doctor who had happened in to call upon the Rector, just as his body was being carried across the back portico by the rescuers from Red Lane. They were all serious and sober now. Yet more than one of them smiled in his beard as he recalled the erect and uncompromising attitude of the now wrecked man before them.

For a day or two the Rector lay hovering between life and death. His heavy fall for so great a distance caused frightful injuries; and a broken leg, dislocated shoulder, and bruised back were not the least of the many hurts sustained by the hapless man. After he had recovered sufficiently to tell what had happened to him up to the hour when he was struck by somebody, opposite the Burnt Rag, his deposition was taken by a functionary of the law and the machinery of justice was set in motion to hunt out the mur-

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derous assailant who had nearly killed so good a man.

As he lay there, white and attenuated, day after day, looking up into the red canopy of his bed, so like the ochreous gloom of the roof of the dungeon where he had been mysteriously confined, the Reverend Justinian Littlefield, Rector of Trinity Parish, Millbrook, Mass., patiently endeavored to recall what had been said to him in the wild whirling of the dust-storm in Red Lane; what had next happened to him, and how he got home from that fatal bridge. But there was a great gulf of oblivion fixed betwixt the Street of Vice and the red-canopied bed where he lay. He had been surprised when he found himself there at home lying so stiffly and so devoid of feeling, while someone, he knew not who, softly bathed his head with something that smelled pleasantly and faintly, and somebody else whispered, "He's coming to."

Meanwhile, as incidental to this tale, it should be said that Jack Dunning, run down by those unerring sleuth-hounds, the detectives, was arrested for the assault upon the unoffending parson and, after a short but apparently fair trial, was found guilty and was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the State penitentiary. The evidence, although purely circumstantial, was overwhelming and conclusive—at least to the intelligent jury who, with indignant speed, brought in a verdict which, it was thought, should satisfy the worthy and foully injured Rector that justice could be meted out to the criminal, even though it did sometimes appear as if the foundations of society were broken up in Millbrook.

One thing greatly bothered the Rector, as he gazed upward into the warm darkness of his bed-curtains. His ecclesiastic hat, so like the soft, wide-brimmed "wide-awake" of worldly minded people as to provoke their derision, had never been found. Diligent search during the night of the assault and early next morning did not discover the substantial, fine felt hat of the Rector. But the village detectives, big with importance, did find the derby hat worn by Jack Dunning. The observant but sympathetic brakeman of the railway train that carried Jack from his scene of terror and crime, reluctantly testified to having seen the fugitive, when safely swung upon the train, put on a hat which evidently was not his own, first removing the marked lining therefrom.

But to the best knowledge and belief of the witness, the head-gear worn by Jack Dunning on that eventful evening was a stiff one, like that which Jack usually wore. It was too small for him and did not fit his shaggy head. Why did he tear out the marked lining and carefully throw it away? Jack, allowed to testify in his own behalf, could not explain why. He had even forgotten what were the letters marked on the silk lining. He had picked up the hat in a scuffle, he said, and, having lost his own, he wore this home; then, as it was a poor fit for him, he threw it away. So there were two missing hats, Jack Dunning's own and the Rector's. Nevertheless, as these points were deemed immaterial to the case, Jack was duly convicted and sentenced, as aforementioned.

THE FATHER AND JUDGE

Autumn had frozen into winter and the Rector was beginning to take hold of life once more, although visitors were yet denied access to his sick-room except under the strictest precautions of the doctor in attendance and the watchful vigilance of Mrs. Fitts. "Lie here, thou shadow of a man," the poor Rector was accustomed to say to himself, as he looked at his transparent hands or felt the rigid boniness of his frail tenement of clay. Propped among ample pillows, like a sick child, the Rector listened with dreary regularity for the healing creak of the village doctor as he came up the stair; or he turned his face listlessly to see the door open and Mrs. Fitts come in, with dejected visage and lugubrious looks, to minister to his wants. Ages had passed, he thought, since he had been waylaid in Red Lane and nearly done to death.

The doleful tragedy came vividly before his wandering mind one day, when

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he was surprised by a visit from Judge Barnwell. The Judge, neighbor and friend, had often called to inquire after the Rector's state, during the critical stages of his long confinement; but, so

"Sent forth her small maid-servant equipped for rainy weather."
—Page 206.

rigorous were the orders of the physician in charge, not even Judge Barnwell had been permitted to cross the threshold of the door that opened into the sick man's chamber.

"Says he must see me at once on business of importance?" said the Rector, feebly, when the housekeeper told him that Judge Barnwell was imperative in his demand to see him. The giving of his deposition to a man learned in the law, but unlearned in the art of caring for the sick, had been a severe ordeal to the Rector, when the trial of the dissolute and idle apprentice, Jack Dunning, was going on; and since then, no man without the approval of the doctor had been brought to his bedside.

"I think I may venture," the invalid said, with a faint smile. "The Judge is a gentleman; he will not agitate or shock me, I am sure. You may bring him in with my compliments, although the doctors may object when they find it out."

But it was the Judge, and not the Rector, who was agitated when the two men met. The sick man was startled, but his good breeding stood him well, and he suppressed from his face the surprise he felt in his mind as he looked at the haggard and drawn countenance of the Judge, once so full and rubicund, so suggestive of good living and an occasional bottle of sound old wine, but now cleared of color.

"You look as if you had had a fit of sickness," said the Rector, when the two men were left together.

"I have," replied the Judge, sententiously. Then rising and carefully locking the door to guard against intrusion, Judge Barnwell said: "My dear doctor, I have a terrible and sorrowful communication to make." He paused and gulped down what seemed to be a sob. The Rector, dazed and speechless, waited in silence.

Slowly unbuttoning his overcoat, the Judge drew forth from its concealment a soft, black hat which the Rector instantly recognized as his own. Even in his excitement at seeing again the head-covering which he had worn on that fatal night, Dr. Littlefield noticed trifles. He saw that the Judge's hands were white and fine; he looked at the seal ring on the third finger of his left hand, and vaguely wondered if that ring did not have some reference to the Judge's dead wife. He took note of the card which the Judge drew from the lining of the hat and laid on the coverlet. He knew that that card bore his name and title: "The Reverend Justinian Littlefield, Trinity Parish, Millbrook, Mass." To be sure it was his hat; but what of it?

Suddenly he heard, as if from afar, a

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familiar voice cry, "Oh, you'll damn my father, the Judge, will you?"

"I found this hat in my son's private locker, this morning," said Judge Barnwell, huskily, his cold blue eyes fixed on the face of the broken man there lying, a hopeless and helpless cripple. "Found it in his private locker, where he had unwittingly directed me, by letter, to look for garments to be sent to him."

The Rector's brain reeled in a vain endeavor to comprehend what this should mean to the Judge, and why his face was so aged all at once by this discovery. He feebly tried to grasp the situation; even men who are in full possession of all their faculties are often bothered to see what relation to a crime some trivial fact may have, although the fact is the key of an intricate puzzle. The Rector's mind was weak and enfeebled. He was never again the strong, sane man he had been before his fall.

The Judge remorselessly went on with his story, in spite of the Rector's evident weakness and inability to understand what was said. "My son," and here the Judge gulped down another sob; "my son wore this hat on the night when you were assaulted in Red Lane. I saw him come into the house with it on his head, and marvelled much that he should have a hat so different from that which he customarily wore. He never, to my knowledge, wore it after that night. It is not my habit to inquire of George concerning his wearing apparel; and I never asked of him why he procured this hat, nor why he never wore it after that fatal night."

Still the Rector was unable to take in the meaning of Judge Barnwell's revelation. He regarded his visitor with silent surprise. Noticing this, the Judge patiently added: "My dear doctor, my unfortunate and misguided son was your assailant in Red Lane. He may have been an accessory only, or he may have been so far gone in his cups that he assaulted you blindly and alone. But he was in the fracas that so nearly cost you your life. He wore home your hat without noticing that it was not his, I presume, having lost his own. If he were wholly guiltless of this crime, he would have mentioned the fact that he was present, but innocent of any evil intent. In this case, silence is confession. My poor boy was ashamed to let me know that he was that night frequenting the odious places in Red Lane." The Senior Warden of Trinity bowed his head in his hands and sobbed aloud; and in his mental hearing rung the sad refrain of King David, "My son! my son!"

"My poor friend," said the Rector, at last, touched by the emotion of a strong man in his grief, "do not take this thing so hard. There is some dreadful mistake here. I gave nobody any provocation on that night, nor indeed on any other night. It could not have been George who threw me from the bridge. He had no reason."

"He was not himself that night. He shut himself in his room when he returned home, and saw no one. If he assaulted you, he did it while in temporary delirium, ignorant of the person assaulted."

Judge Barnwell, Senior Warden of Trinity, was a stern man, a citizen of dignity and standing in Millbrook; he was one of the pillars of society. His son's waywardness had often humiliated him. Could it be possible that the son should now be justly the inmate of a cell in the penitentiary in the place of Jack Dunning? Jack Dunning, the idle apprentice whose ill-repute was wide, though Jack too had his friends and boon companions?

"Was nothing said in the darkness, no word to indicate why you were so grievously assaulted?" asked the Judge, knitting his brows.

The Rector hesitated for a moment, then, with an effort of the memory, he said, in an unnatural voice, that seemed like the voice of some other man, "Oh, you'll damn my father, the Judge, will you?" Then he stopped and with an appealing look at his Senior Warden, seemed to ask that he might be spared further questions. He had great respect for the Judge who was also Senior Warden.

The upright Judge covered his eyes with the Rector's hat and bitterly thought. His mind was occupied with a single-minded sentiment, his dignity.

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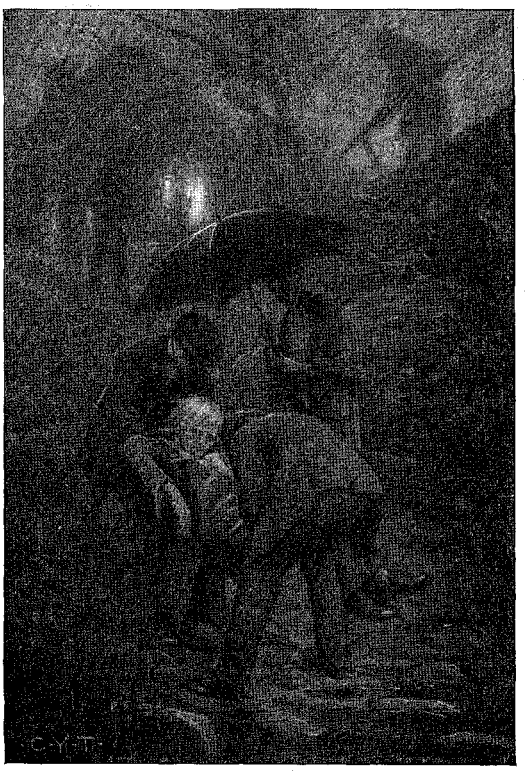
Must his son, the son of the upright Judge and Senior Warden, be denounced as an accessory, possibly as a principal, in the shameful affair for which Jack Dunning, the idle apprentice, was now securely locked in a felon's cell? So far the secret of George Barnwell's complicity was safe; the Rector would never tell. The Judge, dropping the brim of the Rector's hat from his face, looked at the mild and almost vacuous countenance of the invalid, who would always be an invalid. Jack Dunning was a ne'er-do-well and would soon reach the gallows if he were out of jail. To keep him there was to prolong his life, perhaps reform him altogether. The law was satisfied. What good could come of the trial and conviction of an accomplice, or of the substitution of the real criminal for the innocent man? Who could tell whether Jack Dunning were not justly convicted, after all? He had had a fair trial; the upright Judge had seen to that. And it was all a mystery.



"Tenderly lifted and carried up the bank by willing hands."—Page 207.

"I never said a word that could be construed into a condemnation of you or any other Judge," said the Rector, weakly.

"Of course you never did, my dear friend and pastor. Of course you never did; and I cannot imagine why any man should put such atrocious words into your mouth or impute to you such wicked intentions." The Senior Warden was looking into the Rector's hat now. As he gazed into the hollow of its crown he seemed to see, as in a phantasmagoria, the figure of a stalwart and comely youth who leaned against the grated window of his cell and looked hopelessly and listlessly over a dim landscape, in which he should have no nearer relation for many a weary year. He saw the dull look of the convict; he noticed that the thick hair which the man had worn so jauntily on his trial and when he had been sentenced by the upright Judge, was gone from his head; he looked the jail-bird that he was. He called to mind the stammering protestations of innocence and the passionate, frightened appeals to the clemency of the court which the criminal had made. He remembered the bungling attempts of the young lawyer, who had been assigned by the court to defend the prisoner, to establish an alibi and break the chain of circumstantial evidence that bound his client. From his nerveless hand dropped the Rector's hat upon the rug. The picture vanished.

"Jack Dunning is a bad and dissolute young man," said the Judge.

"Very, very," replied the Rector. "I am sorry for his poor widowed mother; but after Jack has served out his sentence, I have no doubt that he will be a better boy, a better boy." The Rector's mind slightly wandered.

The Judge picked up the hat and gazed into it with eyes that saw nothing. But in his mental vision stood his handsome son, his only son, heir to his name and fair repute. Village gossips had said that George Barnwell was a wild young fellow; but he meant no harm; he would come out all right after he

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had sown his wild oats. Even the distant and upright Judge had heard this. And there stood his son, ready to be led into the cell of the convict! He could see him now in the dark background of the Rector's hat; the clustering chestnut curls that his mother had loved to finger were harshly clipped from his head. This time it was the shapely and well-bred figure of the Judge's son and heir that leaned against the prison bars; his brown eyes (so much like his mother's!) looked hopelessly over the woods and fields without.

The two men noted, without hearing, the low hissing of the wood burning in the fireplace, and the dropping of the ashes, so intense was the quiet of the sick-chamber. An occasional rattling blow of drifting snow smote on the window-pane.

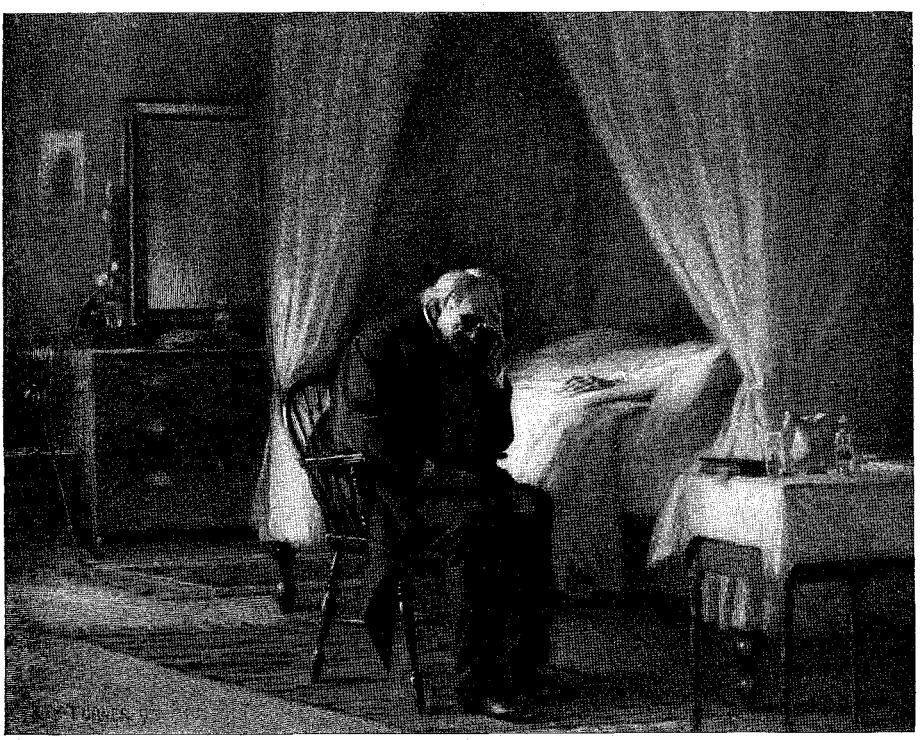
The upright Judge and Senior Warden rose heavily from his chair, and, taking the Rector's transparent hand in his, said: "With your permission, I will keep this hat till George comes home for the Christmas holidays. And in the interests of justice, perhaps it will be as well if neither of us should ever mention that your hat has been found."

"Certainly not," said the Rector, wearied and spent with the tax upon his failing powers. "I trust I know my duty to society and to you; and I hope that George may have a pleasant Christmas."

The brow of the upright Judge darkened for a moment. He dropped the Rector's hand, bowed with old-fashioned courtesy, buttoned the Rector's hat under his magisterial overcoat, unlocked the door, and departed with his own peculiar and grave dignity.

When George Barnwell came home for the Christmas vacation in the chill atmosphere of the mansion of the Senior Warden of Trinity, he found the Rector's hat hanging where he had left it in his private locker, apparently undisturbed.

"A mighty good job for me that the governor didn't find that hat," he muttered, with a frown. "And they say that the Rector will not last until spring."



"The Judge picked up the hat and gazed into it with eyes that saw nothing."—Page 211.

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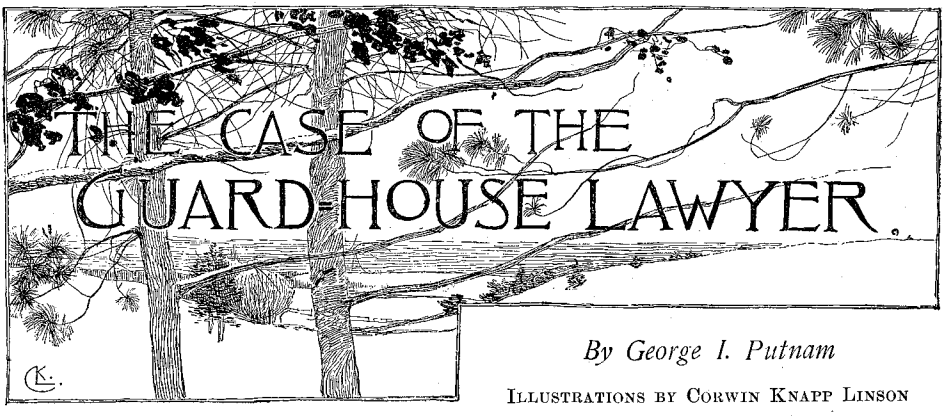

By George I. Putnam

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

THE high road just over the eastern ridge from the village by the river was impassable for even the stoutest teams. It had been driven full of snow by December winds, and the snow had fallen, and frozen, and thawed, and settled, and frozen again, all through the winter. It mattered nothing that the road was not broken out; there were but two dwellings on it, and their men went over the ridge and to the village on snow-shoes, on their infrequent errands.

One day in March a young man in blue was making his way slowly along this road. A thaw was on, and the deep snow was treacherously soft; he would take a few steps securely, and at the next sink to his hips. It was hard work. The sun shone bright and warm; the fresh, cold smell of snow-water was in the air; in the deep gorge below the road, on the east, a black stream rushed violently between icy banks. A saw-mill was farther down, with the houses, where the gorge became a valley, and the wind, setting up, brought the odor of new pine-boards. The man swallowed at it hungrily. The road dipped beneath some heavy hemlocks, and the snow was hard and supporting. He stood a moment there, resting; broke some small twigs over his head, stripped the green needles in his hand, crushing them and smelling at them. He took some of them between his lips experimentally, but they were very bitter and he spat them out. Then the whir of saws came loud on the fresher wind, and he started on.

A bend in the road would have brought him in sight of the mill; but he turned sharply to his right behind the bold ridge-spur, stumbled over the stone boundary wall, half-buried in snow, and climbed the wind-swept slope. The skirt of his long blue overcoat beat an irregular tattoo under his knees with its broken fringe of gathered snow, and he marched for the nearest point of the wood that hung above him. He passed among the trees quickly.

On the river side of the ridge, in the edge of the wood, he stood some minutes, narrowly watching. He had avoided the village by the high-road detour, and was about two miles south of it. The line of the turnpike could be seen, up and down, far along the valley. No moving object was in sight. A square old farm-house, with the comfortable smoke of a wood fire drifting from its central chimney, was below him. He watched as keenly as an Indian for suspicious signs about it, or on the road, or in the far-off edge of the village. Satisfied at last, or impelled by hunger, he broke from the wood, hastened down the cleared slope, gained the south door of the farm-house, and knocked.

It was opened almost immediately by a girl, who had seen him coming and noted his military dress. She spoke cordially:

"Come in, won't you?"

He stepped into the kitchen, took off his cap, and she closed the door behind him. She was a large girl, with a full, serious face. Her figure was youthfully slender, but her step was firm as that of a person of decided judgment;

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and there were shadows in her gray eyes. There was about her a suggestion of retarded development—of maidenhood's spring lingering with no change of season into maturity's summer—it may have been the shadows in her eyes. The guest certainly felt it, for the smile he had summoned to make smooth his entrance flickered, and his tongue was silent. The touch of apprehension that had ruled his movements still possessed him; and the girl, perceiving it, kindly tried to put him at ease.

"It is hard walking, isn't it? The snow's quite soft under foot. Did you come the back road? I didn't know anybody could get through, it is so bad; but a soldier goes where other people can't, and thinks nothing of it. Are you cold? Won't you sit up to the stove? Can I do anything for you?"

She was plainly a few years older than he, and this gave him confidence. As he became sure of her sincerity he nodded, spoke briefly, and smiled; and at her last question he held out his hand with a bit of silver in it and said:

"Ten cents worth of something to eat, please."

She stood back and showed white, strong teeth in a pleasant laugh: "You are the first soldier I ever saw with money to throw away!"

"I haven't got much. That's all," he replied—a mock apology. As his apprehension faded a reckless lightness came to his face and tongue; like a man who has nothing but life, and puts no value on that.

She was already moving back and forth between the pantry and the table. "I think you won't pay for anything you get in this house. No soldier ever did," she said, decidedly. "Though we Vermonters haven't had much chance to feed soldiers since the war. Father was in that—all through it."

He looked at her, a quick cat-like look of avoidance. "Is your father here?" he asked, as though it was an important question.

"He is dead," said the girl, quietly. "Your lunch is ready."

He took the chair she placed for him. After a moment he moved it to the end of the table, so he could look from the window and view the turnpike northward. Then he ate like a man to whom food is a stranger. She watched him with curious pleasure.

"You must have been hungry," she observed.

"Walking gives me an appetite always."

"You belong at the new Fort, don't you?"

"I came from there."

"You on furlough?"

"No. Yes. Well, call it that. Yes, I'm on furlough." He tried to return non-committal answers, but he was divided between his food, his watch, and her questions.

"Father came home just once in the war on furlough. That was before I was born, but they have told me about it. He was wounded. Have you been wounded?"

"No. We don't get shot much nowadays," he replied, with a touch of irony. "That isn't what we go into it for."

"What do you go into it for?" she asked, slowly.

"Oh, for a living, mostly," he said, flippantly. "It's a trade, like any other. It used to be different?"

"Yes," she said, in a tone as though she had begun to distrust him, "father and all the others enlisted from patriotism." Her eyes were very steady, and dark with the shadows.

"That's the volunteer service, you see," he replied, as though that explained the difference.

"I shouldn't call killing people a very good trade."

"It isn't," he said, promptly, and laughing.

"Choosing it isn't like being called to it," she added, defensively.

"Not a bit," he agreed, cheerfully. "But it's an easy trade to get the hang of, and I was out of work, and got tired of loafing——"

"I should think you would want to get out of it."

"I do," he declared, so readily that her doubts of him were scattered.

"That is, if you have anything else to do," she added, less decisively.

"I have," he replied, "I have to get out of it." And then he laughed aloud at her puzzled expression.

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The food and her kindness had revived him. He was fresher, his eyes were brighter than when he entered. With his fatigue he seemed to have cast off his wary attitude. "So you won't take my ten cents? Sort of a widow's mite, you know," he said lightly, rising and making a feint of offering it.

"No, indeed. Father never would, and I am sure I will not." Her stiff seriousness put a sudden restraint on the young soldier. He stood irresolute in the middle of the room, and the outer door opened. He turned toward it like a flash.

A man of thirty-five, in a farmer's frock, entered. He took in the fact of the soldier's presence, and then his eyes sought the girl questioningly. Hers answered him gladly; the shadows fled; her attitude became more easily upright, as though a sure support had come to her. The farmer nodded pleasantly at the soldier.

"Country's defender?" he said.

"Something like," said the soldier, reassured. "Foraging for rations," he added, with a motion of his hand toward the table.

"Yes? Well, I guess you got pretty good care taken of you here," the farmer replied, with a fond glance at the girl. She colored in a pleased way. The soldier said to himself that these two were lovers, and his heart gave a throb of sympathy.

The farmer continued with a certain awkward kindliness of speech and manner: "It's been something of a rarity for us to see the uniform up here till they built the Fort last summer. But I guess you boys don't get treated any worse for not being known?"

"Probably not," said the soldier, dryly.

"I was telling him about father," the girl interposed. Her manner said there were no secrets in her house or heart from this farmer.

"Yes? Well, I don't know of anything better to tell him." He hung hesitatingly at the door. "I just came in to see if you wanted anything from the village. I'm going up that way."

"I don't know of anything," she returned, after thought.

"Well, then, I'll be going." He turned to the soldier. "'Bout twelve miles from the Fort, ain't you? If I see any of your boys up to the village I'll tell them you're here."

"No matter," said the soldier, nonchalantly. "If they want me they'll ask. Don't put yourself out for me."

The farmer went, and his sleigh-bells jingled up the road. The girl watched him from the window, and the shadows were again in her eyes when she turned.

"I'd better be going," said the soldier, a trifle nervously. The farmer's departure had made him restless.

"If you're going to the Fort you might have ridden with him far as the village. Why didn't I think!" the girl reproached herself.

"No, I'm going south. On furlough, you know."

"You might be going back—so near-

Making his way slowly.—Page 213.

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ly out of money," she said, with a little touch of humor in her discernment.

"We don't need money in Vermont. It's God's country to us," said he, half-flippantly again.

"Thank you," said she, with serious dignity, for it sounded to her like praise. It demanded practical recognition. "Wait a moment," she said, "I will show you something."

Then she went into another room, the door of which stood partly open. She spoke with some one in there—and he involuntarily made a movement toward the outer door, he was so distrustful of persons present but unseen. He looked out of the north window again; no one but the farmer was in sight, even to the edge of the village. And he stood, and stayed. The girl came back.

"Mother is in here," she said. "She will be glad if you step in. She is a great invalid, after a lifetime of hard work."

The old woman was propped carefully in bed with pillows. As he came in she moved her head in recognition of his presence, and he stood awkwardly in the way, not knowing why he was there, till the girl touched his shoulder.

"This is what I wished you to see," she said; and she pointed to the white wall above the foot of the bed. There hung a sword, a sash, and a captain's shoulder-straps. The mother nodded again as they looked; she never spoke; perhaps she could not.

"They were father's," said the girl, reverently. "He flung away the world from a sense of duty, as it seems to us no one but a soldier can ever do. Mother likes them where she can always see them. They comfort her loneliness, now he is gone, and, she thinks, hold her to the duty of living. She is better off than some; some have no symbols. You understand now why a soldier is made welcome in this house?"

The eyes she turned on him were full of serenity behind their shadows. There was the same look in the mother's, fixed on the rusting sword. It gave to both faces an expression of unswerving truth and loyalty.

"Yes." He fell behind, and followed her into the kitchen. "Was he killed?" he asked, as not knowing what to do or say.

"No. He was wounded, and suffered many years. He was a sick man ever after the war. Mother was very strong and capable, but she had the care of him and of the farm, and she broke down . . . It was plain, coarse food I gave you——"

"It was good," he interposed, "and company kitchens don't give us delicate appetites."

"The years of sickness are expensive, and we have to live very closely. And the times are hard for farmer folk, too," she concluded.

He thrust his hand into his pocket again. "You'd do better to take what I can give you. I wish it was more."

"Oh, no," she said, decidedly, with a smile that intensified the refusal. "Much or little, it doesn't matter. I refused from principle, and it doesn't make any difference whether we get along or not, so long as we do right. Father was a soldier, and could die for right; mother and I are women, and have to live for it." Then she fancied she saw bewilderment on his face, and a sudden womanly pity for him took possession of her. "Keep your money as you go along till you find some one worse off than mother and I. There are such—people without a past. Then let them have it."

They had been standing near the north window as they talked, and from time to time she glanced out. She had seen her lover turn from the turnpike to a road less used, where he would find another neighbor and offer his good services; it was part of their poverty that the farmers should depend on one another, and find happiness in that interdependence. Now she looked and saw something else—a dark grouping of mounted men, half a dozen of them, riding by twos down the road from the village.

"There come some of your comrades," she exclaimed; and receiving no reply, turned to look at the soldier. "What ails you!" she cried, alarmed.

His eyes were fixed on that foreboding column, and he had become suddenly very pale beneath his ruddy burn; he did not move; he did not an-

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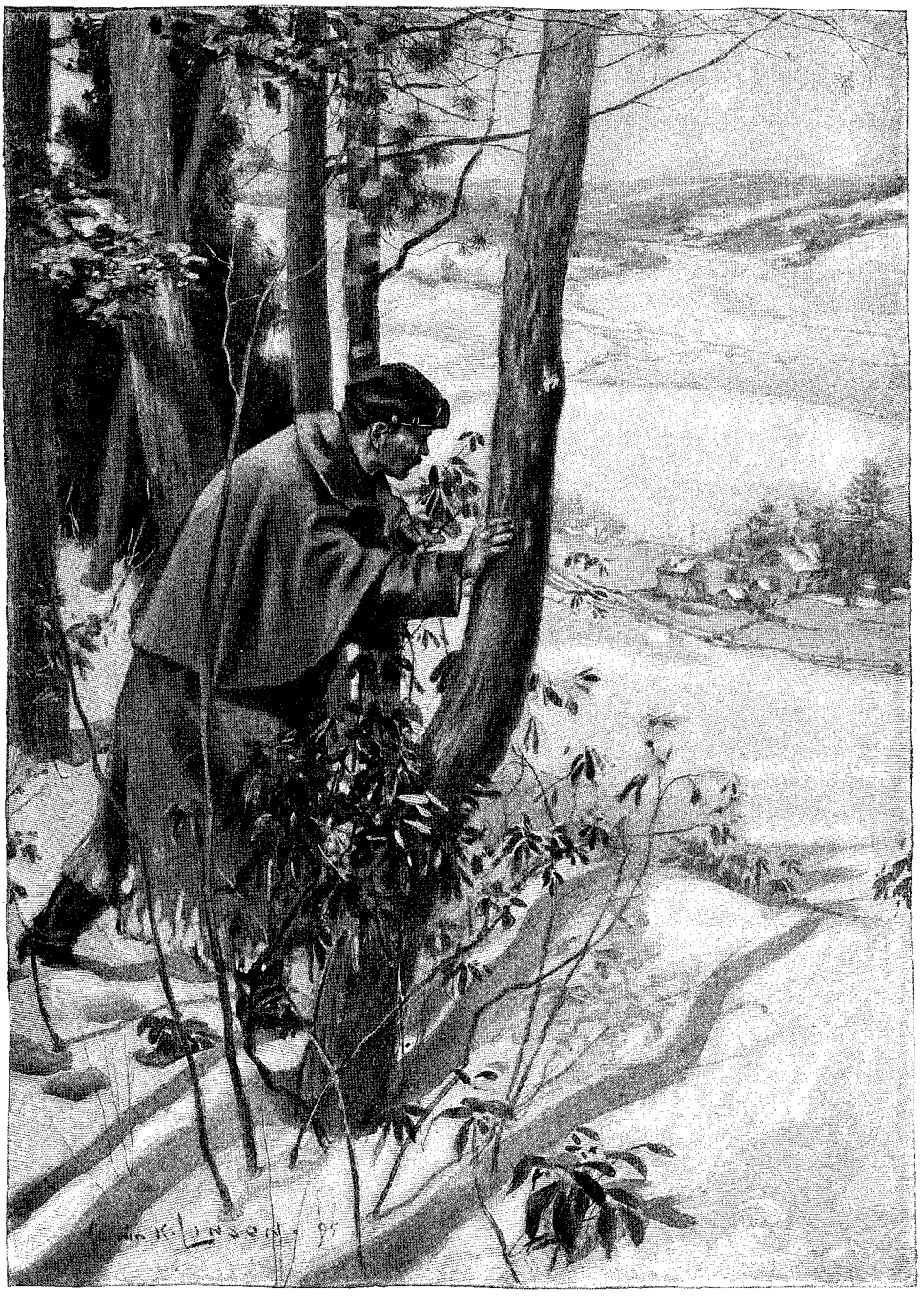

"He stood some minutes, narrowly watching."—Page 213

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swer. In a moment she connected his furtive manner, his evasive speech, with this. She dropped her hands to the table, and dealt him a blow with her eyes.

"You are a deserter!"

All the scorn her loyal nature could feel was expressed in this.

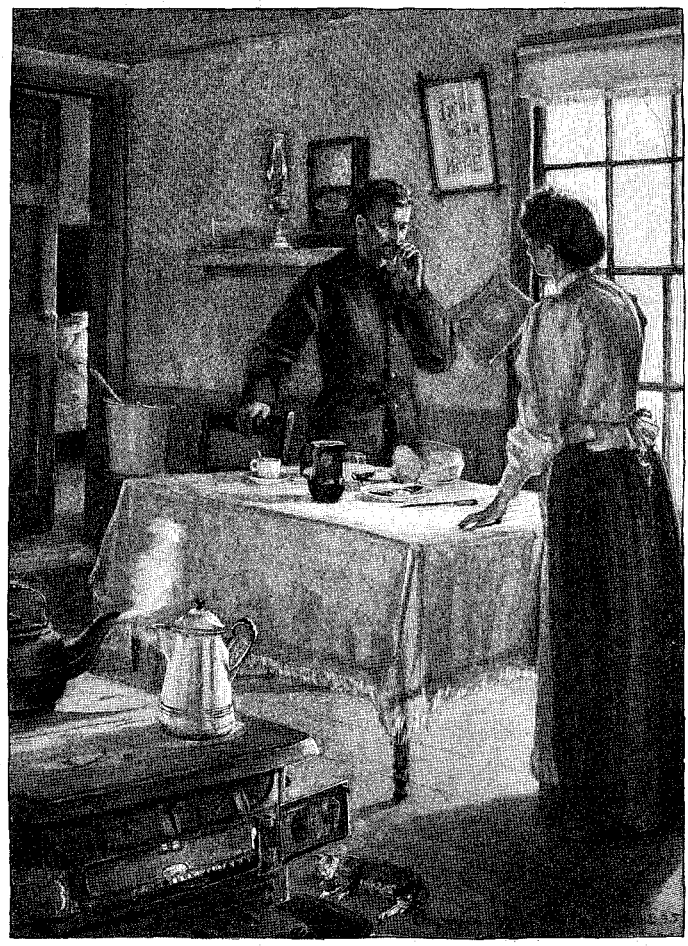
He cowered before her, the spirit of defence gone from him. A wounded deer, weakened to the last degree, will plead dumbly with its eyes for mercy from the hunter, its inferior; but his submissive glance was craven.

"Don't let them get me," he whimpered.

Then his lips went dry and moved noiselessly, trying to plead. He could not venture on the road; he dared not climb to the wood; for protection he rested on this girl, who was a stranger to even the thought of error. And through the window he saw the mounted patrol approaching at a steady trot. There was a ringing in his ears like the clank of their accoutrements. She felt no pity for this man, a skulker. Her father was her standard. Her lover was measured by him, was even now proving his loyalty by loving and waiting, and loving yet the more under the stress of forbidding poverty. She loathed the spirit of deception embodied in the cringing fellow before her; she was indignant at the imposition practised upon her.

"I am sorry mother saw you." The girl was inflexible. Her words fell cold and heavy on his heart; but they beat up a latent strength, so that he stood upright and gave her one level, honest glance.

"Deserter or not, I'm no dog!" he cried. "How can you who have so much to make you strong judge the failure of another? You never failed, yourself! What can you know about it?"



"You are a deserter!"

"What did you see in there?" she demanded, extending her arm toward the inner room. "An old woman dead in life, a man alive in death—or, no, *you* could not see him. *You* saw only his sword, something that stands for his death. But *he* did not run away! And what could be more to be avoided?" she challenged.

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"Injustice," he replied, scoring. The sun winked on the buttons of men and the bits of horses, a half mile away. Capture was certain, and her scorn was ample; but he had become steady. It was the desperate, laughing courage of the battle-field, when a man who cannot run away may die a hero; and the girl recognized it.

"There is no injustice like that of death," she declared.

"Death's easy," said he, with seeming contempt. "Anything can die, and it isn't worth a man's while to run from it. But to live—and be denied the best thing in life—that takes the courage! *I* haven't got it. Have you?"

"I live," said she, definitively.

He quickly comprehended. "That's so. He was in here. I wonder now if he told them?" And he looked out again at the approaching patrol with affected impersonal interest. He was speaking, arguing with the glibness of a certain undesirable class of enlisted men—trouble-breeders—to whom their more reliable comrades apply the epithet of "guard-house lawyers." They never win more than one case in the same court.

"No," said the girl, with candor, "he did not meet them."

"That's good . . . Not that it makes any difference now," he added, bitterly. Then he flung up his head. "After all, there's only one reason why we do these things—live, or die, or desert. Love."

At the word, which he uttered musically, the shadows deepened in the girl's eyes, and she unbent from her rigidity. "Ah! do you love a girl?" she said, softly. Love had become a religion with her, and her loyal heart found no shame in its worship. "You do?" she murmured.

"Not more than she loves me," he replied, steadfastly. It was the only ground on which they could meet, and he went on, conscious of his gain. "Perhaps you don't know how they manage in this our paternal regular army? There's nothing like it. Marrying don't depend on you, or the girl, or the girl's father, or the priest. You must go to an outsider — to your captain — and say, 'Have I the Captain's permission to marry?' 'No, sir! go to your quarters or I'll send you to the guard-house for impertinence!' That's what mine said! And it isn't as if hard times or hard duty interfered. It's just because he likes single men in his company best. . . . And I was a corporal, too — here's where the chevron was on my sleeve. Reduced, of course, soon after—insubordination. Oh, yes!" he cried, recklessly, fleering his arm above his head, "and drunk, and court-martialled, and fined, and confined, till I had no good name in all the garrison — only with her. *She* knew better'n all the men who were disciplining me! But what of it? I couldn't stand it. Nobody could. Here I am, and I see I'm going back to worse'n it ever was before." The patrol was near now. He could recognize his comrades — the individual seat, the slant of their caps. He was going back soon as their prisoner.

"We live and wait," said the girl, with a certain sympathy. She had withdrawn somewhat in the story of his disgrace, and her gaze was far away, up the road, as though she might discern her lover — a dear, black, loyal spot against the snow.

"Oh, *I* could have lived and waited, too—if it hadn't been for her. She's at the Fort, a poor girl, of course—who else would marry a soldier?—and I know what life for that kind is at a post. *You* don't; *she* don't. Good women can't. But *I* know . . . And I wanted her to take care of, but I couldn't have her. And then they made it so hot for me with their discipline I thought I'd get away, and send for her . . . Desert? I'd do it every day for a year if it'd help!"

"Yes, you did it for her," said the girl, studying him. She had arrived at his motive, but it had not rebuilt her unquestioning first faith in him as a man. She perceived that it was fear of punishment, not chagrin at failure, that made him dread capture.

"Of course. What else?" he said, with assumed nonchalance. "She's worth it—but where's the use? The game's up. There's just one thing"—he smiled faintly—"*I* didn't ask you to hide me, just now, you know. That wasn't me — somebody else — no relation whatever. You know that?" He

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struck himself lightly on the chest. "*This* is me!" he cried. "I made a try for it, but I know when I'm done for. I'm going back now, faster'n I come!"

Suddenly the girl sprang at him, set her hands against his shoulders, and pushed him violently along. "Get away from that window!" she cried. "They're near enough to see you!"

He seemed astonished, and he yielded before her. "Why, you're being good to me!" he said.

"Oh, not *you*," she gasped. She hardly knew she had touched him. She stood defensively before the window, as if to fend off his approach. He did not divine her motive, did not understand that she acted from more than impulse. But he liked her for it; she was generous and noble to sacrifice her principles for him, for he had spoken sincerely about going back; and it made him feel capable of some lofty action also. The plan of it flashed into his mind on the instant, and he smiled and spoke:

"Why, yes, you are, but it isn't any use. I've got to go back now. They'll stop and ask if you've seen me — I know; I've been out for deserters myself—and you're not the girl to lie me out of it. But I appreciate what you've done and tried to do. I'm beaten, though. . . . So when they come I wish you'd tell the sergeant I'm here, and lead them right in. I *can't* get away, so I won't give you my word, such as it is, to stay and be captured. You tell him that, will you? And bring 'em right in."

Her heart was crying for the girl at the Fort, who must know the sorrows of waiting and of disappointment, to escape one yet heavier. She shook her head at him. "No, no, no."

"You will, if you really want to be kind to me," he urged. "It don't make any difference to me whether I give myself up or am given up. . . . I'll get the same ration either way—and if you give me up, it's thirty dollars to you. Government reward."

"Stop!" she cried, raising her hand warningly.

"Never mind if they do hear me," he continued, obtusely. "I know you need the money, and you can't make that much any easier. And you'll oblige me very much." He smiled engagingly. "Of course the government has its precedent for the price of a soul. There was Judas, you know——"

"You make a bad matter worse," she deplored. She stood to watch the arrival of the patrol, and he could not see her face.

"I didn't mean anything by that," he apologized. "It's thirty pieces now; sometimes they pay more, sometimes less. I think you ought to do it. Thirty dollars means a good deal—comforts for your mother—you've got a duty to her you know—perhaps less waiting for you." He ventured this doubtfully; but he did not see her clench her hands, and he could not have known she heard. "It's really from me for value received, not from the government. I ain't worth thirty dollars to them or anybody," he concluded, half-reckless, half-defiant.

Quickly the girl went from the room, closing the door behind her, through a long passage, and to the front door. The patrol had jingled up and halted before the house, and the sergeant was hammering with his pistol butt on the panel. As she opened to him he swung her off a handsome salute.

"You haven't seen one of our boys go by to-day or yesterday, have you, Miss?" he asked.

"No."

"We thought likely he'd come this way, but that's what they tell us all along. You'd have seen him, would you, if he had come by?"

"Yes. Probably."

"Had our ride for nothing, then. Thank you, Miss. Good-day." He saluted again, swung himself to the saddle, and his little command turned its face in the direction it had come. She went back to the kitchen.

By the look on his face the deserter expected some of the patrol to follow her, and as she came alone he fell into wonder. "What—where—what's happened?" he cried.

"They thought it was useless to seek farther, and they have gone back," said the girl. She did not look at him. Her eyes were on the door by which he should go out.

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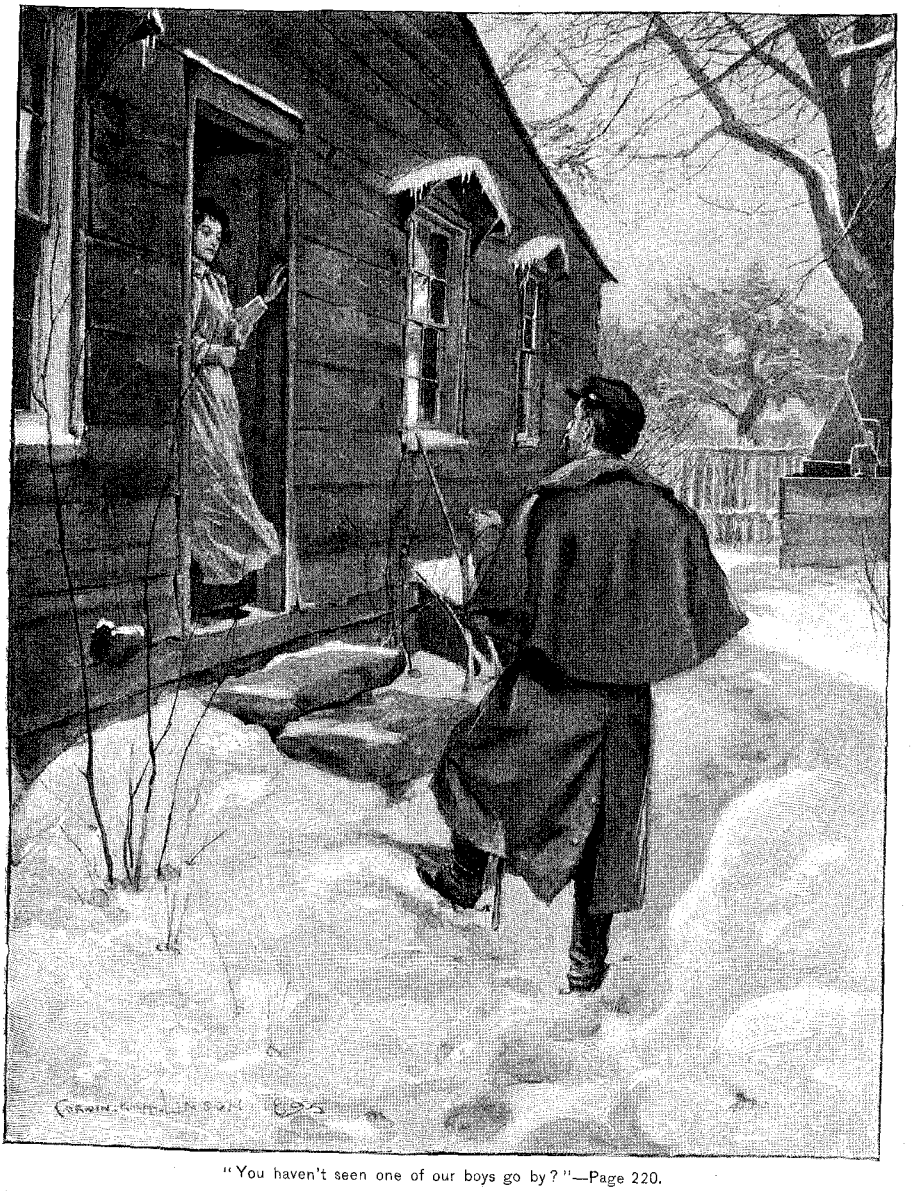

"You haven't seen one of our boys go by?"—Page 220.

He stepped forward impulsively as though to grasp her hands; but she looked at him, and he stopped.

"Why did you do this?" he asked.

"Because you are a deserter."

"You should have sent me back."

"I did what seemed right."

"You shielded me from punishment."

"I did not think so—not you."

"For desertion? You don't know army discipline!"

"Oh, that is nothing to me. Your duty may be to the army; mine is to that girl who loves you."

"Ah!" He looked at her curiously, as though she had suddenly brought his love-affair to him from a great distance. "You don't think I was lying about that?"

"No, I don't think that of you." She knew he was weak, but she did not wish to think him vicious. She had

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placed him beside the two men she knew—her father and her lover—as a measure to contain their combined loyalty and patience; and she thought he had shown himself inferior to each. She did not believe he would prove more faithful to a sweetheart than to his military duty, and she forced them apart now from an uprising sense of honor toward her suffering kind.

"You are a deserter from more than you say," she added, "but you must go on."

"Don't you think I am going to do that?"

"I suppose you will."

"And you know I'll be true to her, or you wouldn't have done as you did," he persisted.

"I only know that you are a deserter. But she can learn to live and wait——"

"She won't have to wait long!"

"No; she will soon learn that you are a deserter, and then she will truly live."

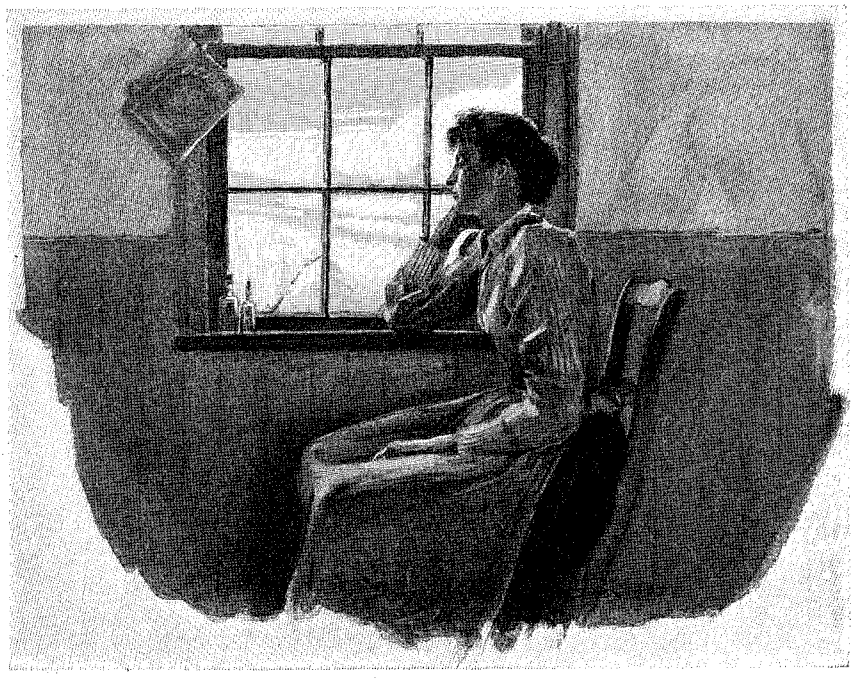
He stood looking at her, half offended at her words, unable to harmonize them with the service she had done him. "You might give me the benefit of the doubt," he said, sullenly.

Then she flushed indignantly, and cried:

"You still think I did it for you? I had no thought of you! It was all for her, whom I never saw—and because I did see you! You think I am saving you from punishment? I'm not! I'm saving her from you, for as long as she lives and forever! *Men* don't run away for the sake of girls; they stay and fight it out! . . . You are safe now," she added, more quietly, looking at him as though safety were a fit condition for only such inferior animals; "you can go down the road—or up the hill. . . . I wish—you—would—go." Her voice half broke.

He went covertly out and took the road south. She saw his blue head and shoulders above the snow-banks. Now that her hour of action was over, she fell weak and helpless; and she longed for the return of her lover. She fought single-handed against assailing doubts.

"I do hope I did right," she thought, "but who knows?"



"I do hope I did right."

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THE "SCAB"

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. S. REINHART

THE train was rolling its huge wheels over the Illinois prairies, not so swiftly as car-wheels are used to roll over that level stretch between Joliet and Chicago; but the day was the third of July, 1894, and there was enough chance that there had been tampering with the rails to excuse caution. It was so warm that most of the car-windows were open; nevertheless in the last car (not a Pullman) the air was heavy with the sickly pungency of apples and orange peel and the indescribable odor of cinders. Dust was everywhere; vibrating in the sunshine that changed its dingy motes into gold, painting the window-ledges gray, and coating the red plush of the seats, except where two commercial travellers had fended off the warm prickle by newspapers. Flies buzzed through the car, and one especial fly so annoyed the younger of the travellers that he chased him to his death, remarking, "There! I wish you were Debs!"

"Debs isn't to blame for the weather or the flies," criticised the other man; "you better be thankful we're going at all. I guess they will have the Rock Island tied up as tight as a drum to-morrow."

"Then I shall wish all the more Debs was this fly!" returned the first man, coolly, slipping into his seat.

"I'm not so blooming certain we can get through to-day," the other continued: "did you know we have got a scab fireman on?"

"That's why those rocks flew at Spring Valley!"

"They *were* rocks, then?"

"Why, certainly—" then the speaker's voice sank, to the discomfiture of the elderly woman from the country, two seats in front, who vainly tilted her plump neck backward and strained her ears to catch more than vagrant phrases.

She was a comely old woman, whose gray hair was not thin, whose skin had a wholesome clearness, and whose bright brown eyes sparkled behind her glasses. There was a kind of vigorous neatness about her old-fashioned toilet. She was the single person in the car who was not dusty. As she listened, an emotion not akin to timidity, stirred the lines of her mouth, and a color not due to the heat, mottled her still pretty cheeks. Rising, she brushed the full folds of her black alpaca skirts with a determined action. She smoothed out the wrinkles of her basque at the waist. With the same brisk and almost angry movements she pulled her antique black straw bonnet off the rack, unswathed it from a blue *barège* veil and tied it firmly on her head. This done, she ran a careful eye over the neat pile of her belongings on the opposite seat, pushed the bandbox, covered with wall-paper, into a safer position, rested a portly, greenish-black umbrella against her knee, and sat upright, like one prepared for action.

When the big brakeman, whom every traveller on No. 2 likes, entered with his water-can, she beckoned to him. There had been an interchange of courtesies and fried chicken between the two already; hence he halted with the smile of an acquaintance. "Well, grandma?" said the brakeman.

"Say, you set down by me, cayn't you? I got something to tell you. But I don't want to take you off your business; come back if you ain't got the time now."

Lyon is the most amiable man on the road; he dropped into the seat beside her at once. "It's fifteen minutes to the next station," said he, "and we're running awful light—not twenty passengers on this train. Think of that for the day before the Fourth!"

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"It's a shame," agreed the old woman, warmly.

"It's a shame," agreed the old woman, warmly. "Say"—her voice, which was so mellow and leisurely in its intonations that even its angry tones rang pleasantly, sank into a whisper—"them men behind—don't look round!—the one with the bald head and the big ears and the fat one in the blue striped shirt; they bin settin' all round the car, sheddin' papers wherever they set; and I bin readin' the papers. Why on airth don't the guvernment put a stop to this foolishniss?"

"I guess they won't let 'em upset any more cars," said the brakeman.

"They *better!* Why, it's ridiculous! They throwed stuns at one car, it says. 'Sposin' there'd bin babies in that car! I got a little grandchild two years old I come nigh a-bringin' with me—how'd I felt if I had! And I guess there's plenty other grandmothers 'sides me, with childern, a-travellin'! Them men say, too, we may have trouble 'cause we got a scab fireman on board; have we?"

The brakeman nodded.

"Do tell! Would you mind tellin' me, jest to oblige, what a scab reely is?"

The brakeman had a round, cheerful young face, to which the freckles only imparted an additional friendliness of expression; but at these artless words it clouded; his lower jaw dropped and he hitched his blue trousers up at the knee, appearing to ask aid of the thick shoes, which were tapping the floor.

"A scab?" said the brakeman, "why, a scab's a feller that scabs—takes another feller's job!"

"Well, but," insisted the countrywoman, "I don't understand. My daughter that I bin visitin' in Iowa, she was havin' a cellar made—and the mason that was doin' it had a man workin' for him that bin workin' for him thirteen year and was the best man he had, but he wasn't a union man, and the boss of the union told him he'd got to send that man off 'cause he didn't belong to the union, or else all the others would strike on him, and they'd boycott him with his customers, so he done it, and another man took his place, now I 'spose *he* was a scab?"

"Didn't they give the feller the choice of joinin' the union?"

"I don't know. I know he went off, and he felt awful bad, 'cause he said 'twasn't no fun huntin' a job this year. Was that man who took his place a scab?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, he was all right, he belonged to the union——"

"Ain't nobody got a right to work without he belongs to the union?"

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"That ain't the point—ladies don't understand. It's like this way in a strike: all the working-men win if the strike wins, and it is thought to be about the durndest mean act a man can do to step in and take the place of some feller who is out really fighting for *him*, see?"

"No, I *don't* see. What good would it 'a' done that mason if the masons had struck, when they wouldn't let anybody hire him anyhow? I don't see no harm in scabs. What's this one's name? Is he a nice man?"

No one is less of an agitator than Jerry Lyon; in preference to argument he answered her questions, "Yes, the fireman was a nice man, and his name was Eli Pauls."

"Will they try to hurt us 'cause he's on, think? Ditch the train maybe, or some sich deviltry—they do them things right along it says in the papers."

"I don't believe the strikers do, railroad boys ain't so mean as that."

"But somebody might—it's done; and if there should be an accident, I hate to trouble you, but I got a daughter-in-law, a widder, lives right in Blue Island—her name's Mrs. Lizzie J. Gayter—and I guess you better send the body *there*."

"No you don't, grandma," said the brakeman. "I ain't goin' to let you git killed, nor anybody else. That's positive. Don't you believe what those drummers say!"

He went away, laughing, but his face darkened before he met the conductor on the platform.

The conductor was reading a yellow slip of paper.

"Well?" said Lyon, taking an easy, railway pose on the steps.

"They stoned the last train at Blue Island and nearly killed the engineer. Dragged him and the fireman off the cab. Arnold was there with the injunction yesterday afternoon, and they simply hooted him—hollered 'To h—— with the Government,' and tore down the injunctions. He tried to move the trains; but they knocked him down and pounded him. The deputies ran. Nice show for Pauls, ain't it?"

The brakeman pushed his cap back off his curly fair hair, looking the other way. "Pauls has got a wife and six kids," said he, irrelevantly, "and he's been out of work 'most three months he told me. He was stationary engineer for a company that failed. One of his kids is sick; he's worried about him."

"What sort of fellow is he?"

"Oh, he's one of these kinder rabbit men, been dodging around in his cab all the way, 'fraid of stones. He says his wife used to be a school-teacher, but she took in sewing and washing, too, to earn money while he was out of a job. He worked out poll-taxes or anything else he could get—seems they are trying to pay for a house, and he's awful anxious to earn money."

"You ever see his wife?"

"Nah, but he's got a picture of his wife and three of the kids; he wears it in his shirt-pocket. It's got paper over it to keep it clean. She's a real nice-looking woman, and the kids are nice-looking, too."

"Shaw!" said the conductor; but the exclamation was one of sympathy, and the brakeman so understood it. He rubbed one foot over the other, as he continued, with an affectation of indifference, "Look here, Doughty, suppose I go in and fire for that feller. Max won't mind. Everything is so topsy-turvy now, rules don't count. And all the boys know me, and they won't catch on to him if he's braking in my place. What do you say?"

The conductor was a Scotchman. He rubbed his sandy hair a full minute, saying nothing. Finally, he answered, "Let's go talk to Max, and—you better take my gun!"

They found the engineer, a sunburned, stolid man, leaning out of his cab, and smoking while he watched a little crowd of men on the platform.

The fireman busied himself in polishing off a stray stain on some brasswork. He had a nervous air. As he worked his straight, fair hair fell over his red face. He looked up eagerly at Lyon's approach. "What's the news, Mr. Lyon?" said he.

"What's the news, Jerry?" said the engineer.

"Nothing good," answered Lyon. "Say, Pauls, I guess you will attract

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less observation from our excitable friends, braking in a quiet, peaceful way than firing. Let's exchange jobs the rest of the trip to Chicago!"

The fireman flushed. "No, you don't," said he, "I ain't much on fighting, maybe, but I won't have another man stoned in my place!"

"I could have told you he wouldn't let you," said Max, the engineer, in his emotionless, bass voice.

Lyon's persuasions availed nothing, and he was forced to leave Pauls at the furnace, grumbling as he went.

But had he realized how much lighter was the fireman's heart as he peered over the grates at the saw of flame behind the smudge, he had felt less need to belabor his own stupidity for making "a bad break" for nothing. For at that very moment Pauls was swallowing hard, yearning in his soul for some future chance to pound a possible assailant of Lyon's to a jelly, and inaudibly praising Lyon to his wife. "I do think the boys are beginning to get used to me a bit," says Pauls, choking. A little kindness went a long way with the "scab." He was a quiet man, not prone to vanity nor to take offence, who had rehearsed to himself in advance the snubs and annoyances that a "scab" must count on getting, and had promised himself not to resent them. Julie couldn't understand; but he, himself, had the workingman's feeling about the man who would steal another man's job. He didn't blame the yardmen and the train crews taking his presence in bad part and showing their resentment in any form short of stones. "It's natural," Pauls used to say rather drearily to himself, folding his bare arms on the window-sill of the cab and puffing at his pipe; "they don't like me taking Ridgely's place. *I* don't think I'm wrong. The strike is a fool strike and a mean one, and Ridgely hasn't got any right to throw up his job and then expect other men to let their families suffer rather than take it from him. Julie's right. I owe more to her and the children than I do to a man I never saw in my life. But I can't expect the boys that knew Ridgely to look at it like I do!"

And Pauls had so much of the workingman's prejudice in him that he felt cowed by the tacit disapproval of his comrades; he could not keep his chin in the air did the street boys yell "Scab!" at him. A workingman's comrades are his society, there is no public opinion to him outside his own class; to lose the good-will of the men who work at his side every day is to be an outcast. It had really taken more moral courage for Pauls to climb up the steps of the cab, the first time, than many a man needs during his whole life. "I ain't doing wrong, if they do think so," he said, doggedly. But he felt grateful even for the cool indifference of his new comrades. "They haven't done a mean thing to me," he told Julie, and he was very cheerful before her and the little sick boy who was interested in the engine. He didn't tell his wife how often he thought of Ridgely, the striking fireman. There was his oil-can and the bits of waste that he had used in polishing the engine; sombrely enough Pauls stared at them many a time, wondering what manner of man Ridgely was, and if he needed the place. Once he asked Max whether Ridgely was a married man, and stuck his head into the furnace door and withdrew it, red as the fire inside.

"No," said Max. He added no possible romance for Ridgely. Pauls heaved a mighty shovelful of slack on the grates. "What kind of a man was Ridgely?" said he, coughing in the dust that he raised. But Max did not notice his confusion and answered carelessly, "Oh, he wasn't much 'count. He didn't keep things clean, and he was always getting tired shovelling and wanting to run the engine!"

And then the conductor had happened to come up; and Pauls had never got his courage into action again. Not even to Lyon, who was kind to him, could he unpack his wishes and scruples and regrets about Ridgely. Max was kind to him, also; but Max was a taciturn man who smoked a short pipe, consuming his thoughts, as some chimneys consume their smoke. Lyon, on the contrary, was an open-hearted, frank fellow, reared on a farm in a large family, who insensibly began to

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"A patched hammock with a little, smiling, pale face on the pillow."—Page 229.

pity Pauls as soon as he knew that he had six children. He was not aware that he was kind—indeed, he regarded his behavior as having the happy mixture of forbearance and contempt due from a loyal member of a union that was not striking and opposed to the present strike to a useful but odious "scab." In Pauls's case, however, his feelings were complicated by—Ridgely! None of the train-crew liked Ridgely; and Lyon hated him. Lyon had a sweetheart; and he was bitterly jealous of Ridgely, with his handsome face and fluent tongue. Ridgely had bragged that he could marry "Jerry Lyon's best girl, any time he wanted to," and Lyon's fists clinched whenever he thought of the man. But he couldn't abuse him to Pauls; so Pauls wondered at the silence. To-day, Ridgely was persistently in his mind. Was poor Ridgely among the rioters? "I'd like to do that man a good turn!" thought Pauls.

"Next stop is Blue Island," said Max.

"They are quiet enough, here," said Pauls, looking out at the pretty little houses with their fresh paint and the dusty street, and a gray team of farm-horses with a farmer at their heads. The farmer, seeing that his horses would stand, left them and approached the train. Pauls saw his face light up, and in a second saw him swing himself on the platform of the rear car.

"Yes, it's quiet enough, here," said Max.

"But I see some white ribbons," said Pauls. "Don't it seem an awful strange thing that a week ago we were all so peaceful and now maybe there'll be civil war."

"There won't be no civil war," said Max; "those fellers won't fight; it's jest a big bluff."

"Well, I hope so," said Pauls, stealing a glance at the contemptuous immobility of the engineer's face; "I'd

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hate to kill a man, it would be an awful thing; and yet—I guess I'd do it before I'd give up and let 'em kill the engine. What do you think?"

Max's peaceful face did not change; but he put his hand to his hip-pocket and showed a hammerless revolver. "I ain't going to let them kill *my* engine if I can help it," said he, quietly. "They'd hurt her. They don't mind what they do to an engine, those fellers." He flicked a speck off the shining brass-work.

"She's a beauty," acquiesced Pauls, "it would hurt me, too, to see her hurt."

A faint gleam crept into Max's gray eyes. "Ridgely used to say she wasn't no better'n half a dozen engines on the road," said he. "I—I ain't sorry Ridgely's gone."

Pauls essayed to speak lightly, but his voice shook, "Well, I—fact of the matter is, I've felt pretty bad 'bout taking his place."

"You needn't," said Max.

He said no more, either because he would not have said more, in any event, or because he saw three men under the cab-window.

The three men were Lyon, the conductor, and the farmer. An air of controlled agitation hung about them all. The conductor spoke in a low voice, plainly trying to seem unconcerned. He said, "They have been having a h—— of a time in Blue Island and Chicago, all day!" Now, the conductor was a Presbyterian who never used an oath.

"So?" said Max.

"Don't look as if anything was up," said Doughty, rapidly; "there's no knowing who's spying on us. I'll explain to you." He explained in a few sentences. The man with them was the son of a lady on the train. He lived about two miles out of Blue Island, and he had gone in early, to be there to meet his mother, who was coming to visit him. He had a sister in town, and she had seen the rioters dropping something between the rails. No doubt they were spiking the switches, but they hadn't driven the spikes in. She told her brother, and he had gone to the next town to meet his mother there and to warn the train. The place was a little before they entered the depot. "That's the situation, boys," said Doughty, "and I don't know how you feel about it, but I said, with Max at the engine I believed we could run the train into Chicago, and I don't like to be downed."

"What you think of doing?" asked Max, cutting off a slice of tobacco.

Doughty and the farmer exchanged glances. "We are not going to do much of anything, I guess, but Mrs. Gayter, this gentleman's mother, says those bolts must be picked up, unsuspected, and she is game to do it for us, herself. She has a plan—well, I guess we cooked it up amongst us. But the old lady will dress up in an old dress she's got with her, and be a peanut-woman. We can get all Tommy's peanuts and apples. And when she gets to the spot she will tip her basket over and while she is picking them up, she will pick up a few spikes that are of no account round there. The old lady is smart as a whip-lash and I believe she will do it."

"But somebody ought to go with her!" Pauls cried, "somebody that knows about the road——"

The conductor took the words off his tongue, "Lyon, of course, spoke up for the job, but I told him they would be on to *him* in a flash."

"But they don't know *me*," said Pauls.

"Well, if you want the job, I guess Lyon can fire for you," returned the conductor. "Come on back into the car."

Pauls followed. Lyon at the door looked back at the engineer. "Will he do, guess?" said he.

"Sure," said Max.

Ten minutes later, Max and Lyon looked out of the cab-window to see a farm-wagon disappear through a radiant cloud of dust. Pauls sat behind drilling the impromptu peanut-woman in her part.

Her son had brought a bit of white ribbon, which he insisted on pinning to her blue calico gown, on the shoulder (this was her stipulation), where she would not need to see it. She had pulled a stiff and very clean yellow sun-

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bonnet over her head. "'Tis pretty warm, this bunnit, but I'm willin' to do my part to put down the rebellion," said she, stoutly. "My father fit for the flag in 1812 and my husband was killed for it in 1863, leavin' Sam, there, no more'n a baby; and I'm willin' to bear my testimony, now. Talk of persentiments, I felt a persentiment creepin' cole down my spine, the minnit I heard them men a-talkin'. And I got all my things ready, straight, I didn't have to keep Sam waitin', none!"

purple and green he saw a patched hammock with a little, smiling, pale face on the pillow, and a black-haired woman rocking and sewing near. He remembered some verses that he had learned once to speak in school, they were about a dying gladiator,

"There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother."

Suppose those Blue Island toughs killed him, would *he* see Julie and Jim and

The Unlucky Peanut Woman.

Her high spirits, which were not in the least feigned, put a new fire into Pauls's veins. He had not thought of the matter in such a light. "Every good American ought to be helpin', now," cried she; "it's a good way, I guess, of celebratin' the Fourth!"

"That's so," her son agreed, smiling on her proudly. But for the most part he was very grave, having a better appreciation than she of the quality of the scene to which he was taking her. Pauls did not see the houses nor the parched woodlands, nor the trampled, scorched roadside drifting past his wide eyes; he saw a tiny lawn, green and closely clipped, he saw the clematis vine on a cottage porch, rustling and waving in the wind, and through the

the girls? The farmer half turned his head. "Got a pistol?" said he.

Pauls shook his head. "They cost so much," said he, apologetically. "I was a stationary engineer, before, and didn't need one. Max asked me if I had one, but I knew he would want to give me his, and he needed it, so I said, 'That's all right;' and he thought I had one."

"I wish I had one," said the farmer, with a rueful smile, "but I haven't anything — except cannon firecrackers for my children!"

"They're better'n nothin'," observed the old woman, cheerily. "Look, Sam, ain't we comin' into Blue Island?"

Pauls stared down the straggling sky line of shops and houses. He could

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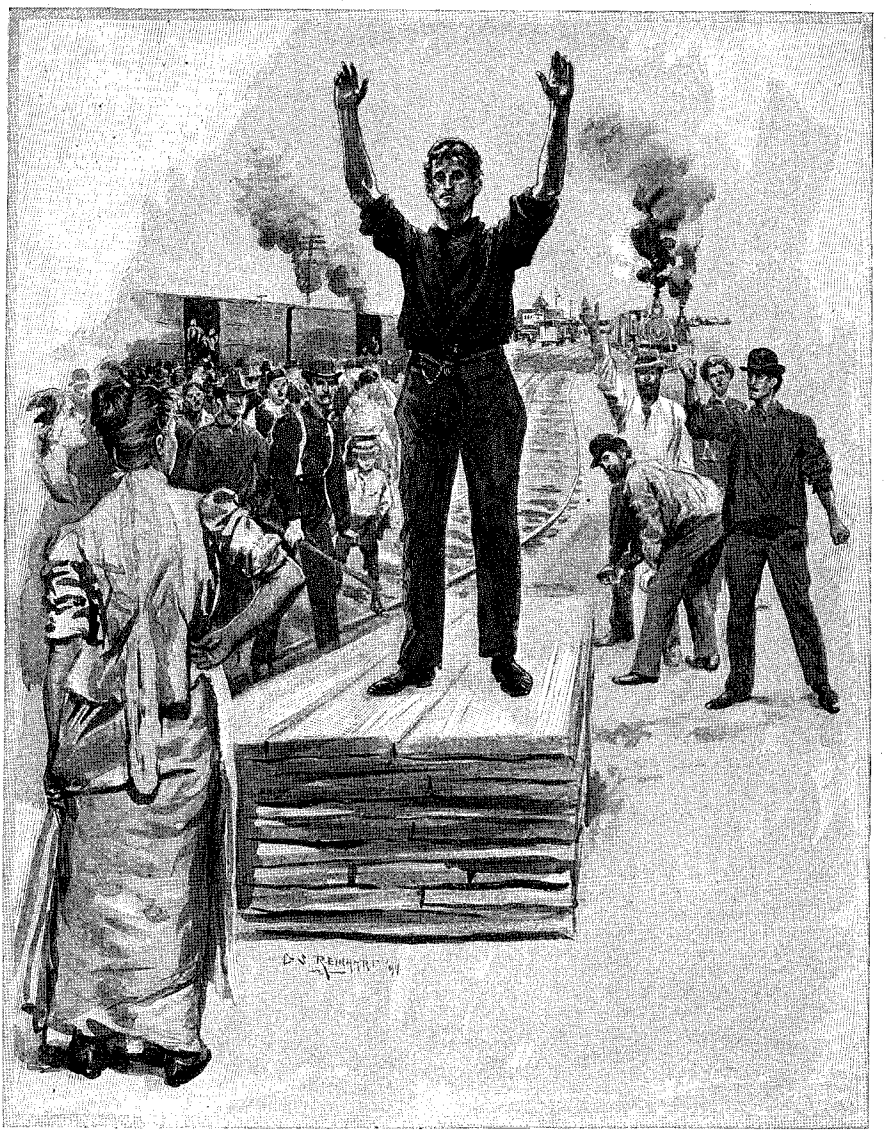

"Track clear! Don't stop!"

see the street jammed with black figures, wavering in ragged lines; he saw, here and there, a spiral of smoke curling up from the open street; that must be a blockaded engine. But, in general, the sky was strangely pure, no smoke from the great factories, no smoke from the railroad-shops. "Debs has kept his word," explained Sam; "he's tied the Rock Island up tight."

Their plans were now to be tested. Sam drew up the wagon close to the wooden sidewalk, where a patch of smart-weed and jimson made a squalid boulevard between the road and the planks. He kissed his mother, saying, "I'll keep close behind, ma, mind that!" Then he shook Pauls's hand. Pauls said, "It's Mrs. W. T. Pauls, if you lose the address." Sam nodded. "And you look after your mother, don't mind *me*, whatever happens," said Pauls. Then he crossed the street and strolled along, an idle stranger, seek-

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ing the spectacles of the day. On the other side, an old peanut-woman proffered her wares to the few passers-by. In the middle of the road, a farmer drove a tired team of horses slowly down the broad street. Presently, the stranger, who looked like most of the men about, in his flannel shirt and shabby trousers, had come to the railway tracks and the crowd. An observable thing about the crowd was its youth. There were beardless young fellows at every turn. They perched on fences and car-roofs. Their hats were pushed back on their heads, their faces were flushed, and they called jeers and witty abuse of the marshals (as they esteemed wit) from one group to another. Some of them walked the rounds of the trains, and stared at the weary faces at the windows. Another feature of the crowd was the number of women and children in its ranks, so that the wailing of children was one of the component parts of the din. The women were untidy of dress, as plainly in their working-clothes as the men were in theirs, their tousled hair often uncovered and their faces disfigured by a fury of excitement. Not a tin star was in sight; but a policeman leaned drowsily against a saloon-door and looked to be in a Nirvana of rest amid the turmoil.

The shabby man walked along the tracks just behind the wagon. Though the way was clear the wagon halted for a second, as if to allow the driver to read one of the placards on the cars. It went on and the man, following, stood still for the same purpose. He was roused by an exclamation of distress,

"She took him into a drug store."—Page 234.

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in a woman's pipe. Behold, behind him, the unlucky peanut-woman who had stumbled and spilled her nuts over the track! The children, swarming there as everywhere, were on all fours after them in a trice; and the owner crawled about the rails, lamenting and picking up peanuts. The man seemed to be a good-natured fellow, for he was active in dispersing the small banditti and collecting peanuts. He did not lose patience with the old woman, although she thriftily gathered up the last peanut from the frogs and once or twice in her eagerness caught her cotton gown between the cunning joints, requiring his help to release her. "Good-by, grandma," he called, as she stumbled painfully away, and disappeared in the crowd. He remained, studying the placards. He brought some food from a restaurant to a woman in one of the cars. He joined in one or two very brief conversations. He watched a pleasant-looking countrywoman in a black alpaca gown (who came out of one of the better class of houses down a side-street) clamber into the countryman's wagon. She looked about her, smiling happily like a child; and he smiled, too.

But, immediately, his mouth compressed itself in a very different smile. And he walked up the track.

The train ran into Blue Island, as if the rails were eggs. Max with his hand on the lever, did not let his glance swerve a hair's-breadth. Big drops rolled down Lyon's pale face, his teeth flashed in a grin of intensest excitement and watchfulness; he kept his eyes on Max, who, except for his keen eyes, looked as impassive as ever.

"We were to stop if we didn't see him," said Lyon.

"There he is," said Max—he spoke as quietly as he would have spoken ten days before—"yes, that's him. He's signalling for us to go straight on and not stop. Does he know the signals, for sure?"

"Yes, I taught him. By— Look at him; do you see the mob?"

"Do you hear them? Boys this looks bad!"—it was a new voice; Doughty,

"*Did* you kill him?"—Page 234.

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the conductor, had made his way to the engine, he was clambering along the foot-board.

"Get in, Doughty," said Max, not turning his head, "I hear them. We're getting near."

Near enough, now, for the three men to hear the hollow roar and hiss as one word was screamed by hundreds of throats, "Scab! scab!" Near enough to see the furious faces, the clenched fists and the women's arms scratching in the common insult of the mob. And near enough to see, on a pile of lumber, a single man, his arms above his head waving the signal. "*Track clear! Don't stop!*"

"He knows they'll block the track. It's our only chance to get through," said the conductor.

"Scabs! Scabs! Kill the scabs! Pull 'em off the engine!" a woman's voice shrieked, shriller than the rest.

"He's going to make a run for us," cried Lyon; "that's Slippery Dick behind him; they've caught on to the signals—yah, I knew it, there come the stones!"

"He ain't running to us, he's running 'cross the street!" said Max, "he won't bring trouble on us."

"Here's another stone," said the conductor; "I must get back to my passengers. Max, you know the orders. Let her go!"

Lyon thought he heard a queer sound from Max when he pushed the lever and opened the throttle. "I hate to leave that fellow!" he growled; but the great black bulk quivered and raced down on the mob, faster at each word. The slack flew into the furnace. Then, the fireman's head pitched out of the black dust and he stole a glance through the window.

"Nobody ever kept her so clean like he did!" Max was muttering. "Jerry, can't you see nothing?"

Lyon shook his fist in an ecstasy of rage. "If there wasn't a whole litter of children in the way I'd shoot, I would by——! D—— them, they're stoning him! That dirty— Bully for grandma, she's trying to get him in the wagon— Oh!—" Lyon swore in a sob of passion that cracked into a fierce laugh.

"Why don't you tell, instead of hollering like a wild Injun?" cried the justly exasperated Max. "You know I can't turn 'round!"

"It was that black-hearted devil, Dick," said Lyon; "he hit the old lady with a coupling-pin, tumbled her clean off the seat, and Pauls smashed him with the same pin—They've got him down— Oh, Max, I cayn't stand—rrh!"

It was no articulate exclamation that reeled out of Lyon's lips, but rather a gasp, a groan, and a scream all jumbled together. And Max heard nothing of it, for even that modern Roman sentinel wheeled round the upper part of him at a tremendous barking clatter of explosion, followed by a tumult of shrieks and shouts.

"I think that must have been a bomb," said Lyon, in a small, gentle voice.

"What can you see?" asked Max, a statue again.

"They all seem to be running—the horses are running, too—I can't see——"

Nor could he, for there was nothing to be seen but a lessening perspective of cars and rails; nothing to be heard but the pounding gallop of the insensate steed that hurried them away.

"I'm going back to Blue Island on the street-cars, the minit I git to Chicago," Lyon announced. "I'm going to see about that bomb! Poor Pauls."

"That didn't sound to me so much like a bomb, it sounded just like cannon firecrackers," meditated Max.

Nor was it a bomb. When Pauls ran he had no thought to run to his friends. He was simply trying to turn the attention of the mob away from the engine.

But thus running, he heard a voice, "Here, here! climb in!" And he saw the wagon beside him. The next instant, the old woman dropped. There was blood on her gray hair, and Pauls's brain seemed to burst into flames. He struck furiously at the assailant, and as if by the wind of his own blow was felled.

He did not feel hurt nor frightened, he only felt a mad, overwhelming brute longing to fight, to kill, before they should trample the life out of him! But then the crash and the blaze came; and the crowd was running and he was lying on his back, stupidly staring up into the sky. He squinted one eye

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along the ground until it encountered a curl of red paper, and he began to laugh. Firecrackers or not, some people were hurt, for he had heard the screams. And he laughed again, while he crawled to his feet. A woman—not a woman of the crowd, a woman with a neat dress and smooth hair—ran to him and helped him along, urging him to haste. She took him into a drug-store where they washed his face and dosed him with brandy and got him into another coat.

"The lady in the wagon—does anybody know if the lady in the wagon was hurt?" Pauls begged, the instant they let his mouth alone.

"Ma?" cried the kind woman beside him, "ma's all right, just round the corner in the wagon. I'll take you."

She guided him out of the house, by the back door, and down a peaceful alley to a shady street where the Gayter wagon stood under a branching maple, the horses nibbling grass as tranquilly as if they had never sniffed powder and known war.

Mrs. Gayter sat on the front seat. Except the flutter of a white handkerchief beneath the generous curve of her bonnet, not a mark of combat showed on her genial visage. Sam wore a new hat and he had a bruise on his cheek-bone, but he, too, was smiling; and he wrung Pauls's hand in a mighty grip.

"*Did* you kill him?"

"I don't know," replied Pauls, "I did my best!"

Sam looked downcast, but Mrs. Gayter's rich tones struck in, consolingly, "Maybe it's best not. I don't wish no feller-cretur to be killed. Don't feel bad, boys. He gave me a reel good chance to set off that hull bunch of firecrackers, and I reely think, besides, I run over him. We hadn't orter be too ha'sh! Mr. Pauls, there's one thing, though, I wish you'd do for me, that is, git some firecrackers in Chicago for the childern, the king firecrackers. I cayn't git them here, and the childern would be so disapp'inted if they didn't git 'em. Sam will come in here for them to-morrow mornin' and Lizzie will show you what cars to take."

Lizzie showed Pauls so well that without further misadventure he reached the city and ran into Max and Lyon, just starting out in search of him. He thought it was worth the tussle and all his bruises to have Lyon wring his hand and Max grin placidly upon him. "Well, they didn't kill you," said Max. "Did you kill Ridgely?"

"Me? Ridgely?" repeated Pauls, dazed.

"That was Ridgely hit the old lady," explained Lyon. "Slippery Dick Ridgely—used to run with us."

"Was that man Ridgely?" said Pauls, with a deep sigh. "Boys, I've been sorry for him——"

"You needn't be!" said Max, grimly.

"I wish you'd killed him!" said Lyon.

"I did my best," said Pauls, humbly. "At least"—he added the words with a queer smile that only Max understood—"at least if I haven't killed him, I've killed his ghost!"

A RUINED FAITH-DOCTOR

By Charles Ridgeway Van Blarcom

"BET you who-wash-the-dishes, I can beat you to the house," cried Sadie, her eyes shining as we rode out of the mesquite scrub; the open prairie before us.

"What have I got to do with your old dirty dishes?" asked I, frankly, for had I not known Sadie for a month? and been stopping at her father's ranch a week?

I had been banished from overplayed hospital work to this Utopia, some months before, by the imperial edict of a sovereign lung.

Sadie I had first met at a nearby country hoe-down, with much eagerness; prompted by an interest in the neighborhood stories of the young

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Faith-Doctor's power of healing. I needed her good offices badly enough by this, for myself.

"Well, then," she answered, "I'll bet the dishes against who-fix-your-hat," looking at the scraggly silver braid on my sombrero.

"Done!" and we turned our backs to the house for the "wheel-and-go," the ponies afire and quivering for the word.

Behind us stretched the hard, level, curly-mesquite-grass prairie straight away for a quarter of a mile to the house. For the last half the calf pasture would be on our right, and just this side the house stood the yard-fence, straight across our way.

"It's first quirt strikes the house?" asked I, innocently.

"Not much! *It's first one on the gallery!*"

The odds were even! I knew that Sadie was good for a start of twenty-feet, but that, if I could pick it up before we reached the yard-fence, old Buckram would catch his feet enough quicker than Sadie's pony, after the jump, to offset the bird-like flight which Sadie called dismounting.

"Are you ready?"

"Go!"

A quick twist and we were off, Sadie on the side toward the pasture and three long lengths to the good. Old Buck stretched and doubled like a greyhound and lapped Sadie's pony as we passed the corner of the pasture. Halfway down the fence it was nose and nose, and my race!

Just there the snake-fence of the pasture was down for the putting in of new rails, and Sadie, with a great swing, lurched her pony through the gap and came tearing down inside the fence, barely a length behind. I set my teeth as I saw the dodge. The calf pasture gave into the house-yard through the cow-pen in the corner, and *both gates were open.*

Steadying for the jump, I took the fence handily as Sadie flashed through those confounded gates, and it was nose and nose again for the finish. Sadie had it. She was safe to beat me half a second in dismounting.

Desperate at the thought of her chaff, I barely checked old Buck enough to break him from trying a jump and, as Sadie fluttered to the ground with her hand on the gallery's edge, I rammed him up the steps anyhow, landing in a heap with the old boy's head through the front door.

"That's not fair," blazed Sadie, in a rage.

"Fair nothing!" I retorted, sitting on old Buck's head to keep him from tearing the house down; "what's fair about sneaking around through gates and things? I've won; and you know it."

"Well, I'll *fix* your old hat, then," she flared, and flipping it off my head to the floor, stamped in the crown with both her dainty riding-boots and was gone through the open window.

I got old Buck off the gallery, hung my chaparreros and the battered sombrero up outside, and was unbuckling my six-shooter in the sitting-room, when Sadie's mother passed by the door and up the stairs with a woman's step of trouble.

I hung the gun up on the antlers and went to the door, as I heard Sadie coming down.

That girl was never in the least disordered by her maddest frolics, and now, in her black habit and with her hat off, looked as trim as a nun; and her face was the face of the old Madonnas! Her eyes met mine unconsciously and, as her exalted look passed through me, I seemed bathed in a sudden flood of holiness.

Thrilled and wondering, I followed Sadie and her mother out to the back porch. There stood a neighbor woman, breathless from running, her face white with fear, and in her arms, half wrapped in a blanket, her little naked baby, drawn and rigid in the last stage of convulsions.

"Sadie!" gasped the woman, "*For God's sake!* Sadie!"

I tried, in vain, to move forward and offer my skill as Sadie, with that angelic look still on her face, opened the blanket from about the dying child. Passing her hands over the little one's face and body and limbs, she blew gently upon each part saying, over and over again, "*Poor little baby! Poor little baby!*"

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Spellbound, I watched while the child's drawn face and limbs slowly relaxed and its color became normal. In a few moments the little thing nestled in its mother's arms, gave a long sigh and slept, peacefully and naturally.

Sadie turned from the child and passed into the house. The angel look had faded to a dull pallor, and in her eyes was a great, hopeless pity. *Pity for whom?*

I know not how long I had stood there, when I heard the kindly voice of Sadie's mother calling me to supper.

Sadie's place was vacant, and by the gallery steps stood one of the ranch Mexicans holding her saddled horse.

As we sat down she passed out, mounted and galloped away in the twilight.

"Is—is Sadie," I began, when the Old Man spoke. "Never mind her, son, she's allers that away after she cures."

"Yes," added her mother; "poor child, she'll be back all right in the morning."

"But," I cried, "where has she gone?"

"God knows," said the Old Man, solemnly. "We follered her onct with the hounds, and found her settin' up on Injin Mountain, and when she seen we-all comin' she swounded and was near dyin' for more'n a month."

"We allers let her be now," he added, after a pause, his fine face saddened, yet steady with an unquestioning faith, "She's with him."

At bed-time I went to my quarters in a cabin back of the house, took a heavy ulster, and passed out to a huge live oak, some two hundred yards away in front.

Soon after the Old Man came down to the gate and stood, leaning his arms on the top rail, motionless, it seemed to me for hours.

At last he returned to the house and passed in at the open door, but soon came back; and so he watched through the night, the silent hounds following his every movement.

All through the night a light shone brightly in the window of the old folk's room upstairs—the one facing Indian Mountain.

About midnight Sadie's mother came down and went in to the kitchen. I judged she was making coffee for the Old Man, and presently he went in also, but soon returned to his post.

When the day star rose I went around to my cabin, took a bath, and dressed, and as the light of the wonderful "dry country" daybreak came stealing faintly across the distant hills and nearer prairie, I joined the Old Man at the gate.

He gave me his usual kindly "Mornin' Son," and then, after a long and steady look from his honest eyes into mine, grasped my hand as he said, "She'll come at sun up."

And so, as the sun rose gloriously in the cloudless sky, she came, breaking her pony's swift single-foot to a canter as I opened the gate.

All the fresh morning breeze and flashing sunrise was in her face, and the old mischief in her eyes, as she cantered up and jumped her pony, high between the gate-posts, as cleanly as though the gate had been closed.

Stooping from her saddle she put her arm across the Old Man's shoulders, and kissed him on the forehead. "Well, Pappy; been standing guard?" And the Old Man answered, "Yes, chicken; Pappy's been standin' guard."

And then she turned to me, her look half shy, half mischievous. Something she saw of my long watch and great gladness at seeing her safe again, and, perhaps, of other things, for her face grew softly grave, and a sweet wonder came into her eyes as she half involuntarily held out to me her ungloved left hand.

As I raised it to my lips a great rosy red broke over her face and faded slowly, and in her eyes I saw my happiness. Gently she drew away her hand, and turning to the Old Man like a little child, said, "Pappy, tote me."

And so we brought her to her mother, perched high on the Old Man's shoulder, while I walked by her side, leading the pony.

There had been rapid passing back and forth of letters with the old home in the North, and the dear old mother was coming out for the wedding as soon as the rains should come and lessen the blazing heat enough to make it safe for her.

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For a week or two after the healing of the baby, Sadie had been rather weak and languid, though never listless. Her strength came rapidly back, though, and she was soon the same bewildering madcap as before. Yet there were times when the sweet womanliness in her would have play. But the story of those times is not yours, friend—it's mine, and Sadie's.

The first signs of the fall rains were showing, and I was for keeping a horse always saddled, to carry a despatch to the government wire at the "Post," fifty miles away, when the first drops should fall.

The Old Man was away at the roundup, gathering beeves for pasture. I had been sleeping in the house, as Sadie said, to be handy to load guns for her in case of trouble.

Late one night I was smoking in the sitting-room. Toward midnight I was aroused from my dreaming by the cavalry-like rattle of a crowd of cow-boys riding up to the house. Taking down a Winchester from the rack, I went to the front door.

At the foot of the stairs stood Sadie, in her riding-habit, and on her face was that strange, sweet, saint-like look.

There was a sound of trampling on the gallery, and then came the Old Man's deep voice, faint but unmistakable, "Sadie, it's Pappy, I'm sufferin' death!"

Dropping the heavy bar I swung the door open. There, on a long litter with a rope at each corner, lay the Old Man, death in his face, and struggling painfully for breath. Half a dozen cowboys were on the gallery, and some twenty more sat their jaded horses outside.

The Old Man's horse had fallen on him, all but crushing out his life. Those boys had carried him all through the night, by turns, one at each corner of the litter, at a hard gallop, their perfect horsemanship and the training of their ponies saving the crushed form from any jar. The Old Man had fought back death with all his mighty strength till he should come to Sadie!

The girl did not speak nor move. The Old Man's chest heaved a moment, and then he gasped, "Stand me up, boys." They raised him, while the damp of agony broke out upon his face and the blue death colored his lips. With a last, mighty effort he raised his dim eyes and whispered, faintly, "Sadie, *for God's sake!*"

And then she went to him, and passed her little hands down his face and over his great uncovered breast, blowing gently and saying, "Poor Pappy! Poor Pappy!"

The Old Man's glassy eyes took light, his breath came struggling back, and the agony slowly passed from his grand old face. Presently he leaned sleepily on the men who held him and said, "Boys, I'm tired."

On Sadie's face was that same look of unutterable sorrow. There was no fear in it, just a painful, almost impersonal pity. Turning, she passed slowly up the stairs.

Some of the boys carried the Old Man's sleeping form into the sitting-room, and the rest, seeing Samuelo come around the end of the house leading Sadie's pony, dismounted and stood silent by their horses' drooping heads.

When Sadie came out every man knelt, uncovered, until she had mounted and was gone, taking the gate in the dark. I sprang forward, and the oldest man held out his bridle-rein to me, saying, "Mine's the freshest, Pardner," and then, his rough hand gripping my shoulder, "*Play injin*, Pardner, FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T LET HER SEE YE!"

Passing hastily through the gate, I rode straight for Indian Mountain. In half a mile or so, I caught sight of Sadie and followed as she rode steadily to the foot of the hill, and on up the trail toward the summit.

Tying my horse in a thick scrub there, I took off my boots and followed. As I came within the sound of her voice I hid myself among the rocks. She was speaking quite distinctly, and I instantly recognized the voice of *mania!* God grant that after death I shall forget that awful night! Helpless, fearful of making the slightest sound, I lay there and suffered my darling's agony. *She believed that she must suffer, in spirit, all the pain she had relieved!*

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An hour before day her voice died away, and from her breathing I knew that she slept. Taking the heavy blanket Samuelo had tied on her saddle I rolled it tenderly about her, and pillowed her head upon the jacket she had thrown off.

When the first shimmer of dawn lit the East she stirred, and presently I knew that she raised herself and stretched her arms with the long-drawn comfortable sigh of a waking child. "*Well!*" she said, "*Thank goodness that's over!*"

The rains came and the mother came, but Sadie was prostrated for weeks. After a long pull we brought her through and, as soon as she was able to travel, we were married.

The travelling ambulance, with its four horses, was at the door. The fiddles were going within the house and we had slipped away from the rhythmic roar and the dust of the stamping dancers, for a quiet word with Sadie's mother and the Old Man before we should start away amid the cheers and rattling pistol-shots of the crowding friends. Suddenly the dancers stopped, and old Samuelo came out to us, his wrinkled face gray with superstitious fear and his black eyes blazing, and called "Sadie."

My heart sank as she turned and I saw the angel look. My mother—God bless her for it—laid hold of my arm and, with all the strength of her unselfish soul pouring into mine, commanded me, "*Go!* and STOP IT!"

Braced and confident, I followed Sadie through the wondering guests to the back porch. There lay "Waxy," the Old Man's cow-boss and the worst fire-eater on the range till he saw blood, and then the greatest baby.

The old fool, splitting wood for the barbecue, had cut an ugly gash in his leg. He lay there pale as death and crying "Sadie, *for God's sake!*" A fine stream of blood spurted bravely from a small artery which I could have tied in two jiffies.

My angel knelt beside him and passed her hand over the wound, never heeding the blood, and blowing upon it. Silently taking her other hand in mine, I threw all my will against hers to force her to look at me. She shivered, and turning slowly, met my eyes. Then it seemed as if my soul would burst with the effort I made to force her back from the trance. A troubled uncertainty came into her eyes, the angel look faded slowly, and turning deathly pale, she whispered, in a child-like, questioning way, "*Poor Waxy? Poor Waxy?*" and sank fainting in my arms, her strange power and its awful effect upon her gone forever.

SIX YEARS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

By Theodore Roosevelt

NO question of internal administration is so important to the United States as the question of Civil Service Reform, because the spoils system, which can only be supplanted through the agencies which have found expression in the act creating the Civil Service Commission, has been for seventy years the most potent of all the forces tending to bring about the degradation of our politics. No republic can permanently endure when its politics are corrupt and base; and the spoils system, the application in political life of the degrading doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils, produces corruption and degradation. The man who is in politics for the offices might just as well be in politics for the money he can get for his vote, so far as the general good is concerned. When the then Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Hendricks, said that he "wished to take the boys in out of the cold to warm their toes," thereby meaning that he wished to distribute offices among the more active heelers, to the rapturous enthusiasm of the latter, he uttered a sentiment which was morally on the same plane with a wish to give "the boys" five dollars

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apiece all around for their votes, and fifty dollars apiece when they showed themselves sufficiently active in bullying, bribing, and cajoling other voters. Such a sentiment should bar any man from public life, and will bar him whenever the people grow to realize that the worst enemies of the Republic are the demagogue and the corruptionist. The spoils-monger and spoils-seeker invariably breed the bribe-taker and bribe-giver, the embezzler of public funds and the corrupter of voters. Civil Service Reform is not merely a movement to better the public service. It achieves this end too, but its main purpose is to raise the tone of public life, and it is in this direction that its effects have been of incalculable good to the whole community.

For six years, from May, 1889, to May, 1895, I was a member of the National Civil Service Commission, and it seems to me to be of interest to show exactly what has been done to advance the law and what to hinder its advancement during these six years, and who have been the more prominent among its friends and foes. I wish to tell "the adventures of Philip on his way through the world," and show who robbed him, who helped him, and who passed him by. It would take too long to give the names of all of our friends, and it is not worth while to more than allude to most of our foes and to most of those who were indifferent to us; but a few of the names should be preserved and some record made of the fights that have been fought and won and of the way in which, by fits and starts, and with more than one set-back, the general advance has been made.

Of the Commission itself little need be said. When I took office the only Commissioner was Mr. Charles Lyman, of Connecticut, who went out when I did. Honorable Hugh S. Thompson, ex-Governor of South Carolina, was made Commissioner at the same time that I was, and after serving for three years resigned. He was succeeded by Mr. George D. Johnston, of Louisiana, who was removed by the President in November, 1893, being replaced by Mr. John R. Procter, the former State Geologist of Kentucky, who is still serving. The Commission has never varied a hand's-breadth from its course throughout this time; and Messrs. Thompson, Procter, Lyman, and myself were always a unit in all important questions of policy and principle. Our aim was always to procure the extension of the classified service as rapidly as possible, and to see that the law was administered thoroughly and fairly. The Commission does not have the power that it should, and in many instances there have been violations or evasions of the law in particular bureaus or departments which the Commission was not able to prevent. In every case, however, we made a resolute fight, and gave the widest publicity to the wrong-doing. Often, even where we have been unable to win the actual fight in which we were engaged, the fact of our having made it, and the further fact that we were ready to repeat it on provocation, has put a complete stop to the repetition of the offence. As a consequence, while there have been plenty of violations and evasions of the law, yet their proportion was really very small, taking into account the extent of the service. In the aggregate it is doubtful if one per cent. of all the employees have been dismissed for political reasons. In other words, where under the spoils system a hundred men would have been turned out, under the Civil Service Law, as administered under our supervision, ninety-nine men were kept in.

In the administration of the law very much depends upon the Commission. Good heads of departments and bureaus will administer it well anyhow; but not only the bad men, but also the large class of men who are weak rather than bad, are sure to administer the law poorly unless kept well up to the mark. The public should exercise a most careful scrutiny over the appointment and over the acts of Civil Service Commissioners, for there is no office the effectiveness of which depends so much upon the way in which the man himself chooses to construe his duties. A Commissioner can keep within the letter of the law and do his routine work and yet accomplish absolutely nothing in the way of securing the observance of the law. The Commission, to do useful

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work, must be fearless and vigilant. It must actively interfere whenever wrong is done, and must take all the steps that can be taken to secure the punishment of the wrong-doer and to protect the employee threatened with molestation.

This course was consistently followed by the Commission throughout my connection with it. I was myself a Republican from the North, as was Mr. Lyman. Messrs. Thompson and Procter were from the South, and were both Democrats who had served in the Confederate armies; and it would be impossible for anyone to desire as associates two public men with higher ideals of duty, or more resolute in their adherence to those ideals. It is unnecessary to say that in all our dealings there was no single instance wherein the politics of any person or the political significance of any action was so much as taken into account in any case that arose. The force of the Commission itself was all chosen through the competitive examinations, and included men of every party and from every section of the country; and I do not believe that in any public or private office of the size it would be possible to find a more honest, efficient, and coherent body of workers.

From the beginning of the present system each President of the United States has been its friend, but no President has been a radical Civil Service reformer. Presidents Arthur, Harrison, and Cleveland have all desired to see the service extended, and to see the law well administered. No one of them has felt willing or able to do all that the reformers asked, or to pay much heed to their wishes save as regards that portion of the service to which the law actually applied. Each has been a sincere party man, who has felt strongly on such questions as those of the tariff, of finance, and of our foreign policy, and each has been obliged to conform more or less closely to the wish of his party associates and fellow party leaders; and, of course, these party leaders, and the party politicians generally, wished the offices to be distributed as they had been ever since Andrew Jackson became President. In consequence the offices outside the protection of the law have still been treated under every administration as patronage, to be disposed of in the interests of the dominant party. An occasional exception was made here and there. The postmaster at New York, a Republican, was retained by President Cleveland in his first administration, and the postmaster of Charleston, a Democrat, was retained by President Harrison; but, with altogether insignificant exceptions, the great bulk of the non-classified places have been changed for political reasons by each administration, the office-holders politically opposed to the administration being supplanted or succeeded by political adherents of the administration.

Where the change has been complete it does not matter much whether it was made rapidly or slowly. Thus, the fourth-class postmasterships were looted more rapidly under the administration of President Harrison than under that of President Cleveland, and the consular service more rapidly under President Cleveland than under President Harrison; but the final result was the same in both cases. Indeed, I think that the brutality which accompanied the greater speed was in some ways of service to the country, for it directed attention to the iniquity and folly of the system, and emphasized, in the minds of decent citizens, the fact that appointments and removals for political reasons in places where the duties are wholly non-political cannot be defended by any man who looks at public affairs from the proper stand-point.

The advance has been made purely on two lines, that is, by better enforcement of the law, and by inclusion under the law, or under some system similar in its operations, of a portion of the service previously administered in accordance with the spoils theory. Under President Arthur the first classification was made, which included 14,000 places. Under President Cleveland, during his first term, the limits of the classified service were extended by the inclusion of 7,000 additional places. During President Harrison's term the limit was extended by the inclusion of about eight thousand places; and hith-

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erto during President Cleveland's second term, by the inclusion of some six thousand places; in addition to which the natural growth of the service has been such that the total number of offices now classified is over forty thousand. Moreover, Secretary Tracy, under President Harrison, introduced into the navy yards a system of registration of laborers, which secures the end sought for by the Commission; and Secretary Herbert has continued this system. It only rests, however, upon the will of the Secretary of the Navy, and as we cannot expect always to have secretaries as single-minded in their devotion to the public business as Messrs. Tracy and Herbert, it is most desirable that this branch of the service should be put directly under the control of the Commission.

The Cabinet officers, though often not Civil Service reformers to start with, usually become such before their terms of office expire. This was true, without exception, of all the Cabinet officers with whom I was personally brought into contact while on the Commission. Moreover, from their position and their sense of responsibility they are certain to refrain from violating the law themselves and to try to secure at least a formal compliance with its demands on the part of their subordinates. In most cases it is necessary, however, to goad them continually to see that they do not allow their subordinates to evade the law; and it is very difficult to get either the President or the head of a department to punish these subordinates when they have evaded it. There is not much open violation of the law, because such violation can be reached through the courts; but in the small offices and small bureaus there is often a chance for an unscrupulous head of the office or bureau to persecute his subordinates who are politically opposed to him into resigning, or to trump up charges against them on which they can be dismissed. If this is done in a sufficient number of cases men of the opposite political party think that it is useless to enter the examinations; and by staying out they leave the way clear for the offender to get precisely the men he wishes for the eligible registers. Cases like this continually occur, and the Commission has to be vigilant in detecting and exposing them, and in demanding their punishment by the head of the office. The offender always, of course, insists that he has been misunderstood, and in most cases he can prepare quite a specious defence. As he is of the same political faith as the head of the department, and as he is certain to be backed by influential politicians, the head of the department is usually loath to act against him, and, if possible, will let him off with, at most, a warning not to repeat the offence. In some departments this kind of evasion has never been tolerated; and where the Commission has the force under its eye, as in the departments at Washington, the chance of injustice is minimized. Nevertheless, there have been considerable abuses of this kind, notably in the custom-houses and post-offices, throughout the time I have been at Washington. So far as the Post-Office Department was concerned the abuses were more flagrant under President Harrison's Postmaster General, Mr. Wanamaker; but in the Treasury Department they were more flagrant under President Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Carlisle.

Congress has control of the appropriations for the Commission, and as it cannot do its work without an ample appropriation the action of Congress is vital to its welfare. Many, even of the friends of the system in the country at large, are astonishingly ignorant of who the men are who have battled most effectively for the law and for good government in either the Senate or the Lower House. It is not only necessary that a man shall be good and possess the desire to do decent things, but it is also necessary that he shall be courageous, practical, and efficient, if his work is to amount to anything. There is a good deal of rough-and-tumble fighting in Congress, as there is in all our political life, and a man is entirely out of place in it if he does not possess the virile qualities, and if he fails to show himself ready and able to hit back when assailed. Moreover, he must be alert, vigorous, and intelligent, if he

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is going to make his work count. The friends of the Civil Service Law, like the friends of all other laws, would be in a bad way if they had to rely solely upon the backing of the timid good. During the last six years there have been, as there always are, a number of men in the House who believe in the Civil Service Law, and who vote for it if they understand the question and are present when it comes up, but who practically count for very little one way or the other, because they are timid or flighty, or are lacking in capacity for leadership or ability to see a point and to put it strongly before their associates.

There is need of further legislation to perfect and extend the law and the system; but Congress has never been willing seriously to consider a proposition looking to this extension. Bills to provide for the appointment of fourth-class postmasters have been introduced by Senator Lodge and others, but have never come to anything. Indeed, but once has a measure of this kind been reported from committee and fought for in either House. This was in the last session of the 53d Congress, when Senators Morgan and Lodge introduced bills to reform the consular service. They were referred to Senator Morgan's Committee on Foreign Affairs, and were favorably reported. Senator Lodge made a vigorous fight for them in the Senate, but he received little support, and was defeated, Senator Gorman leading the opposition.

On the other hand, efforts to repeal the law, or to destroy it by new legislation, have been uniformly failures, and have rarely gone beyond committee. Occasionally, in an appropriation bill or some other measure, an amendment will be slipped through, adding forty or fifty employees to the classified service, or providing that the law shall not apply to them; but nothing important has ever been done in this way. But once has there been a resolute attack made on the law by legislation. This was in the 53d Congress, when Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, introduced in the House, and Mr. Vilas, of Wisconsin, pushed in the Senate, a bill to reinstate the Democratic railway mail clerks, turned out before the classification of the railway mail service in the early days of Mr. Harrison's administration.

The classification of the railway mail service was ordered by President Cleveland less than two months before the expiration of his first term of office as President. It was impossible for the Commission to prepare and hold the necessary examinations and establish eligible registers prior to May 1, 1889. President Harrison had been inaugurated on March 4th, and Postmaster-General Wanamaker permitted the spoilsmen to take advantage of the necessary delay and turn out half of the employees, who were Democrats, and replace them by Republicans. This was an outrageous act, deserving the severe condemnation it received; but it was perfectly legal. During the four years of Mr. Cleveland's first term a clean sweep was made of the railway mail service; the employees, who were almost all Republicans, were turned out, and Democrats were put in their places. The result was utterly to demoralize the efficiency of the service. It had begun to recover from this when the change of administration took place in 1889. The time was too short to allow of a clean sweep, but the Republicans did all they could in two months, and turned out half of the Democrats. The law then went into effect, and since that time there have been no more removals for partisan purposes in that service. It has now recovered from the demoralization into which it was thrown by the two political revolutions, and has reached a higher standard of efficiency than ever before. What was done by the Republicans in this service was repeated, on a less scale, by the Democrats four years later in reference to the classification of the small free-delivery post-offices. This classification was ordered by President Harrison two months before his term of office expired; but in many of the offices it was impossible to hold examinations and prepare eligible registers until after the inauguration of President Cleveland, and in a number of cases the incoming postmasters, who were appointed prior to the time when the law went into effect, took advantage of the delay to make clean

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sweeps of their offices. In one of these offices, where the men were changed in a body, the new appointees hired the men whom they replaced, at $35 a month apiece, to teach them their duties; in itself a sufficient comment on the folly of the spoils system.

Mr. Bynum's bill provided for the reinstatement of the Democrats who were turned out by the Republicans just before the classification of the railway mail service. Of course such a bill was a mere partisan measure. There was no more reason for reinstating the Democrats thus turned out than for reinstating the Republicans who had been previously turned out that these same Democrats might get in, or for reinstating the Republicans in the free-delivery offices who had been turned out just before these offices were classified. If the bill had been enacted into law it would have been a most serious blow to the whole system, for it would have put a premium upon legislation of the kind; and after every change of parties we should have seen the passing of laws to reinstate masses of Republicans or Democrats, as the case might be. This would have meant a return to the old system under a new form of procedure. Nevertheless, Mr. Bynum's bill received the solid support of his party. Not a Democratic vote was cast against it in the House, none even of the Massachusetts Democrats being recorded against it. In the Senate it was pushed by Mr. Vilas. By a piece of rather sharp parliamentary procedure he nearly got it through by unanimous consent. That it failed was owing entirely to the vigilance of Senator Lodge. Senator Vilas asked for the passage of the bill, on the ground that it was one of small importance, upon which his committee were agreed. When it was read the words "classified civil service" caught Senator Lodge's ear, and he insisted upon an explanation. On finding out what the bill was he at once objected to its consideration. Under this objection it could not then be considered. If it could have been brought to a vote it would undoubtedly have passed; but it was late in the session, the calendars were crowded with bills, and it was impossible to get it up in its regular order. Another effort was made, and was again frustrated by Senator Lodge, and the bill then died a natural death.

In the final session of the 53d Congress a little incident occurred which deserves to be related in full, not for its own importance, but because it affords an excellent example of the numerous cases which test the real efficiency of the friends of the reform in Congress. It emphasizes the need of having to watch over the interests of the law a man who is willing to fight, who knows the time to fight, and who knows how to fight. The secretary of the Commission was, in the original law of 1883, allowed a salary of $1,600 a year. As the Commission's force and work have grown, the salary in successive appropriation bills for the last ten years has been provided for at the rate of $2,000 a year. Many of the clerks under the secretary now receive $1,800, so that it would be of course an absurdity to reduce him in salary below his subordinates. Scores of other officials of the Government, including, for instance, the President's private secretary, the Assistant Postmaster-General, the Assistant Secretary of State, etc., have had their salaries increased in successive appropriation bills over the sum originally provided, in precisely the same way that the salary of the secretary of the Commission was increased. The 53d Congress was Democratic, as was the President, Mr. Cleveland, and the secretary of the Commission was himself a Democrat, who had been appointed to the position by Mr. Cleveland during his first term as President. The rules of the House provide that there shall be no increase of salary beyond that provided in existing law in any appropriation bill. When the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission came up in the House, Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, made the point of order that to give $2,000 to the secretary of the Commission was to increase his salary by $400 over that provided in the original law of 1883, and was therefore out of order. He also produced a list of twenty or thirty other officers, including the President's private secretary, the First Assistant Postmaster-General, etc., whose salaries were similarly in-

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creased. He withdrew his point of order as regards these persons, but adhered to it as regards the secretary of the Commission. The chairman of the Committee of the Whole, Mr. O'Neill, of Massachusetts, sustained the point of order; and not one person made any objection or made any fight, and the bill was put through the House with the secretary's salary reduced.

Now, the point of order was probably ill taken anyhow. The existing law was and had been for ten years that the salary was $2,000. But, in any event, had there been a single Congressman alert to the situation and willing to make a fight he could have stopped the whole movement by at once making a similar point of order against the President's private secretary, against the First Assistant Postmaster-General, the Assistant Secretary of State, and all the others involved. The House would of course have refused to cut down the salaries of all of these officials, and a resolute man, willing to insist that they should all go or none, could have saved the salary of the secretary of the Civil Service Commission. There were plenty of men who would have done this if it had been pointed out to them; but no one did so, and Mr. Breckinridge's point of order was sustained, and the salary of the secretary reduced by $400. When it got over to the Senate, however, the Civil Service reformers had allies who needed but little coaching. In the first place, the sub-committee of the Committee on Appropriations, composed of Messrs. Teller, Cockrell, and Allison, to which the Civil Service Commission section of the appropriation bill was referred, restored the salary to $2,000; but Senator Gorman succeeded in carrying, by a bare majority, the Appropriations Committee against it, and it was reported to the full Senate still at $1,600. The minute it got into the full Senate, however, Senator Lodge had a fair chance at it, and it was known that he would receive ample support. All that he had to do was to show clearly the absolute folly of the provision thus put in by Mr. Breckinridge, and kept in by Mr. Gorman, and to make it evident that he intended to fight it resolutely. The opposition collapsed at once; the salary was put back at $2,000, and the bill became a law in that form.

Whether bad legislation shall be choked and good legislation forwarded depends largely upon the composition of the Committees on Civil Service Reform of the Senate and the lower House. The make-up of these committees is consequently of great importance. They are charged with the duty of investigating complaints against the Commission, and it is of course very important that if ever the Commission becomes corrupt or inefficient its shortcomings should be unsparingly exposed in Congress. On the other hand, it is equally important that the falsity of untruthful charges advanced against it should be made public. In the 51st, 52d, and 53d Congresses a good deal of work was done by the Civil Service Committee of the House, and none at all by the corresponding committee of the Senate. The three chairmen of the House committee were Mr. Lehlbach, Mr. Andrew, and Mr. De Forest. All three were able and conscientious men and stanch supporters of the law. The chairman in the 52d Congress, Mr. John F. Andrew, was throughout his whole term of service one of the ablest, most fearless, and most effective champions of the cause of the reform in the House. Among the other members of the committee, in different Congresses, who stood up valiantly for the reform, were Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, Mr. Boatner, of Louisiana, and Mr. Dargan and Mr. Brawley, of South Carolina. Occasionally there have been on the committee members who were hostile to the reform, such as Mr. Alderson, of West Virginia; but these have not been men carrying weight in the House. The men of intelligence and ability who once familiarize themselves with the workings of the system, as they are bound to do if they are on the committee, are sure to become its supporters. In both the 51st and the 52d Congresses charges were made against the Commission, and investigations were held into its actions and into the workings of the law by the House committee. In each case in its report the committee not only heartily applauded the conduct of the Commission, but no less heartily approved the

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workings of the law, and submitted bills to increase the power of the Commissioners and to render the law still more wide-reaching and drastic. These bills, unfortunately, were never acted on in the House.

The main fight in each session comes on the appropriation bill. There is not the slightest danger that the law will be repealed, and there is not much danger that any president will suffer it to be so laxly administered as to deprive it of all value; though there is always need to keep a vigilant lookout for fear of such lax administration. The danger-point is in the appropriations. The first Civil Service Commission, established in the days of President Grant, was starved out by Congress refusing to appropriate for it. A hostile Congress could repeat the same course now; and, as a matter of fact, in every Congress resolute efforts are made by the champions of foul government and dishonest politics to cut off the Commission's supplies. The bolder men, who come from districts where little is known of the law, and where there is no adequate expression of intelligent and honest opinion on the subject, attack it openly. They are always joined by a number who make the attack covertly under some point of order, or because of a nominal desire for economy. These are quite as dangerous as the others, and deserve exposure. Every man interested in decent government should keep an eye on his Congressman and see how he votes on the question of appropriations for the Commission.

The opposition to the reform is generally well led by skilled parliamentarians, and they fight with the vindictiveness natural to men who see a chance of striking at the institution which has baffled their ferocious greed. As a rule, the rank and file are composed of politicians who could not rise in public life because of their attitude on any public question, and who derive most of their power from the skill with which they manipulate the patronage of their districts. These men have a gift at office-mongering, just as other men have a peculiar knack in picking pockets; and they are joined by all the honest dull men, who vote wrong out of pure ignorance, and by a very few sincere and intelligent, but wholly misguided, people. Many of the spoils leaders are both efficient and fearless, and able to strike hard blows. In consequence, the leaders on the side of decency must themselves be men of ability and force, or the cause will suffer. For our good fortune, we have never yet lacked such leaders.

The Appropriation Committees, both in the House and Senate, almost invariably show a friendly disposition toward the law. They are composed of men of prominence, who have a sense of the responsibilities of their positions and an earnest desire to do well for the country and to make an honorable record for their party in matters of legislation. They are usually above resorting to the arts of low cunning or of sheer demagogy to which the foes of the reform system are inevitably driven, and in consequence they can be relied upon to give, if not what is needed, at least enough to prevent any retrogression. It is in the open House and in Committee of the Whole that the fight is waged. The most dangerous fight occurs in Committee of the Whole, for there the members do not vote by aye and no, and in consequence a mean politician who wishes ill to the law, but is afraid of his constituents, votes against it in committee, but does not dare to do so when the ayes and noes are called in the House. One result of this has been that more than once the whole appropriation has been stricken out in Committee of the Whole, and then voted back again by substantial majorities by the same men sitting in open House.

In the debate on the appropriation the whole question of the workings of the law is usually discussed, and those members who are opposed to it attack not only the law itself, but the Commission which administers it. The occasion is, therefore, invariably seized as an opportunity for a pitched battle between the friends and foes of the system, the former trying to secure such an increase of appropriation as will permit the Commission to extend its work, and the latter striving to abolish the law outright by refusing all appropriations. In the 51st and 52d Congresses, Mr. Lodge, of

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Massachusetts, led the fight for the reform in the lower House. He was supported by such party leaders as Messrs. Reed, of Maine, and McKinley, of Ohio, among the Republicans, and Messrs. Wilson, of West Virginia, and Sayers, of Texas, among the Democrats. Among the other champions of the law on the floor of the House were Messrs. Hopkins, Butterworth, and Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, Henderson, of Iowa, Payne, Tracey, and Coombs, of New York. I wish I had the space to chronicle the names of all, and to give a complete list of those who voted for the law. Among the chief opponents of it were Messrs. Spinola, of New York, Enloe, of Tennessee, Stockdale, of Mississippi, Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Bowers, of California. The task of the defenders of the law was, in one way, easy, for they had no arguments to meet, the speeches of their adversaries being invariably divisible into mere declamation and direct misstatement of facts. In the Senate, Senators Hoar, of Massachusetts, Allison, of Iowa, Hawley, of Connecticut, Wolcott, of Colorado, Perkins, of California, Cockrell, of Missouri, and Butler, of South Carolina, always supported the Commission against unjust attack. Senator Gorman was naturally the chief leader of the assaults upon the Commission. Senators Harris, Plumb, Stewart, and Ingalls were among his allies.

In each session the net result of the fight was an increase in the appropriation of the Commission. The most important increase was that obtained in the first session of the 53d Congress. On this occasion Mr. Lodge was no longer in the House, having been elected to the Senate. The work of the Commission had grown so that it was impossible to perform it without a great increase of force; and it would have been impossible to have put into effect the extensions of the classified service had this increase not been allowed. In the House the Committee on Appropriations, of which Mr. Sayers was chairman, allowed the increase, but it was stricken out in the House itself after an acrimonious debate, in which the cause of the law was sustained by Messrs. Henderson, Hopkins, and McCall, of Massachusetts, Coombs and Crain, of Texas, Storer, of Ohio, and many others, while the spoilsmongers were led by Messrs. Stockdale and Williams, of Mississippi, Pendleton, of West Virginia, Fithian, of Illinois, and others less important.

When the bill went over to the Senate, however, Mr. Lodge, well supported by Messrs. Allison, Cockrell, Wolcott, and Teller, had the provision for the increase of appropriation for the Commission restored and increased, thereby adding by one-half to the efficiency of the Commission's work. Had it not been for this the Commission would have been quite unable to have undertaken the extensions recently ordered by President Cleveland.

It is noteworthy that the men who have done most effective work for the law in Washington in the Departments, and more especially in the House and Senate, are men of spotless character, who show by their whole course in public life that they are not only able and resolute, but also devoted to a high ideal. Much of what they have done has received little comment in public, because much of the work in committee, and some of the work in the House, such as making or combating points of order, and pointing out the danger or merit of certain bills, is not of a kind readily understood or appreciated by an outsider; yet no men have deserved better of the country, for there is in American public life no one other cause so fruitful of harm to the body politic as the spoils system, and the legislators and administrative officers who have done the best work toward its destruction merit a peculiar meed of praise from all well-wishers of the Republic.

I have spoken above of the good that would come from a thorough and intelligent knowledge as to who were the friends and who were the foes of the law in Washington. Departmental officers, the heads of bureaus, and, above all, the Commissioners themselves, should be carefully watched by all friends of the reform. They should be supported when they do well, and condemned when they do ill; and attention should be called not only to what they do, but to what they fail to

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do. To an even greater extent, of course, this applies to the President. As regards the Senators and Congressmen also there is urgent need of careful supervision by the friends of the law. We need criticism by those who are unable to do their part in action; but the criticism, to be useful, must be both honest and intelligent, and the critics must remember that the system has its stanch friends and bitter foes among both party men and men of no party—among Republicans, Democrats, and Independents. Each Congressman should be made to feel that it is his duty to support the law, and that he will be held to account if he fails to support it. Especially is it necessary to concentrate effort in working for each step of reform. In legislative matters, for instance, there is need of increase of appropriations for the Commission, and there is a chance of putting through the bill to reform the consular service. This has received substantial backing in the Senate, and has the support of the majority of the Foreign Affairs Committee. Instead of wasting efforts by a diffuse support of eight or ten bills, it would be well to bend every energy to securing the passage of the consular bill; and to do this it is necessary to arouse not only the Civil Service Reform Associations, but the Boards of Trade throughout the country, and to make the Congressmen and Senators feel individually the pressure from those of their constituents who are resolved no longer to tolerate the peculiarly gross manifestation of the spoils system which now obtains in the consular service, with its attendant discredit to the national honor abroad.

People sometimes grow a little downhearted about the reform. When they feel in this mood it would be well for them to reflect on what has actually been gained in the past six years. By the inclusion of the railway mail service, the smaller free-delivery offices, the Indian school service, the internal revenue service, and other less important branches, the extent of the public service which is under the protection of the law has been more than doubled, and there are now nearly fifty thousand employees of the Federal Government who have been withdrawn from the degrading influences that rule under the spoils system. This of itself is a great success and a great advance, though, of course, it ought only to spur us on to renewed effort. In the fall of 1894 the people of the State of New York, by popular vote, put into their constitution a provision providing for a merit system in the affairs of the State and its municipalities; and the following spring the great city of Chicago voted, by an overwhelming majority, in favor of applying in its municipal affairs the advanced and radical Civil Service Reform Law which had already passed the Illinois Legislature. Undoubtedly, after every success there comes a moment of reaction. The friends of the reform grow temporarily lukewarm, or, because it fails to secure everything they hoped, they neglect to lay proper stress upon all that it does secure. Yet, in spite of all rebuffs, in spite of all disappointments and opposition, the growth of the principle of Civil Service Reform has been continually more rapid, and every year has taken us measurably nearer that ideal of pure and decent government which is dear to the heart of every honest American citizen.

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THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XXIX

CARINTHIA IN WALES

AN August of gales and rains drove Atlantic air over the Welsh highlands. Carinthia's old father had impressed on her the rapture of "smelling salt" when by chance he stood and threw up his nostrils to sniff largely over a bed of bracken, that reminded him of his element, and her fancy would be at strain to catch his once proud riding of the seas. She felt herself an elder daughter of the beloved old father, as she breathed it in full volume from the billowy West one morning early after sunrise, and walked sisterly with the far-seen inexperienced little maid, whom she saw trotting beside him through the mountain forest, listening, storing his words, picturing the magnetic veined great gloom of an untasted world.

This elder daughter had undergone a shipwreck; but clear proof that she had not been worsted was in the unclouded liveliness of the younger one gazing forward. Imaginative creatures who are courageous will never be lopped of the hopeful portion of their days by personal misfortune. Carinthia could animate both; it would have been a hurt done to a living human soul had she suffered the younger self to run overcast. Only the gazing forward had become interdicted to her inexperienced self. Nor could she vision a future having any horizon for her child. She saw it in bleak squares, and snuggled him between dangers weathered and dangers apprehended.

The conviction that her husband hated her had sunk into her nature. Hating the mother, he would not love her boy. They were burdens, and the heir of his house, child of a hated mother, was under perpetual menace from an unscrupulous tyrannical man. The dread and antagonism were first aroused by the birth of her child. She had not known while bearing him her present acute sensation of the hunted, flying, and at bay. Previously she could say: I did wrong here; I did wrong there. Distrust had brought the state of war, which allows not of the wasting of our powers in confessions.

Her husband fed her and he clothed her; the limitation of his bounty was sharply outlined. Sure of her rectitude, a stranger to the world, she was not very sensible of dishonor done to her name. It happened at times that her father inquired of her how things were going with his little Carin; and then revolt sprang up and answered on his behalf rather fiercely. She was, however, prepared for any treaty including forgiveness, if she could be at peace in regard to her boy, and have an income of some help to her brother. Chillon was harassed on all sides; she stood incapable of aiding; so foolishly feeble in the shadow of her immense longing to strive for him, that she could think her husband had purposely lamed her with an infant. Her love of her brother, now the one man she loved, laid her insufficiency on the rack and tortured imbecile cries from it.

On the contrary, her strange husband had blest her with an infant. Everything was pardonable to him if he left her boy untouched in the mother's charge. Much alone as she was, she raised the dead to pet and cherish her boy. Chillon had seen him and praised him. Mrs. Owain Wythan, her neighbor over a hill, praised him above all babes on earth, poor childless woman.

She was about to cross the hill and breakfast with Mrs. Wythan. The time for the weaning of the babe approached, and had as prospect beyond it her dull fear that her husband would say the mother's work was done, and seize the pretext to separate them; and she could not claim a longer term to be giving milk, because her father had said: "Not a quarter of a month more than nine for

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the milk of the mother:" or else the child would draw an unsustaining nourishment from the strongest breast. She could have argued her exceptional robustness against another than he. But the dead father wanting to build a great race of men and women ruled.

Carinthia knelt at the cradle of a princeling gone from the rich repast to his alternative kingdom.

"You will bring him over when he wakes," she said to Madge. "Mrs. Wythan would like to see him every day. Martha can walk now."

"She can walk and hold a child in her own arms, my lady," said Madge. "She expects miners popping up out of the bare ground when she sees no goblins."

"They!—they know him, they would not hurt him; they know my son," her mistress answered.

The population of the mines in revolt had no alarm for her. The works were empty down below. Men sat by the wayside brooding or strolled in groups, now and then loudly exercising their tongues; or they stood in circles to sing hymns: melancholy chants of a melancholy time for all.

How would her father have acted by these men? He would have been among them. Dissensions in his mine were vapors of a day. Lords behave differently. Carinthia fancied the people must regard their master as a foreign wizard, whose power they felt, without the chance of making their cry to him heard. She, too, dealt with a lord. It was now his wish for her to leave the place where she had found some shreds of a home in the thought of being useful. She was gathering the people's language; many of their songs she could sing, and pleased them by singing to them. They were not suspicious of her; at least their women had open doors for her; the men, if shy, were civil. She had only to go below, she was greeted in the quick tones of their speech all along the street of the slate-roofs.

But none loved the castle, and she as little, saving the one room in it where her boy lay. The gray of Welsh history knew a real castle beside the roaring brook, frequently a torrent. This was an eighteenth-century castellated habitation on the verge of a small wood midway up the height, and it required a survey of numberless happy recollections to illume its walls or drape its chambers. The permanently lighted hearth of a dear home, as in that forsaken unfavored old white house of the wooded Austrian crags, it had not. Rather it seemed a place waiting for an ill deed to be done in it, and stop all lighting of hearths thereafter.

Out on the turf of the shaven hills her springy step dispersed any misty fancies. Her short-winged hive set to work in her head, as usual, building scaffoldings of great things to be done by Chillon, present evils escaped. The rolling, big, bare hills, with the riding clouds, excited her as she mounted, and she was a figure of gladness on the ridge bending over to hospitable Plas Llwyn, where the Wythans lived, entertaining rich and poor alike. They had led the neighborhood to call on the discarded Countess of Fleetwood.

A warm strain of arms about her neck was Carinthia's welcome from Mrs. Wythan, lying along the couch in her boudoir, an established invalid, who yearned sanely to life and caught a spark of it from the guest, eyed tenderly by her as they conversed.

"Our boy?—our Chillon Kirby till he has his baptism names; he is well! I am to see him?"

"He follows me. He sleeps almost through the night now."

"Ah, my dear," Mrs. Wythan sighed, imagining, "it would disappoint me if he did not wake me."

"I wake at his old time and watch him."

Carinthia put on the baby's face in the soft mould of slumber.

"I see him," Mrs. Wythan cried. "He is part mine. He has taught Owain to love babies."

A tray of breakfast was placed before the Countess.

"Mr. Wythan is down among his men?" she said.

"Every morning, as long as this agitation lasts. I need not say, good appetite to you after your walk. You have no fear of the men, I know. Owain's men are undisturbed; he has

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them in hand. Absentee masters can't expect continued harmony. Dear, he tells me Mr. Edwards awaits the Earl."

Drinking her tea, Carinthia's eyelids shut; she set down her cup, "If he must come," she said. "He wishes me to leave. I am to go again where I have no friends, and no language to learn, and can be of no use. It is not for me that I dread his coming. He speaks to command. The men ask to be heard. He will have submission first. They do not trust him. His coming is a danger. For me, I should wish him to come. May I say? . . . "

"Your Rebecca bids you say, my darling."

"It is, I am with the men because I am so like them. I beg to be heard. He commands obedience. He is a great nobleman, but I am the daughter of a greater man, and I have to say, that if those poor miners do harm, I will not stand by and see an anger against injustice punished. I wish his coming, for him to agree upon the Christian names of the boy. I feel his coming will do me injury in making me offend him worse. I would avoid that. Oh, dear soul: I may say it to you:—he cannot hurt me any more. I am spared loving him when I forgive him: and I do. The loving is the pain. That is gone by."

Mrs. Wythan fondled and kissed Carinthia's hand.

"Let me say, in my turn, I may help you, dear. You know I have my husband's love, as he mine. Am I, have I ever been a wife to him? Here I lie, a dead weight, to be carried up and down, all of a wife that Owain has had for years. I lie and pray to be taken, that my good man, my proved good man, may be free to choose a healthy young woman and be rewarded before his end by learning what a true marriage is. The big simpleton will otherwise be going to his grave, thinking he was married: I see him stepping about softly in my room, so contented if he does not disturb me, and he crushes me with a desire to laugh at him while I worship. I tricked him into marrying the prostrate invalid I am, and he can't discover the trick, he *will* think it's a wife he has, instead of a doctor's doll. Oh! you have a strange husband, it has been a strange marriage for you, but you have your invincible health, you have not to lie and feel the horror of being a deception to a guileless man, whose love blindfolds him. The bitter ache to me is, that I can give nothing. You abound in power to give."

Carinthia lifted her open hands for sign of their emptiness.

"My brother would not want, if I could give. He may have to sell out of the Army, he thinks, fears; and I must look on. Our mother used to say she had done something for her country in giving a son like Chillon to the British Army. Poor mother! Our bright opening days all seem to end in rain. We should turn to Mr. Wythan for a guide,"

"He calls you Morgan le Fay Christianized."

"What I am!" Carinthia raised and let fall her head. "An example makes dwarfs of us. When Mr. Wythan does penance for temper by descending into his mine and working among his men for a day with the pick, seated, as he showed me down below, that is an example. If I did like that I should have no fire-damp in the breast, and not such a task to forgive, that when I succeed I kill my feelings."

The entry of Madge and Martha, the nurse-girl, with the overflowing armful of baby, changed their converse into melodious exclamations.

"Kit Ines has arrived, my lady," Madge said. "I saw him on the road and stopped a minute."

Mrs. Wythan studied Carinthia. Her sharp invalid's ears had caught the name. She beckoned. "The man who—the fighting man?"

"It will be my child this time," said Carinthia. "I have no fear for myself." She was trembling, though her features were hard, for the war her lord had declared, as it seemed. "Did he tell you his business here?" she asked of Madge.

"He says, to protect you, my lady, since you won't leave."

"He stays at the castle?"

"He is to stay there, he says, as long as the Welsh are out."

"The 'Welsh' are misunderstood by Lord Fleetwood," Mrs. Wythan said to Carinthia. "He should live among

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them. They will not hurt their lady. Protecting may be his intention; but we will have our baby safe here. Not?" she appealed. "And baby's mother. How otherwise?"

"You read my wishes," Carinthia rejoined. "The man I do not think a bad man. He has a master. While I am bound to my child I must be restful, and with the man at the castle, Martha's goblins would jump about me day and night. My boy makes a coward of his mother."

"We merely take a precaution, and I have the pleasure of it," said her hostess. "Give orders to your maid: not less than a fortnight. It will rejoice my husband so much."

As with the warmly hospitable, few were the words. Madge was promised by her mistress plenty of opportunities daily for seeing Kit Ines, and her mouth screwed to one of women's dimples at a corner. She went off in a cart to fetch boxes, thinking we are a hunted lot! So she was not wildly disposed for the company of Mr. Kit on her return to the castle.

England's champion Light-weight thought it hard that his coming down to protect the castle against the gibbering heathen Welsh should cause a clearing out, and solitariness for his portion.

"What's the good of innocence if you're always going to suspect a man!" he put it, like a true son of the pirates turned traders. "I've got a paytron, and a man in my profession must have a paytron, or where is he? Where's his money for a trial of skill? Say he saves and borrows and finds the lump to clap it down, and he's knocked out o' time. There he is, bankrupt, and a devil of a licking into the bargain. That's the cream of our profession, if a man's got no paytron. No prize-ring can live without one. The odds are too hard on us. My lady ought to take into account I behaved respectful when I was obliged to do my lord's orders and remove her from our haunts, which wasn't to his taste. Here I'm like a cannon for defending the house, needs be, and all inside flies off scarified."

"It strikes me, Kit Ines, a man with a paytron is no better than a tool of a man," said Madge.

"And don't you go to be sneering at honest tools," Ines retorted. "When will women learn a bit of the world before they're made hags of by old Father Wear-and-Tear! A young woman in her prime, you Madge, be such a fool as not see I serve tool to stock our shop."

"Your paytron bid you steal off with my Lady's child, Kit Ines, you'd do it to stock your shop."

Ines puffed. "If you ain't a girl to wallop the wind! Fancy me at that game! Is that why my Lady—but I can't be suspected that far? You make me break out at my pores. My paytron's a gentleman: he wouldn't ask and I couldn't act such a part. Dear Lord! it'd have to be stealing off, for my Lady can use a stick; and put it to the choice between my Lady and her child and any paytron living, paytron be damned, I'd say, rather'n go against my notions of honor. Have you forgot all our old talk about the prize-ring the nursery of honor in Old England?"

"That was before you sold yourself to a paytron, Kit Ines."

"Ah! Women wants mast-heading off and on, for 'em to have a bit of a look-out over life as it is. They go stewing over books of adventure and drop into frights about awful men. Take me, now; you had a no small admiration for my manly valor once, and you trusted yourself to me, and did you ever repent it?—owing you're not the woman to tempt to t'other way."

"You wouldn't have found me talking to you here if I had."

"And here I'm left to defend an empty castle, am I?"

"Don't drink or you'll have your paytron on you. He's good use there."

"I ask it, can I see my Lady?"

"Drunk nor sober you won't. Serve a paytron, be a leper, you'll find with all honest folk."

Ines shook out an execrating leg at the foul word. "Leper, you say? You say that? You say leper to me?"

"Strut your tallest, Kit Ines. It's the money rattles in your pocket says it."

"It's my reputation for decent treatment of a woman lets you say it, Madge Winch."

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"Stick to that as long as your paytron consents. It's the one thing you've got left."

"Benefit, you hussy, and mind you don't pull too stiff."

"Be the woman and have the last word!"

His tongue was checked. He swallowed the exceeding sourness of a retort undelivered, together with the feeling that she beat him in the wrangle by dint of her being an unreasonable wench.

Madge huffed away to fill her boxes.

He stood by the cart, hands deep down his pockets, when she descended. She could have laughed at the spectacle of a champion prize-fighter out of employ, hulking, idle, because he was dog to a paytron; but her contempt of him declined passing in small change.

"So you're off. What am I to tell my Lord when he comes?" Kit growled. "His yacht's fetching for a Welsh seaport."

She counted it a piece of information gained, and jumped to her seat, bidding the driver start. To have pretty well lost her character for a hero changed into a patron's dog, was a thought that outweighed the show of incivility. Some little distance away, she reproached herself for not having been so civil as to inquire what day my Lord was expected, by his appointment. The girl reflected on the strangeness of a body of discontented miners bringing my Lord and my Lady close, perhaps to meet.

CHAPTER XXX

REBECCA WYTHAN

THE Earl was looked for at the chief office of the mines, and each day an expectation of him closed in disappointment, leaving it to be surmised that there were more serious reasons for his continued absence during a crisis than any discussed; whether, indeed, as when a time-piece neglects to strike the hour which is, by the reckoning of natural impatience, past, the capital charge of "crazy works" must not be brought against a nobleman hitherto precise upon business, of a just disposition, fairly humane. For though he was an absentee sucking the earth through a tube, in Ottoman ease, he had never omitted the duty of personally attending on the spot to grave cases under dispute. The son of the hard-headed father came out at a crisis, and not too high-handedly: he could hear an opposite argument to the end. Therefore, since he refused to comply without hearing, he was wanted on the spot imperatively now.

Irony pursuing History offers the beaten and indolent a sugary acid in the indication of the spites and the pranks, the whims and the tastes, at the springs of main events. It is, taken by itself, destructive nourishment. But those who labor in the field to shovel the clods of earth to History, would be wiser of their fellows for a minor dose of it. Mr. Howell Edwards consulting with Mr. Owain Wythan on the necessity, that the Earl should instantly keep his promise to appear among the men and stop the fermentation, as in our younger days a lordly owner still might do by small concessions and the physical influence—the nerve-charm—could suppose him to be holding aloof for his pleasure or his pride; perhaps because of illness or inability to conceive the actual situation at a distance. He mentioned the presence of the Countess, and Mr. Wythan mentioned it, neither of them thinking a rational man would so play the lunatic as to let men starve, and wreck precious mines, for the sake of avoiding her.

Sullen days went by. On these days of the slate-cloud or the leaden-winged, Carinthia walked over the hills to her staring or down-eyed silent people—admitted without a welcome at some doors, rejected at some. Her baskets from the castle were for the most part received as graciously. She continued to direct them for delivery where they were needed, and understood why a charity that supplied the place of justice was not thanked. She and her people here were one regarding the master, as she had said. They could not hurt her sensitiveness, she felt too warmly with them. And here it was not the squalid, flat, bricked east-corner of London at

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the close of her daily pilgrimage. Up from the solitary street of the slate-roofs, she mounted a big hill and had the life of high breathing. A perpetual escape out of the smoky, grimy city mazes was trumpeted to her in the winds up there; a recollected contrast lightened the skyless, broad, low-moving spaces overhead almost to sunniness. Having air of the hills and activity for her limbs, she made sunshine for herself. Regrets were at no time her nestlings.

Look backward only to correct an error of conduct for the next attempt, says one of her father's maxims; as sharply bracing for women as for men. She did not look back to moan. Now that her hunger for the safety of her infant was momentarily quieted, she could see Kit Ines hanging about the lower ground, near the ale-house, and smile at Madge's comparison of him to a drummed-out soldier, who would like to be taken for a holiday pensioner.

He saluted; under the suspicion of his patron's lady his legs were hampered; he dared not approach her; though his innocence of a deed not proposed to him yet—and all to stock that girl Madge's shop, if done—knocked at his ribs with fury to vindicate himself before the lady and her maid. A gentleman met them and conducted them across the hills.

And two Taffy gentlemen would hardly be sufficient for the purpose, supposing an ill-used Englishman inclined to block their way. What, and played footpad, Kit Ines? No, it's just a game in the head. But a true man hates to feel himself suspected. His refuge is the beer of the country.

Next day there were the two gentlemen to conduct the lady and her maid; and Taffy the first walks beside the Countess; and that girl Madge trudges along with no other than my Lord's Mr. Woodseer, chattering like a watering-can on a garden-bed; deuce a glance at Kit Ines. How can she keep it up and the gentleman no more than nodding? How does he enjoy playing second fiddle with the maid while Mr. Tall Brownface Taffy violins it to her ladyship a stone's throw in front? Ines had less curiosity to know the object of Mr. Woodseer's appearance on the scene. Idle, unhandsomely treated, and a cave of the yawns, he merely commented on his observations.

"Yes, there he is, don't look at him," Madge said to Gower; "and whatever he's here for he has a bad time of it, and rather more than it's pleasant for him to think over, if a slave to a 'paytron' thinks at all. I won't judge him; my mistress is bitten with the fear for the child worse than ever. And the Earl, my Lord, not coming, and he wanting her to move again, seems to her he durstn't do it here and intends to snap at the child on the road. She's forced to believe anything of such a husband and father. And why does he behave so? I can't spell it. He's kind to my Sally—you've seen the Piccadilly shop?—because she was . . . she did her best in love and duty for my Lady. And behaves like a husband hating his wife's life on earth. When he went down with good Mr. Woodseer, and called on Sally, pretending to inquire, after she was kidnapped by that Kit Ines, acting to please his patron, he must be shown up to the room where she slept, and stands at the door and peeps in, Sally's letter says, and asks if he may enter the room. He went to the window looking on the chimneys she used to see, and touched an ornament over the fireplace, called grandfather's pig-tail case—he was a sailor; only a ridiculous piece of china, that made my Lady laugh about the story of its holding a pigtail. But he turns it over because she did—Sally told him. He couldn't be pretending when he bought the beautiful shop and stocked it for Sally. He gets her lots of customers; and no rent to pay till next Michaelmas a year. She's a made woman through him. He said to her, he had heard from Mr. Woodseer the Countess of Fleetwood called her sister; he shook her hand."

"The Countess of Fleetwood called both of you her sisters, I think," said Gower.

"I'm her servant. I'd rather serve her than have a fortune."

"You were born with a fortune one would like to have a nibble at, Madge."

"I can't lay hand on it then."

"It's the capacity for giving, my dear."

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"Please, Mr. Gower, don't say that; you'll make me cry. He keeps his wife so poor she hasn't a shilling of her own; she wearies about her brother; she can't help. He can spend hundreds on my Sally for having been good to her, in our small way; it's a fairy tale; and he won't hear of money for his wife, except that she's never to want for anything it can buy."

"You give what it can't buy."

"Me. I'm 'a pugilist's wench'—I've heard myself called. She was the first who gave me a lift;—never mind me. Have you come to take her away? She'd trust herself and the child to you."

"Take her?—reason with her as to the best we can do. He holds off from a meeting just now. I fancy he's wearing round to it. His keeping his wife without money passes comprehension. After serving him for a few months I had a store invested to support for years—as much as I need before I join the ranks of the pen. I was at my reading and writing and drowsing, and down he rushes; I'm in harness again. I can't say it's dead waste of time; besides I pick up an independence for the days ahead. But I don't respect myself for doing the work. Here's the difference between us two servants, Madge: I think of myself, and you don't."

"The difference is more like between the master and mistress we serve, Mr. Gower."

"Well, I'd rather be the woman in this case."

"You know the reputation I've got. And can only just read, and can't spell. My mistress teaches me bits of German and French on her walks."

Gower took a new observation of this girl whom he had not regarded as like himself, a pushing blade among the grasses. He proposed to continue her lessons, if she cared to learn; saying it would be done in letters.

"I won't be ashamed of writing, if you mean it," said she. "My mistress will have a usefuller servant. She had a strange honeymoon of a marriage, if ever was; and told me t'other day she was glad because it brought us together—she a born lady!"

"A fling above born ladies. She's quick as light to hit on a jewel where there is one, whether it shines or not. She stands among the Verities of the world."

"Yes," Madge said, panting for more, "Do speak of her. When you praise her, I feel she's not wasted. Mistress; and friend and wife—if he'd let her be; and mother; never mother like her. The boy'll be a sturdy. She'll see he has every chance. He's a lucky little one to have that mother."

"You think her handsome, Madge?" Gower asked it, wishing to hear a devotee's confusion of qualities and looks.

The question was a drop on lower spheres, and it required definitions, to touch the exact nature of the form of beauty, and excuse a cooler tone on the commoner plane. These demanded language. She rounded the difficulty, saying: "You see engravings of Archery; that's her figure—her real figure. I think her face. . . . I can't describe. . . . it flashes."

"That's it," said Gower, delighted with his perception of a bare mind at work and hitting the mark perforce of warmth. "When it flashes, it's unequalled. There's the supremacy of irregular lines. People talk of perfect beauty; suitable for paintings and statues. Living faces, if they're to show the soul, which is the star on the peak of beauty, must lend themselves to commotion. Nature does it in a breezy tree or over ruffled waters. Repose has never such splendid reach as animation—I mean, in the living face. Artists prefer repose. Only Nature can express the uttermost beauty with her gathering and tuning of discords. Well, your mistress has that beauty. I remember my impression when I saw her first on her mountains abroad. Other beautiful faces of women so pale, grow stale. The diversified in the harmony of the flash are Nature's own, her radiant, made of her many notes, beyond our dreams to reproduce. We can't hope to have a true portrait of your mistress. Does Madge understand?"

The literary dose was a strong one for her; but she saw the index, and got a lift from the sound. Her bosom heaved. "Oh, I do try, Mr. Gower. I

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think I do a little. I do more while you're talking. You are good to talk so to me. You should have seen her the night she went to meet my Lord at those beastly Gardens Kit Ines told me he was going to. She was defending him. I've no words. You teach me what's meant by poetry. I couldn't understand that once."

Their eyes were on the Countess and her escort in advance. Gower's praises of her mistress's peculiar beauty set the girl compassionately musing. His eloquence upon the beauty was her clew.

Carinthia and Mr. Wythan started at a sharp trot in the direction of the pair of ponies driven by a groom along the curved decline of the narrow roadway. His whip was up for signal.

It concerned the house and the master of it. His groom drove rapidly down while he hurried on the homeward way, as a man will do, with the dread upon him that his wife's last breath may have been yielded before he can enfold her.

Carinthia walked to be overtaken, not daring to fever her blood at a swifter pace; "lamed with an infant," the thought recurred.

"She is very ill, she has fainted, she lies insensible," Madge heard from her of Mrs. Wythan. "We were speaking of her when the groom appeared. It has happened twice. They fear the third. He fears it, though he laughs at a superstition. Now step. I know you like walking, Mr. Woodseer. Once I left you behind."

"I have the whole scene of the angel and the cripple," Gower replied.

"Oh, that day!"

They were soon speculating on the unimpressionable house in its clump of wood midway below, which had no response for anxieties.

A maid-servant at the garden-gate, by Mr. Wythan's orders, informed Carinthia that her mistress had opened her eyes. There was a hope of weathering the ominous third time. But the hope was a bird of short flight from bush to bush until the doctor should speak to confirm it. Even the child was under the shadow of the house. Carinthia had him in her arms, trusting to life as she hugged him, and seeing innumerable darts out of all regions assailing her treasure.

"She wishes to have you," Mr. Wythan came and said to her. "Almost her first word. The heart is quickening. She will live for me if she can."

He whispered it. His features shot the sparkle.

Rebecca Wythan had strength to press Carinthia's hand faintly. She made herself heard: "No pain." Her husband sat upright, quite still, attentive for any sign. His look of quiet pleasure, ready to show sprightliness, dwelt on her. She returned the look, unable to give it greeting. Past the sense of honor, she wanted to say: "See the poor simple fellow who will think it a wife that he has!" She did not look.

Carinthia spoke his name, "Mr. Wythan," by chance, and Rebecca breathed heavily until she formed the words. "Owain to me."

"To me," Owain added.

The three formed a chain and clasped hands.

It was in the mind of the sick lady to disburden herself of more than her weakness could utter, so far was she above earthly links. The desire in her was to be quit of flesh, bearing a picture of her husband as having the dues of his merits.

Her recovered strength next day brought her nearer to our laws. "You will call him Owain, Carinthia?" she said. "He is not one to presume on familiarity. I must be going soon. I cannot leave him the wife I would choose, I can leave him the sister. He is a sure friend. He is the knightly man women dream of. I harp on it because I long for testimony that I leave him to have some reward. And this may be between two so pure at heart as you two."

"Dear soul! friend, yes, and Owain, yes, I can say it," Carinthia rejoined. "Brother? I have only my Chillon. My life is now for him. I am punished for separating myself from the son of my father. I have no heart for a second brother. What I can give to my friend I will. I shall love you in him, if I am to lose you."

"Not Owain—I was the wretch re-

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fused to call on the lonely lady at the castle until I heard she had done a romantic little bit of thing—hushed a lambkin's bleating. My loss! my loss! And I could afford it so poorly. Since then Carinthia has filled my days. I shudder to leave you and think of your going back to the English. Their sneer withers. They sent you down among us as a young woman to be shunned."

"I did wildly, I was ungoverned, I had one idea," said Carinthia. "*One idea is a bullet, good for the day of battle to beat the foe*, father tells us. It was a madness in me. Now it has gone, I see all round. I see straight, too. With one idea we see nothing—nothing but itself. Whizz! we go. I did. I shall no longer offend in that way. Mr. Gower Woodseer is here from my lord."

"With him the child will be safe."

"I am not alarmed. It is to request —they would have me gone, to prepare the way for my Lord."

"You have done it; he has the castle to himself. I cannot spare you. A tyrant ordering you to go should be defied. My Lord Fleetwood puts lightning into my slow veins."

"We have talked: we shall be reproved by the husband and the doctor," said Carinthia.

Sullen days continued and rolled over to night at the mines. Gower's mission was rendered absurd by the Countess's withdrawal from the castle. He spoke of it to Mr. Wythan once, and the latter took a big breath and blew such a lord to the winds. "Persuade our guest to leave us, that the air may not be tainted for her husband when he comes? He needn't call; he's not obliged to see her. She's offered Esslemont to live in? I believe her instinct's right—he has designs on the child. A little more and we shall have a mad dog in the fellow. He doubles my work by keeping his men out. If she were away, we should hear of black doings. Twenty dozen of his pugilists wouldn't stop the burning"

They agreed that persuasions need not be addressed to the Countess. She was and would remain Mr. Wythan's guest. As for the Earl, Gower inclined to plead hesitatingly, still to plead, on behalf of a nobleman owing his influence and very susceptible to his wisdom, whose echo of a pointed saying nearly equalled the satisfaction bestowed by print. The titled man affected the philosopher in that manner; or rather, the crude philosopher's relish of brilliant appreciation stripped him of his robe. For he was with Owain Wythan at heart to scorn titles which did not distinguish practical offices. A nation bowing to them has gone to pith, for him; he had to shake himself that he might not similarly stick; he had to do it often. Objects elevated even by a decayed world have their magnetism for us unless we nerve the mind to wakeful repulsion. He protested he had reason to think the Earl was humanizing, though he might be killing a woman in the process. "Could she wish for better?" he asked, with at least the gravity of the undermining humorist; and he started Owain to course an idea when he remarked of Lord Fleetwood: "Imagine a devil on his back on a river, flying a cherub."

Owain sparkled from the vision of the thing to wrath with it.

"Ay, but while he's floating his people are edging on starvation. And I've a personal grievance. I keep, you know, open hall, bread and cheese and beer, for poor mates. His men are favoring us with a call. We have to cart treble from the town. If I straighten the sticks he tried to bend, it'll be a grievance against me—and a fig for it! But I like to be at peace with my neighbors, and waft them penillion instead of dealing the *cleddyfal* of Llewellyn."

At last the tension ceased; they had intelligence of the Earl's arrival.

His Countess was little moved by it; and the reason for that lay in her imagination being absorbed. Henrietta had posted her a journal telling of a deed of Chillon's: no great feat, but precious for its "likeness to him," as they phrased it; that is, for the light it cast on their conception of the man. Heading a squadron in a riotous Midland town, he stopped a charge, after fire of a shot from the mob, and galloped up the street to catch a staggering urchin to his saddle-bow, and place the mite in safety. Then it was a

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simple trot of the hussars ahead; way was made for him.

Now, to see what banquet is for the big of heart in the world's hot stress, take the view of Carinthia, to whom her brother's thoughtful little act of gentleness at the moment of the red-of-the-powder smoke was divinest bread and wine, when calamity hung around, with the future an unfooted wilderness, her powers untried, her husband her enemy.

CHAPTER XXXI

WE HAVE AGAIN TO DEAL WITH THE EXAMPLES OF OUR YOUNGER MAN

THE most urgent of dames is working herself up to a gray squall in her detestation of imagerial epigrams. Otherwise Gower Woodseer's dash at the quintessential young man of wealth would prompt to the carrying of it farther and telling how the tethered flutterer above a "devil on his back on a river" was beginning to pull, if not drag, his withholder and teaser.

Fleetwood had almost a desire to see the small dot of humanity which drew the breath from him; and was indistinguishably the bubbly grin and gurgle of the nurses, he could swear. He kicked at the bondage to our common fleshly nature imposed on him by the mother of the little animal. But there had been a mother to this father; odd movements of a warmish curiosity brushed him when the cynic was not mounting guard. They were, it seemed, external, no part of him; like blasts of a wayside furnace across wintry air. They were, as it chanced, Nature's woman in him plucking at her separated partner, Custom's man; something of an oriental voluptuary on his isolated regal seat; and he would suck the pleasures without a descent into the stale old ruts where Life's convict couple walk linked to one another, to their issue more.

There was also a cold curiosity to see the male infant such a mother would have. The grandson of Old Lawless might turn out a rascal, he would be no mean one, no coward.

That mother, too, who must have been a touch astonished to find herself a mother; Fleetwood laughed a curt bark, and heard rebukes, and pleaded the marriage-trap to the man of his word; devil and cherub were at the tug, or say, dog and gentleman, a survival of the schoolboy; that mother, a girl of the mountains, perhaps wanted no more than smoothing by the world. "It is my husband," sounded foolish, sounded freshish, a new note. Would she repeat it? The bit of simplicity would bear her repeating once. Gower Woodseer says the creature grows and studies to perfect herself. She's a good way off that, and may spoil herself in the process; but she has a certain power. Her donkey obstinacy in refusing compliance, and her pursuit of 'my husband,' and ability to drench him with ridicule, do not exhibit the ordinary young female. She stamps her impression on the people she meets. Her husband is shaken to confess it likewise, despite a disagreement between them.

He has owned he is her husband; he has not disavowed the consequence. That fellow, Gower Woodseer, might accuse the husband of virtually lying, if he by his conduct implied her distastefulness or worse. By heaven! as felon a deed as could be done. Argue the case anyhow, it should be undone. Let her but cease to madden. For whatever the rawness of the woman, she has qualities; and experience of the facile loves of London very sharply defines her qualities. Think of her as raw, she has the gift of rareness; forget the donkey obstinacy, her character grasps. In the grasp of her character one inclines, and her husband inclines, to become her advocate. She has only to discontinue maddening.

The wealthy young noble prized any form of rareness wherever it was visible. having no thought of the purchase of it, except with worship. He could listen pleased to the talk of a Methodist minister sewing boot-leather. He picked up a roadside tramp and made a friend of him, and valued the fellow's honesty, submitted to his lectures, pardoned his insolence. The sight of Carinthia's narrow bedroom and strip of bed over Sarah Winch's Whitechapel shop had

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gone a step to drown the bobbing Whitechapel Countess. At least he had not been hunted by that gaunt chalk-quarry ghost since his peep into the room. Own it! she likewise has things to forgive. Women nurse their larvæ of ideas about fair dealing. But observe the distinction; and if women understood justice they would be the first to proclaim that when two are tied together, the one who does the other serious injury is more naturally excused than the one who—tenfold abhorrent if a woman—calls up the grotesque to extinguish both.

With this apology for himself, Lord Fleetwood grew tolerant of the person honorably avowed as his wife. So, therefore, the barrier between him and his thoughts of her was broken. The thoughts carrying red roses were selected. Finally the taste to meet her sprouted. If agreeable, she would be wooed; if barely agreeable, tormented; if disagreeable, left as before.

Although it was the hazard of a die, he decided to follow his taste. Her stay at the castle had kept him long from the duties of his business; and he could imagine it a grievance if he pleased, but he put it aside.

Alighting at his chief manager's office, he passed through the heated atmosphere of black-browed, wiry little rebels, who withheld the salute as they lounged; a posture often preceding the spring in compulsorily idle workers. He was aware of instinct abroad, an antagonism to the proprietor's rights. They roused him to stand by them, and were his own form of instinct, handsomely clothed. It behoved that he should examine them and the claims against them, to be sure of his ground. He and Mr. Howell Edwards debated the dispute for an hour; agreeing, partially differing. There was a weakness on the principle in Edwards. These fellows fixed to the spot are for compromise too much. An owner of mines has no steady reckoning of income if the rate of wage is perpetually to shift according to current, mostly ignorant, versions of the prosperity of the times. Are we so prosperous? It is far from certain. And if the rate ascends, the question of easing it down to suit the discontinuance of prosperity agitating our exchequer—whose demand is for fixity—perplexes us further.

However, that was preliminary. He and Howell Edwards would dine and wrangle it out. The Earl knew himself a hot disputant after dinner. Incidentally he heard of Lady Fleetwood as a guest of Mrs. Wythan; and the circumstance was injurious to him because he stood against Mr. Wythan's pampering system with his men.

Ines up at the castle smelt of beer and his eyelids were sottish. Nothing-to-do tries the virtue of the best. He sought his excuse in a heavy lamentation over my Lady's unjust suspicion of him—a known man of honor, though he did serve his paytron.

The cause of Lady Fleetwood's absence was exposed to her outraged lord, who had sent the man purely to protect her at this castle, where she insisted on staying. The suspicion cast on the dreary lusher was the wife's wild shot at her husband. One could understand a silly woman's passing terror. Her acting under the dictate of it struck the husband's ribbed breast as a positive clap of hostilities between them across a chasm.

His previous placable mood was immediately conceived by him to have been one of his fits of generosity; a step to a frightful dutiful embrace of an almost repulsive object. He flung the thought of her back on her Whitechapel. She returned from that place with smiles, dressed in a laundry white with a sprinkle of smuts, appearing to him as an adversary armed and able to strike. There was a blow, for he chewed resentments; and these were goaded by a remembered shyness of meeting her eyes when he rounded up the slope of the hill, in view of his castle, where he supposed she would be awaiting "my husband." The silence of her absence was lively mockery of that anticipation.

Gower came on him sauntering about the grounds.

"You're not very successful down here," Fleetwood said, without greeting.

"The Countess likes the air of this country," said Gower, evasively, imper-

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tinently, and pointlessly; offensively to the despot employing him to be either subservient or smart.

"I wish her to leave it."

"She wishes to see you first."

"She takes queer measures. I start to-morrow for my yacht at Cardiff."

There the matter ended, for Fleetwood fell to talking of the mines. At dinner and after dinner it was the topic; and after Howell Edwards had departed.

When the man who has a heart will talk of nothing but what concerns his interests, and the heart is hurt, it may be perceived by a cognizant friend that this is his proud, mute way of petitioning to have the tenderer subject broached. Gower was sure of the heart, armored or bandaged though it was; a haunt of evil spirits as well; and he began: "Now to speak of me half a minute, you cajoled me out of my Surrey room, where I was writing, in the vein. . . ."

"I've had the scene before me!" the Earl interposed. "Juniper dells and that tree of the flashing leaf, and that dear old boy, your father, young as you and me, and saying, love of nature gives us eternal youth. On with you!"

"I doubted whether I should be of use to you. I told you the amount of alloy in my motives. A year with you, I have subsistence for ten years assured to me."

"Don't be a prosy dog, Gower Woodseer."

"Will you come over to the Wythans before you go?"

"I will not."

"You would lengthen your stride across a wounded beast?"

"I see no wound to the beast."

"You can permit yourself to kick under cover of a metaphor."

"Tell me what you drive at, Gower?"

"The request is, for you to spare pain by taking one step—an extra strain on the muscles of the leg. It's only the leg wants moving."

"The lady has legs to run away, let them bring her back."

"Why have me with you, then? I'm useless. But you read us all, see everything, and wait only for the mood to do the right. You read me, and I'm not open to everybody. You read the crux of a man like me in my novel position. You read my admiration of a beautiful woman and effort to keep honest. You read my downright preference of what most people would call poverty, and my enjoyment of good cookery and good company. You enlist among the crew below as one of our tempters. You find I come round to the thing I like best. Therefore, you have your liking for me; and that's why you turn to me again, after your natural infidelities. So much for me. You read this priceless lady quite as clearly. You choose to cloud her with your moods. She was at a disadvantage, arriving in a strange country, next to friendless, and each new incident bred of a luckless beginning—I could say more."

Fleetwood nodded. "You are read without the words. You read in history, too, I suppose, that there are two sides to most cases. The loudest is not often the strongest. However, now the lady shows herself crazed. That's reading her charitably. Else she has to be taken for a spiteful shrew, who pretends to suspect anything that's villainous, because she can hit on no other way of striking."

"Crazed is a wide shot and hits half the world," muttered Gower. "Lady Fleetwod had a troubled period after her marriage. She suffered a sort of a kidnapping when she was bearing her child. There's a book by an Edinburgh doctor might be serviceable to you. It enlightens me. She will have a distrust of you as regards the child until she understands you by living with you under one roof."

"Such animals these women are! Good Lord!" Fleetwood ejaculated. "I marry one, and I'm to take to reading medical books!" He yawned.

"You speak that of women and pretend to love Nature," said Gower. "You hate Nature unless you have it served on a dish by your own cook. That's the way to the madhouse or the monastery. There we expiate the sin of sins. A man finds the woman of all women fitted to stick him in the soil, and trim and point him to grow, and she's an animal for her pains. The secret of your malady is you've not yet, though you're on a healthy leap for the practices of Nature,

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hopped to the primary conception of what Nature means. Women are in and of Nature. I've studied them here—had nothing to do but study them. That most noble of ladies' whole mind was knotted to preserve her child during her time of endurance up to her moment of trial. Think it over. It's your one chance of keeping sane. And expect to hear flat stuff from me while you go on playing tyrant."

"You certainly take liberties," Fleetwood's mildest voice remarked.

"I told you I should try you, when you plucked me out of my Surrey nest."

Fleetwood passed from a meditative look to a malicious half-laugh. "You seem to have studied the 'most noble of ladies,' latterly rather like a barrister with a brief for the Defendant—Plaintiff, if you like!"

"As to that I'll help you to an insight of a particular weakness of mine," said Gower. "I require to have persons of even the highest value presented to me on a stage, or else I don't grasp them at all—they're simply pictures. I saw the lady; admired, esteemed, sufficiently, I supposed, until her image appeared to me in the feelings of another. Then I saw fathoms. No doubt it was from feeling warmer. I went through the blood of the other for my impression."

"Name the other," said the Earl, and his features were sharp.

"You can have the name," Gower answered. "It was the girl, Madge Winch."

Fleetwood's hard stare melted to surprise and contemptuous amusement. "You see the lady to be the 'most noble of ladies' through the warming you get by passing into the feelings of Madge Winch?"

Sarcasm was in the tone, and beneath it a thrill of compassionateness traversed him and shot a remorseful sting with the vision of those two young women on the coach at the scene of the fight. He had sentience of their voices, nigh to hearing them. The forlorn bride's hand, given to the anxious girl behind her, flashed an image of the sisterhood binding women under the pangs they suffer from men. He craved a scourging that he might not be cursing himself; and he provoked it, for Gower was very sensitive to a cold breath on the weakness he had laid bare; and when Fleetwood said: "You recommend a bath in the feelings of Madge Winch?" the retort came: "it might stop you on the road to a cowl."

Fleetwood put on the mask of cogitation to cover a shudder, "How?"

"A question of the man or the monk with you, as I fancy I've told you more than once!"

"You may fancy committing any impertinence and be not much out."

"The saving of you is, that you digest it when you've stewed it down."

"You try me!"

"I don't impose the connection."

"No, I take the blame for that."

They sat in dumbness, fidgeted, sprang to their feet, and lighted bedroom candles.

Mounting the stairs Gower was moved to let fall a benevolent look on the worried son of fortune. "I warned you I should try you. It ought to be done politely. If I have to speak a truth I'm boorish. The divinely damnable naked truth won't wear ornaments. It's about the same as pitching a handful of earth."

"You dirt your hands, hit or miss. Out of this corridor! Into my room, and spout your worst," cried the Earl.

Gower entered his dressing-room and was bidden to smoke there.

"You're a milder boor when you smoke. That day down in Surrey with the grand old bootmaker was one of our days, Gower Woodseer. There's no smell of the boor in him. Perhaps his religion helps him more than Nature-worship: not the best for manners. You won't smoke your pipe? a cigar? Lay on, then, as hard as you like."

"You're asking for the debauchee's last luxury — not a correction," said Gower, grimly thinking of how his whip might prove effective and punish the man who kept him fruitlessly out of his bed.

"I want stuff for a place in the memory," said Fleetwood; and the late hour, with the profitless talk, made it a stinging taunt.

"You want me to flick your indecision."

"That's half a hit."

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"I'm to talk italics, for you to store a smart word or so."

"True, I swear! And, please, begin."

"You hang for the Fates to settle which is to be smothered in you, the man or the lord—and it ends in the monk, if you hang much longer."

"A bit of a scorpion, in his intention," Fleetwood muttered on a stride. "I'll tell you this, Gower Woodseer; when you lay on in earnest your diction is not so choice. Do any of your remarks apply to Lady Fleetwood?"

"All should. I don't presume to allude to Lady Fleetwood."

"She has not charged you to complain?"

"Lady Fleetwood is not the person to complain or condescend to speak of injuries."

"She insults me with her insane suspicion."

A swollen vein on the young nobleman's forehead went to confirm the idea at the Wythans that he was capable of mischief. They were right; he was as capable of villany as of nobility. But he happened to be thanking Gower Woodseer's whip for the comfortable numbness he felt at Carinthia's behavior, while detesting her for causing him to desire it and endure it, and exonerate his prosy castigator.

He was ignorant of the revenge he had on Gower, whose diction had not been particularly estimable. In the feebleness of a man vainly courting sleep, the disarmed philosopher tossed from one side to the other through the remaining hours of darkness, polishing sentences that were natural spouts of choicest diction; and still the Earl's virulent small sneer rankled. He understood why, after a time. The fervor of advocacy which inspires high diction had been wanting. He had sought more to lash the Earl with his personal disgust—and partly to parade his contempt of a lucrative dependency—than he had felt for the Countess. No wonder his diction was poor. It was a sample of limp thinness; a sort of tongue of a Master Slender: flavorless, unsatisfactory, considering its object: measured to be condemned by its poor achievement. He had nevertheless a heart to feel for the dear lady, and heat the pleading for her, especially when it ran to its object, as along a shaft of the sun rays, from the passionate devotedness of that girl Madge.

He brooded over it till it was like a fire beneath him to drive him from his bed and across the turfy roller of the hill to the Wythans, in the front of an autumnal sunrise — grand where the country is shorn of surface decoration, as here and there we find some unadorned human creature, whose bosom bears the ball of warmth.

(To be continued.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW

I WAS lying awake, but with closed eyes, spending the few precious moments between the rising-bell and rising, in the elaboration of one of my favorite day-dreams. But gradually I became aware of a little sprig of verbena, standing isolated and distinct before my mental vision, and unpleasantly distracting my thoughts. I tried to banish the impertinent interruption, but try as I might, it would not down, and only grew more and more vivid and insistent. And in some way I was aware that, having thought or created this verbena, I was responsible for it, and that it would continue to plague me until I found means to preserve in it the life I had given. It had little roots, which suggested that it might live, it had also dead leaves, which prophesied decay; and though I was awake — conscious of my surroundings — conscious that the verbena was a figment of my brain—it stared at me and reproached me until I was forced to do its bidding.

With an effort I postponed my dream and prepared to plant this flower of my fancy. I called up the image of my garden-bed, and when it was clearly before me I went all over it seeking a place for the verbena. At first there seemed to be no empty space, but I made one by imagining away all obstacles. Then I mentally manufactured a trowel, dug with it an imaginary hole, and planted the verbena, pressing about it the seeming earth.

Then I would have turned from the unwilling task, to take up the thread of my dream—but no! Limp and dry and accusing, the verbena drooped before me, and I knew I must finish my work. With difficulty, as my imagination grew more and more restive, I thought up a watering-pot. When it materialized it was but a poor thing—small and battered, and in it scarce a teacupful of water—but I grasped it eagerly and started toward the verbena. And here my mind wandered. I saw a thirsty-looking rosebush, and over it I mentally poured my last drop of water. Then up rose the verbena, more wilted than ever, and more imperative in its demands. By this time my imagination was so rebellious that I longed to tear up and throw away the wretched little plant. But scorn it as I might, there was no denying my obligations as its creator. I was compelled by its very weakness and misery to supply what it required. I took the watering-pot to the cistern and drew barely enough water for the verbena; but this time, with dogged purpose, looking neither to right nor left, I thought myself back to the verbena, and watered it well. And now I was free. My tyrant had subsided into a commonplace little plant, sitting wet and happy in the midst of its tiny puddle. At this point I was aroused, or I should have continued my first dream and forgotten all about the verbena. As it was, I made haste to write it down, for it seemed to me that I had had a good illustration of how dreams are made. There first comes to the mind some impression—this may be a sensation from without—a sound, an odor, a ray of light, some position of the dreamer, or state of his system; or, perhaps, only an idea, an impression left on the mind by the waking thoughts, or drifted up from the great stream of memories and associations that flows ever beneath our consciousness. Given this first impression, the mind of the dreamer seems forced by some logical necessity to account for it. The impression takes on a form—such as the verbena —which calls for some course of action,

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and the action is dramatized in a dream. Sometimes, as in the case given, the problem is simple and is solved at once. Sometimes it is complex—the mind cannot, except after repeated trials, make anything of the first impression; and then we have those strange dreams, where circumstances that puzzled the dreamer are at last fully explained. Of course the commonest dream is that where no one impression is strong enough to control and give unity, and where the thoughts wander hither and thither disconnectedly.

My half-conscious state during this dream-making is like some stages in hypnotism and in insanity, where the patient is influenced by appearances that he knows to be false. I went, in imagination, through the actions that would have been actually performed by hypnotic or insane patients, on the same suggestion. They, too, often know they are dreaming, but are under the dominion of the dream idea, and must act in accordance with it.

WHO has not, as a child, longed to take advantage of his dreams in some way—to do desperate deeds—even to kill himself, just to see how it feels? But who was ever able to do anything of the sort, even when surest that he was dreaming?

The nearest I have come to carrying out my wishes in this respect was in a recent dream. I thought I stood among a crowd of people, and as I knew I was dreaming it occurred to me that here was a good chance to make some experiments. So I walked up to a negro woman, and, flourishing a heavy stick over her head, "Let me crack your head," I said. "This is only a dream."

The woman objected and fled from me, and so did all the others whom I offered to smite. Then a man came and took away my stick and brandished it at me, crying:

"If you are dreaming, let me crack *your* head."

But my spirit of scientific inquiry was not strong enough for this. I covered my head and ran away, in spite of my certainty that it was all a dream. When I awoke I was sorry I had not submitted my head to the blow. But that, of course, was impossible. Though we have been deceived by dreams from our infancy the next one finds us as credulous as ever. We laugh and admire and tremble now, just as we did in our childhood.

Of all dream deceptions dream poetry has, perhaps, the least resemblance to what it pretends to be. Several years ago samples of it were given in this Magazine,* and most of these were mere nonsense jingles, though to the dreamer they had seemed rarely beautiful. There was, at the same time, a defence of the dream poet. It was shown that he is subject to aphasia — or, rather, *heterophasia* — and so, while his ideas are often poetical, he can rarely mate words to his meaning. But since then a much graver charge has been made against him—one which his friends will find it hard to answer.

A young lady, after talking about dream composition, went to sleep and dreamed some verses. She got up immediately and recorded them, and the next morning she found that they were genuine poetry. She recited them to her friends, and the most critical of them were forced to admit that here, at last, was a really beautiful dream poem. But, alas! not long afterward she found her poem in print. I have forgotten where it was — whether among the works of Tennyson or Browning, Keats or Shelley—but there it was, word for word, as the dream poet had drawn it—from her memory. He was proved to be a plagiarist, caught red-handed! And, as if this proof were not sufficient, a second one came soon afterward.

Another lady dreamed this verse:

> I have eaten your bread and salt,
> I have drunk your water and wine;
> The hen that lived in the Argyle yard
> Was bothered in her mind,
> As to whether she'd carry her watch before,
> Or carry her watch behind.

The first two lines are Rudyard Kipling's; the second two from some humorous verses written by the lady's uncle; so only the last two lines of this ingenious patchwork are the dream poet's own.

What can we say for the accused? That he thought they were his own? Or that he never actually claimed them?

* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1891. "Dream Poetry," by Mrs. Bessie A. Ficklen.

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Neither plea would help him. We can only insist that such instances as the above are rare, and point to his original works as a proof of what he can do when he will. For instance, who else than he could have conceived the following verse:

> At first they fought with tooth and tongue,
> But when it came to blows
> The man who had the strongest lung
> Blew off the other's nose.

This was dreamed by a very learned and brilliant professor, whose one weakness, I may add, is punning. And who else ever had the human kindness to pay such a tribute as this next to so long-suffering a class? It is the poet who speaks, though he speaks in prose:

> Every peddler and book agent is a reformer, an apostle, who says, "Improve your way of life!"

Most of our scraps of dream composition were caught between sleeping and waking; but we have also several specimens that came in that dozey state between waking and sleeping. These, like the verbena, were suddenly projected into consciousness, ready made and *à propos* of nothing, when the dreamer believed she was still awake and busy with other thoughts. First there is this verse—evidently an attempt to express the interdependence of all things:

> "Mark you yon clot of earth," he said,
> "Change now the spot on which 'tis laid."
> And the earth quivered through to her innermost rock,
> Every atom of universe felt the shock!

The last two are in prose, and were dreamed by a person who is not conscious of ever having tried to make an aphorism. She declares that they come from an entirely different order of mind than her own:

> Genius standing on the outermost verge of reason's acquired ground is ever throwing out dykes into the sea of the unknown, and capturing from it new territory.

And then, out of the depths of sub-consciousness, came this advice to writers:

> A sentence may be long from enumeration, never from evolution. It is easier to mount by steps than on an inclined plane.

THERE is a good old saw about judging a man by the company he keeps, and as saws go it is pretty sound doctrine. Judge a man if you will by his companions, taking due notice as to how far he gives himself up to them, and how much they mean to him; for of course there are men and men, and some men catch the tone of their associates and others give tone to them. Books are companions to many of us, men and women, but if you undertake to judge us by the books we read you will have occasion to use your best discretion. People take their books so differently. Some of us do not exercise our minds enough in our daily toil, and we like when we read to read books substantial enough to sharpen our faculties. Others of us come home with tired wits and want easy books that will rest and amuse us. Two people may read the same novel with equal pleasure, yet if one reads it after breakfast and the other after dinner, the fact that it amused them both does not tell the same story about the quality of their minds. If the book which you read when you are tired is strong enough food for my mind when its energies are fresh, it must mean that your mind and my mind lack a good deal of being mates.

And besides, there are people to whom it comes natural to read, and there are others, even in these days of newspapers and schools, to whom reading comes hard. I have seen, as most of us have, so many thoroughly worthless persons who were great readers, that when I meet a thoroughly worthy and intelligent person who doesn't read, it fills me with admiration and respect. I do meet such persons now and then. They are apt to be quick and accurate observers, good talkers, people of action. Of course they do read a little something every day, the newspaper if nothing more, but reading is not a necessity to them. They don't count on it as an amusement or depend upon it as an exercise of the mind. To the habitual reader, reading becomes as necessary as alcohol to the dram-drinker. It doesn't seem to make any violent amount of difference what he reads, but he must sit in a chair a certain length of time every day and rest his eyes and his mind on a printed page. You can no more judge such a person by the book-company he keeps than you can judge a lunatic by the qualities of his keepers. His reading is habit. It never turns to energy; never influences action. He sleeps better after it; that is all.

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LA GODILLEUSE (THE SCULLER).

ENGRAVED BY CLEMENT BELLENGER.

From the charcoal study made for his painting by Ulysse Butin.

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